The Saturday Evening
POST
October 24, 1959 – 15¢

OCT 19 '59
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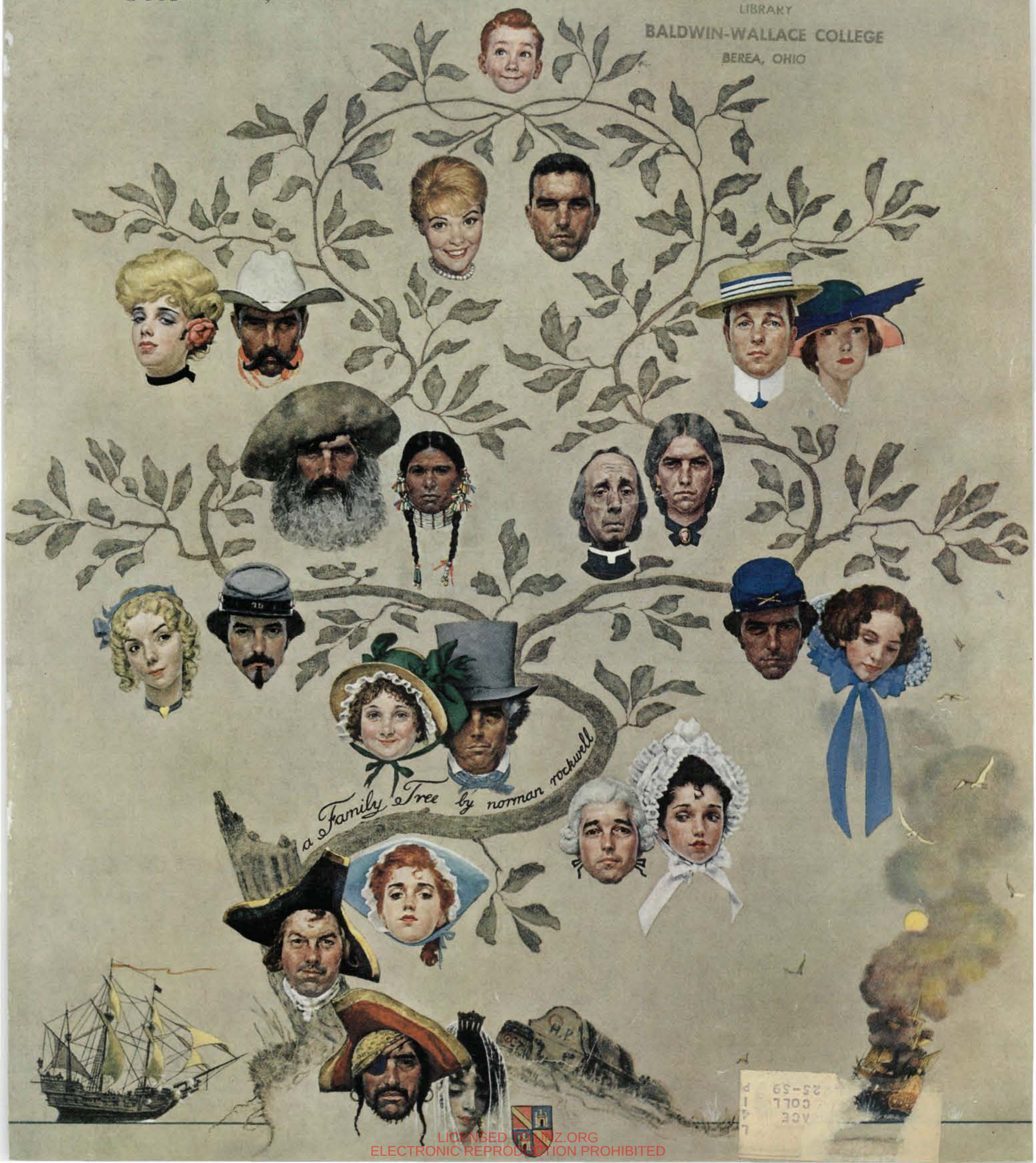
New Chapter in an Old Crime:

THE MYTHS ABOUT THE OAKES MURDER

By John Kobler



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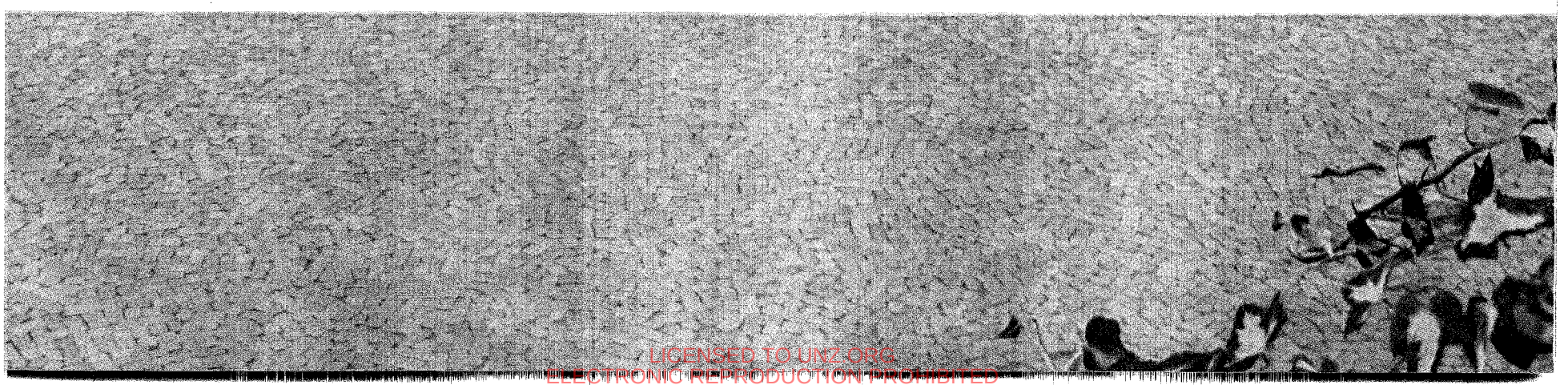
Floor in foreground is Armstrong Tessera Corlon Style 86535, in dining room Style 86531

Never before has there been a vinyl floor like new Tessera Corlon

If you have an eye for elegance and a desire for simple design effects, this is the vinyl floor for you. New Armstrong Tessera Corlon is unique. Colored vinyl chips are inlaid in clear vinyl. The result—a rich three-dimensional effect. You actually look down into this floor. Tessera can be used anywhere in your home—upstairs, downstairs—even over concrete directly on the ground. Some stylings are monochromatic; some have accent chips in contrasting colors. Ask your local flooring dealer to show you the many different colors in Armstrong Tessera Corlon.

FREE: **"A Complete Guide to Modern Vinyl Floors,"** an 8-page color booklet full of useful facts and decorating ideas. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5910 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 109-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

Tessera Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS



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Granddaughter in Chicago
—Mrs. James Livingston

Mother, Mrs. George James in Seattle, Washington

Granddaughter in Boston
—Mrs. Emerson Thomas, Jr.

Daughter in Westfield, New Jersey
—Mrs. Victor Wellman

The family
is scattered
all over the country
but

they all said "Happy Birthday, Grandma," on one get-together call

Mrs. George James of Seattle received a wonderful surprise on her 80th birthday. Members of her family in three cities sang "Happy Birthday" to her—all on one Long Distance call.

This get-together call included Mrs. James, her daughter, Mrs. Victor Wellman, in Westfield, New Jersey, and her two granddaughters, Carolyn, in Chicago, and Kathryn, in Boston.

You don't have to wait for a birthday to make a get-together call. Just tell the operator you want a Conference Call to the different members of your family—and in a short time you'll all be talking together. It's quick and easy—and a wonderful way to enjoy a family reunion.

A telephone get-together call is a good buy

	First 3 Minutes	Each Added Minute
Mrs. James' family in 4 cities: Chicago, Boston, Seattle, Westfield	$7.50	$1.50
Family in 3 cities: New York, Detroit and Washington, D. C.	$2.40	45¢

These are the rates after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

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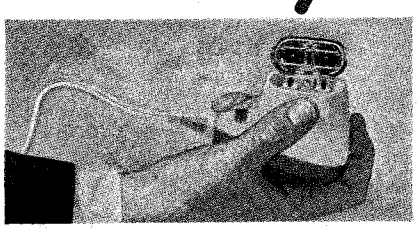
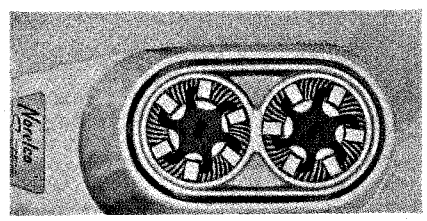
You stroke off whiskers with rotary blades... no pinch, no irritation!

No wonder *Norelco*® Speedshaver is the world's largest seller!



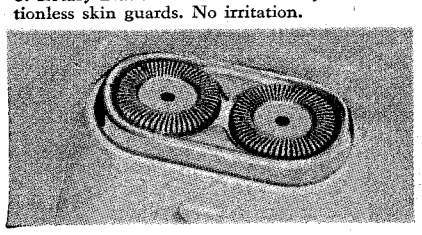
1. Flip-Top Cleaning. Head springs open at touch of button to empty out whisker "dust."



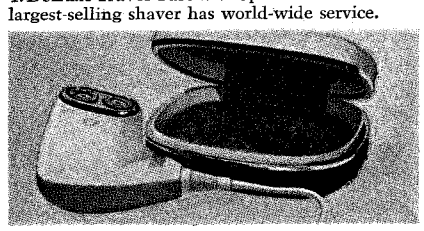
2. Self-Sharpening Blades stay sharp, stroke off beard smoothly. You hardly feel you're shaving.

4 Reasons for buying or giving the Flip-Top Norelco

3. Rotary Blades shave continuously under motionless skin guards. No irritation.



4. DeLuxe Travel Case with Speedshaver. World's largest-selling shaver has world-wide service.



THE minute you feel it touch your whiskers, you know Norelco is the shaver for you. What a wonderful difference in the shave!

What's the secret? Other shavers have clipping action. They stop and go. ⟺ Back and forth. Clippers get dull; often pinch and irritate skin.

Norelco has rotary blades. ↻ They go round and round. They really shave, with continuous action. Self-sharpening blades stay razor sharp. No pinch. No irritation.

Norelco needs no hand setting. Exclusive skin smoother adjusts automatically to shave any beard, light or heavy.

Buy no electric shaver till you try the new Norelco Speedshaver. AC/DC $24.95. For Outdoorsmen: New Norelco Sportsman runs on flashlight batteries or car lighter, $24.95.

For the Ladies: DeLuxe new *Lady Norelco*, AC/DC $24.95 . . . the *New Norelco Coquette*, AC/DC, $17.50. Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape-Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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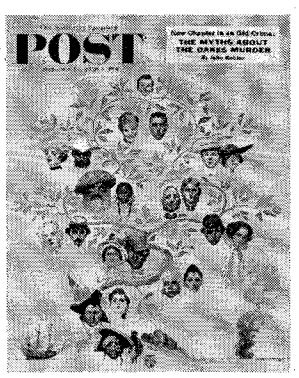

THE COVER

When the New World was fiercely new, a rugged seafarer took for his bride a highborn lady, most precious prize aboard a captured galleon. Then upward burgeoned the family tree, branching out by and by with two great-great-grandsons who fought in the War Between the Brothers. The Confederate warrior's son, pioneering westward, married an American from 'way back, and let's guess that his mustachioed scion struck oil. Meanwhile, a clergyman (who slightly, and maybe purposely, resembles artist Norman Rockwell) married into the other family line, begetting a Gibson boy who wedded a Gibson girl. Then the magic of love united those treetop third cousins, and can you doubt that their radiant offshoot will become President of the United States?

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 26–59 or December 26, 1959; 36–60 or March 5, 1960.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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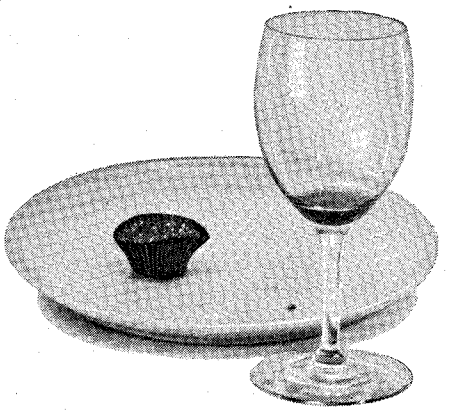
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Pastries taste better...

and better and better...



when you serve them with

MOGEN DAVID WINE

AMERICAN CONCORD SPECIALLY SWEETENED NATURAL WINE Produced and bottled by MOGEN DAVID WINE CORP., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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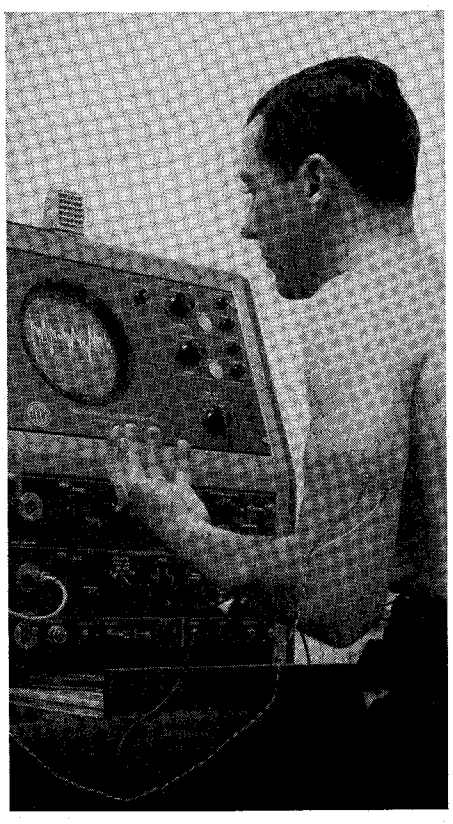
Medically acclaimed electromyograph
proves Absorbine Jr.

Relieves Tired, Aching Muscles Twice As Fast!



Electromyograph shows that after normal period of rest when Absorbine Jr. is applied, tired, aching muscles recover twice as fast as when "nature takes its course."

When your muscles ache, doctors can now read their electric waves through the wonders of the new electromyograph machine. You actually *hear* and *see* your muscles' rate of recovery. Medical experts working with this machine have proved that Absorbine Jr., a favorite remedy around the world for aches of the neck, back and limbs, "brings your muscles back" *twice as fast as nature can.*

These studies pin-pointed the speed with which Absorbine Jr. starts treating tired, aching muscles.

When rubbed on, Absorbine Jr. actually dilates the peripheral blood vessel walls, making local blood-flow speed up. Unlike the mere pain-killers, Absorbine Jr. helps you *get better faster.*

When applying Absorbine Jr. you will feel a welcome coolness, and as you rub it in, comforting warmth.

So, for relief from nagging ache of sore back, stiff neck, Charley horse, and sore, tired feet, reach for Absorbine Jr. Get relief twice as fast as nature.

Absorbine Jr.

Also available in new, easy-to-use applicator bottle.

Letters

Funnies Galore

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy every *Post*, and am only eleven.

I once attempted to cut out all the funnies in all *The Posts* we had. For my father.

But that's hopeless.

BARBARA LAGUE
Lebanon, N.H.

Ghosts of Gettysburg

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading LET'S NOT SURRENDER OUR BATTLEFIELDS [by Ashley Halsey Jr. and J. O. Buckeridge] in your Sept. 19 issue. So many of my most pleasant childhood memories are of the visits we made to Gettysburg and other historical spots, that I find it hard to believe there are people who would desecrate these places with commercial enterprises. I suggest that those who plan these enterprises, and those who block legislation to prevent them, read Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* to see what happens to people who live for progress only and have no sense of reverence for their historical heritage.

MRS. J. L. HAYES
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

The Civil War is something to be ashamed of, not something to commemorate.

H. W. HOOGSTRAAT
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

History is not bunk, but sentimental purveyors of the past may do disservice to long-dead participants. Some, perhaps most, who fought our great battles might have preferred seeing . . . a merry-go-round, a line of laundry, or even a smoking factory, to seeing the land they fought and bled over preserved as a kind of sanctuary for unwilling ghosts and

troops of old ladies who come annually in period costumes to lay a few wreaths.

R. C. GREGORY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

A picture of our sign reading, COMING HERE SOON! FANTASYLAND, was shown as though this picture was just taken, and the caption said we *may* come to Gettysburg. Actually . . . Fantasyland is a thriving business now and accepted by all the tourists and local people as a much-needed service and an asset to the community. . . .

Second, the [caption] makes it sound as though we are on the battlefield. Actually we are not! We are on a little-used highway, set back 500 feet in the deep forest, in the suburbs. . . .

I spent forty-six months of my life with the marines, and was wounded during my thirty-eight months overseas. . . . Are we going to buy the Pacific island on which I was wounded? Are we going to buy all the land on which Teddy Roosevelt fought? Of course not!

We used restraint in the location of our Fantasyland. So must the Government use the same restraint.

A. KENNETH DICK, *President*
Fantasyland, Inc.
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a photo that appeared coast-to-coast this August when the Eisen-

Mother goose meets the Eisenhowers.

hower children [and friends] visited Fantasyland.

RAYMOND FISHER JR.
Gettysburg, Pa.

"Exploding" Populations

Dear Sirs:

At last a magazine as important as *The Saturday Evening Post* has dealt frankly, clearly and honestly with the most important problem facing our civilization today, in LAND OF TOO MANY PEOPLE [by Milton and Margaret Silverman], Sept. 19. . . .

If our statesmen, our representatives in Congress, our public-health leaders in the United States and in other nations will speak out as . . . bravely as your magazine in support of this need to . . . bring "exploding" populations under control, there will be hope for avoiding the catastrophies which will certainly come unless there is courage and leadership in facing up to the realities.

ELLEN HARVIE SMITH
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Suppose Mary, Mother of Jesus, had had an abortion.

Suppose Gandhi's embryo had been dissolved by a pill. . . .

What times are these when man, imperfect man, dares to decide who will be permitted to be born and when they will die?

If we heed the advocates of birth control and "mercy" killing, Hell will be the "land of too many people."

LOIS I. TURNER
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I wondered how many of your readers were infuriated, as I was, to think we were supposed to accept the idea that the only moral method of spacing children, rhythm, could not be effective in India because "the majority of the village

(Continued on Page 6)

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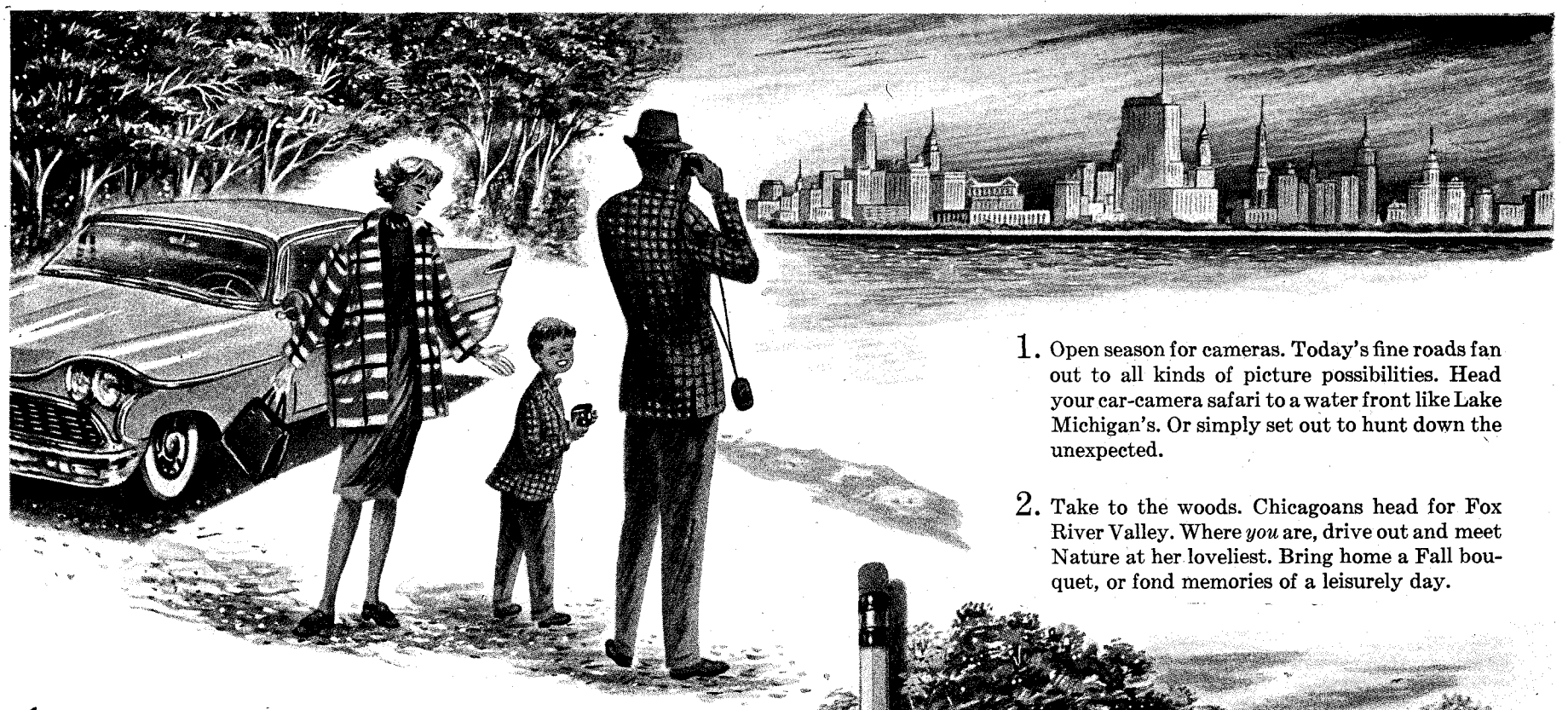
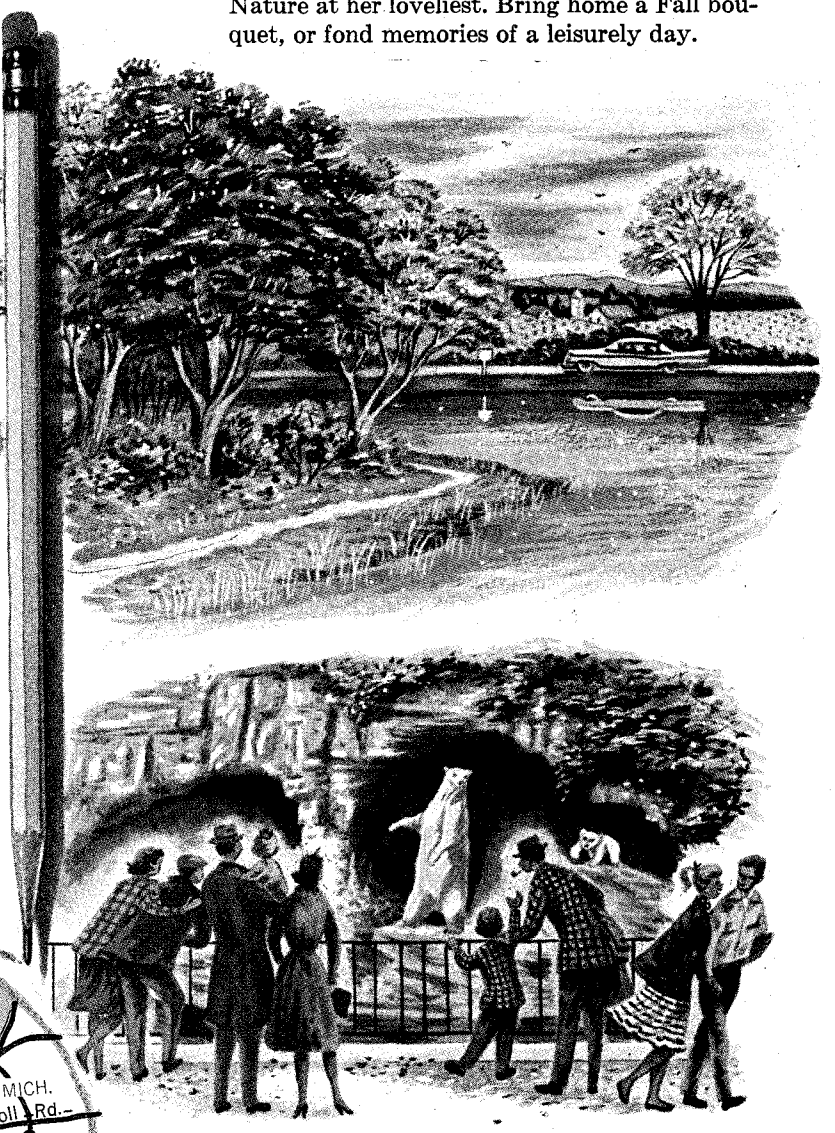


1. Open season for cameras. Today's fine roads fan out to all kinds of picture possibilities. Head your car-camera safari to a water front like Lake Michigan's. Or simply set out to hunt down the unexpected.

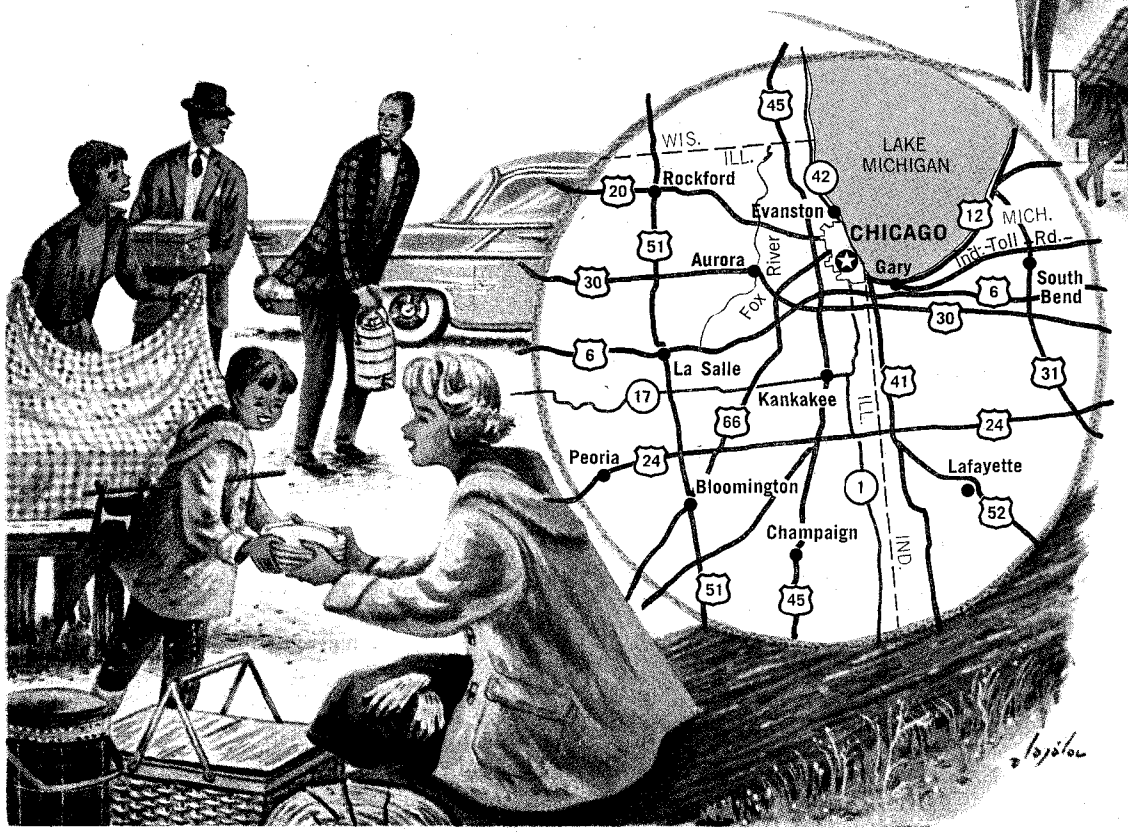
2. Take to the woods. Chicagoans head for Fox River Valley. Where *you* are, drive out and meet Nature at her loveliest. Bring home a Fall bouquet, or fond memories of a leisurely day.



Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

These Fall days, a touch of the accelerator can turn the world around you into a many-colored playground—a "magic circle" of fun. It's true of this Chicagoland Magic Circle. And it's equally true wherever you live. Wherever you drive.

This series of advertisements is published by *Ethyl Corporation*, New York 17, N. Y., to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.



3. Let the kids be king. Set aside a play-day soon at some children's heaven like Chicago's Brookfield Zoo. A map, a car, a child or two—they're a fine recipe for freshening up spirits.

4. Follow the football fun. South Bend, Champaign, and dozens of college towns are within easy reach of Chicago by car. You'll find it the same where you are, but allow enough head start for a picnic. It can be as much fun as the game.

5. Take a pencil and map out *your* Magic Circle. If you're missing out on this kind of pleasure driving, you aren't enjoying half of what your car investment offers you.

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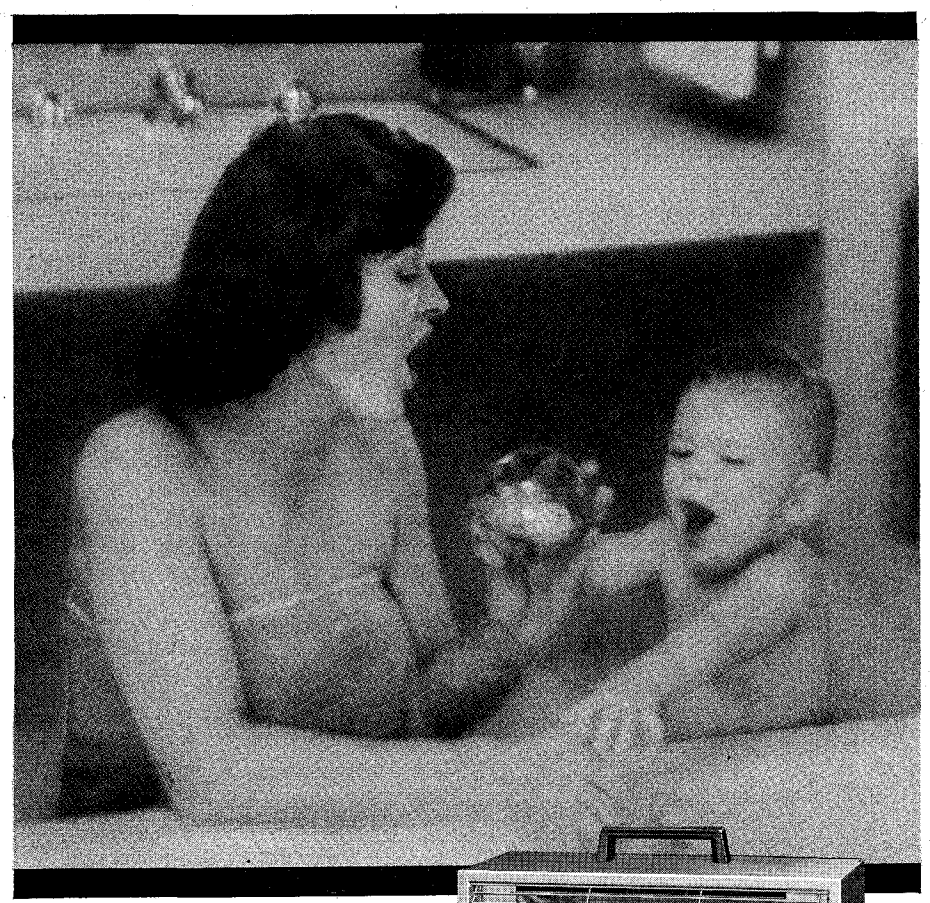
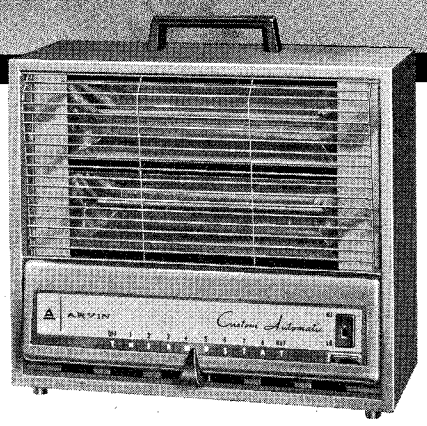
You'll Love Arvin's All-embracing Warmth!



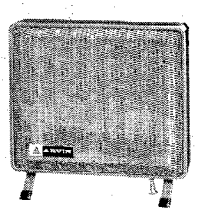
You feel gentle, caressing warmth rapidly fill the whole room as this handsome Arvin fan-forced heater gives new meaning to living comfort with healthful, radiant heat. Choose the warmth you want—1320 or 1650 watts—and relax. The thermostat works automatically. You simply set it and forget it! What's more, the safeguard safety switch cuts off the current if the heater is overturned. Model 5934. **$34.95**



a world of warmth

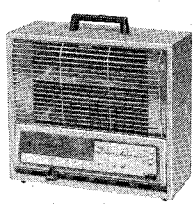
Arvin

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS NAME IN PORTABLE ELECTRIC HEATERS



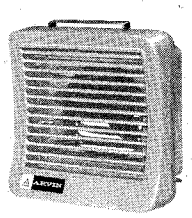
Model 5918

Just switch on this Arvin automatic, and instantly there's heat, spread over wide area by high-speed fan and broad-arced reflector. **$19.95**



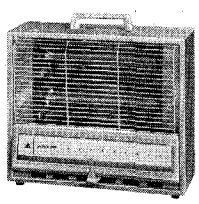
Model 5939

Name your heating need—this model's got it! Three wattages for low, normal or extra heat requirements. Automatic, of course. **$39.95**



Model 5914

America's only fan-forced heater with safety-curve front—it won't scorch rugs if overturned. Low-priced, but big-heating. **$14.95**



Model 5929

Glows a cheery fireplace red, and two parabolic reflectors help "focus" the heat where you want it for utmost comfort. Fully automatic. **$29.95**

See the complete Arvin line of new models at your dealer's showroom now!

MILLIONS OF FAMILIES ENJOY ARVIN PRODUCTS

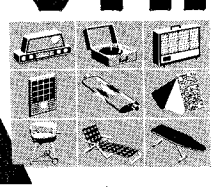
Arvin also manufactures Radios and Phonographs, Electric Home Heating, Ironing Tables, Leisure Furniture, Barbecue Grills, Car Heaters and Car Mufflers.

ARVIN INDUSTRIES, INC.

Consumer Products Division

COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Arvin



Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

women can't read or even count" (page 53).

Then on page 56 we are told this wonder pill that will solve India's population problem must be taken once on the sixteenth day of every menstrual cycle and again on the twenty-first day! Does this wonder pill also suddenly imbue the village women with an ability to count?

This is typical of the disorderly thinking on the part of artificial-birth-control advocates.

MARGARET SLATTERY
Dumont, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Shame on *The Post* for letting itself be used as a shill for the Planned Parenthood Federation! . . . Benjamin Franklin had more reverence for the roots of life.

GEOFFREY SWARTHMORE
Atikokan, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

India, according to the late great English geographer, L. Dudley Stamp, is potentially "one of the world's richest domains, far more valuable than either Canada or Australia. . . ."

India's solution lies in internal development. The reasons for its lag in development are extremely complex. Indian nationalists have laid it to the centuries of British domination. . . .

The neo-Malthusians, by attempting to make murder legal and by sending up a smoke screen of propaganda, have managed to confuse and to veil true solutions.

GEORGE P. CARLIN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Every article I have ever read in a magazine concerning birth control has been followed several weeks later by letters from all sorts of fanatics and fools. Lest you think that everyone feels this way, allow me to congratulate you. . . . But don't limit your articles to Asia. America is fast becoming a "land of too many people" and it's about time some of the good citizens discarded their head-in-the-sand attitude and did some realistic thinking.

MRS. GENE DE ZORT
Cleveland, Ohio

Russians in Texas

Dear Sirs:

DOES IT HELP TO SWAP VISITS WITH THE RUSSIANS? [by Edward Weintal and Peter Lisagor, Sept. 19].

It surely does—help the Russians.

HOWARD M. SAGE
Portland, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

The authors state, "Alexei Markushevich, deputy minister of education and mathematics professor at Moscow University, was so impressed by a San Antonio, Texas, school's so-called 'three-rail' system, which separates children by ability. . . ." A year ago Dr. Markushevich and his delegates visited the *San Angelo*, Texas, school system which is now in the sixth year of a three-rail curriculum plan such as you describe. To my knowledge, this was the only Texas school system which the group visited. The similarity of city names undoubtedly accounts for this error.

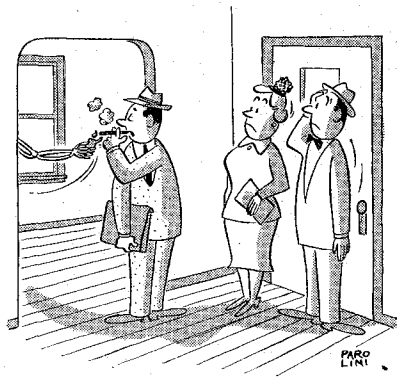
MRS. ROY E. MOON
San Angelo, Texas

● *Our fault. Sorry.—ED.*

A Laughing Matter?

Dear Sirs:

Concerning this cartoon in the Sept. 5 *Post:* Artist Paro Lini may have taken honors in art in school, but I doubt if he passed biology.



"And now, concerning those silly little—thank you—rumors about this house being haunted."

I just graduated from the eighth grade and even I know that there is only one bone, the humerus, in the upper arm of the human body.

SUSAN BROCK
Greenville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I found your cartoon very humerus, but according to my teachings the only bone between the scapula and the radius and ulna is the humerus.

EDWARD R. JANKOWSKI
LaGrange, Ill.

● *Paro Lini—his real name is Elmer Parolini—says, "The bone of the upper arm is the humorous, or funny bone. It should be quite obvious that the dual funny bone in question belongs to a cartoonist."*
—ED.

Needled Author

Dear Sirs:

"Crocheting needles"? (HARD-TO-GET GIRL, by Robert F. Young, Sept. 19.) I've been crocheting for years and have never heard of using anything but a *hook* (singular) for crocheting and *needles* for knitting.

But, of course, Mr. Young is a man and wouldn't be expected to know about these feminine arts. Or perhaps he has come up with a cross between knitting and crocheting—knitcheting—in which needles might be used.

MRS. ALBERTA HAGEMAN
Eau Claire, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Mr. Young would have been wiser if he stuck to his knitting!

MRS. JAMES F. SCULLY
Warwick, R.I.

● *Author Young, head bowed, hopes readers liked his story otherwise.*
—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ziegler Studio. • 19–Bahamas News Bureau; United Press International; Wide World. 20–Three from Wide World; United Press International. • 21–Pictorial Parade; United Press International; Two from Wide World. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24–Gene Lester. • 26, 27–Lynn Buckham. • 28, 29–Farrell Grehan. • 30–Robert Jones. • 31–Gene Lester. • 32–Two from Acme; Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. • 33–Wide World; Two from United Press International. • 34, 35–Harold Von Schmidt. • 37–Ken Riley. 38, 39–John Bickel. • 43–Gus Pasquarella; Two by Fred Lyon. • 45–James R. Bingham. 138–Anita Shalett; Ollie Atkins; New York Daily News; John Falter (Cover cut); John Falter; Larry Keighley.

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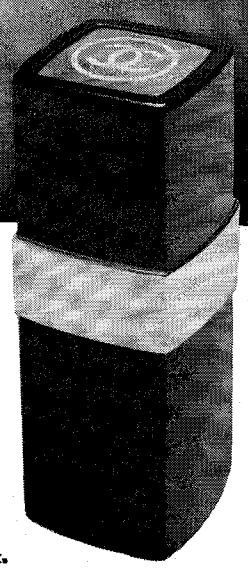
CHANEL N° 5 SPRAY COLOGNE



5.00 plus tax.

Newest and neatest of life's luxuries: Chanel No. 5 Spray Cologne *(800 measured sprays,* each controlled by the touch of a finger). The classic black-and-gold case travels anywhere. Won't leak. Can't spill. (Women who've discovered it just can't live without it—it's as simple as that).

CHANEL

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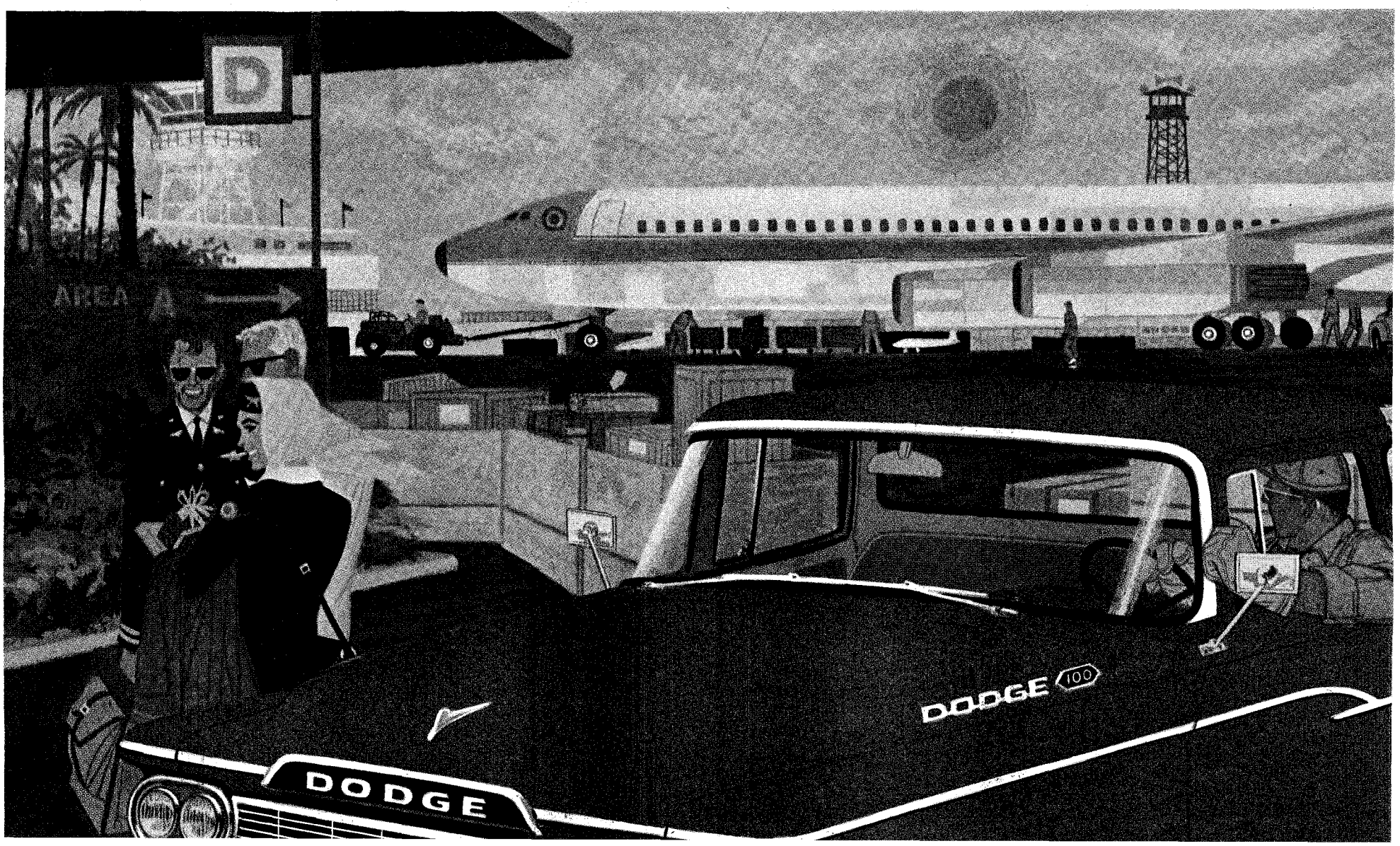
NEWEST IN SIGHT FOR 1960

It's a worker! It's a winner! It's a wonder they could price it so low! For this is the beauty that's slated to set a new pace in pick-ups for 1960! Take Sweptline *performance,* for instance. Here's up to 200 horsepower to zip you through traffic—loaded or no—with passenger car spirit . . . and a short, short turning radius that lets you maneuver with ease in the slimmest loading areas. Measure that *Sweptline load space*—up to 84 cubic feet of it!—more than any other pick-up you can buy! And perhaps best of all—compare *Sweptline economy*. Sweptline coaxes extra mileage out of every gallon of gas . . . stays on the road, out of the shop like no truck you ever owned before. Yet even with all its practical advantages, the '60 Sweptline is priced down with the lowest of them all! Why not visit your Dodge truck dealer soon for a look at a Dodge Sweptline—newest pick-up in sight for '60!

DEPEND ON DODGE TRUCKS

A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



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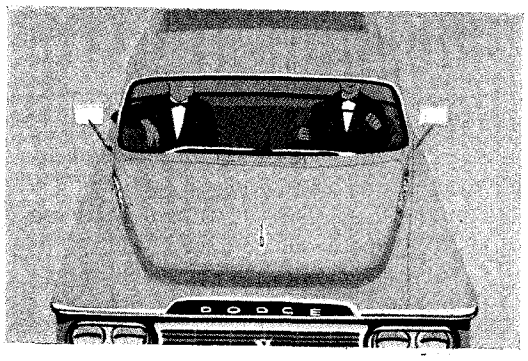
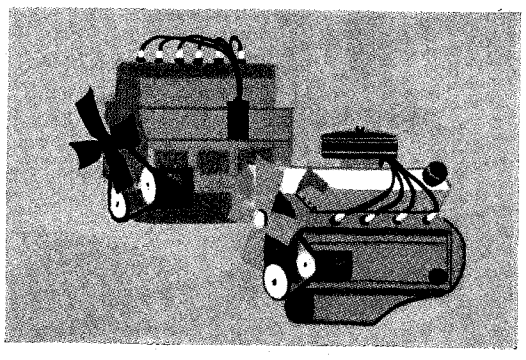
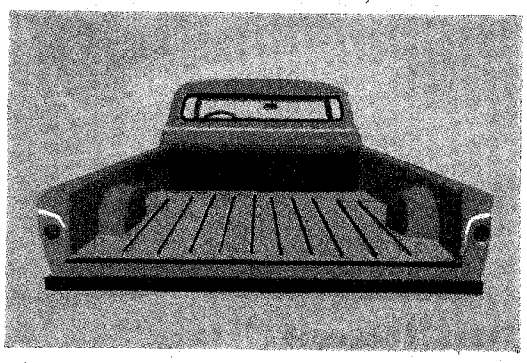
. . . DODGE SWEPTLINE



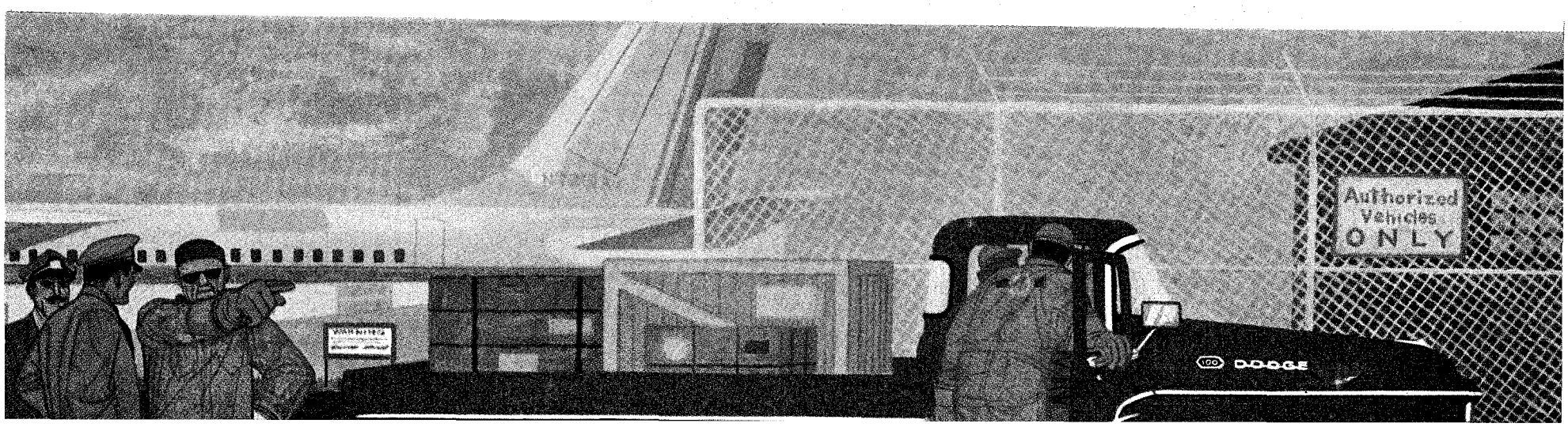
Easy ride . . . easy drive . . . easy sit. Passenger-car ride cuts driver fatigue—even on long hauls. Shorter turning radius helps make this Sweptline the year's easiest handler!



Top power—on a regular-gas budget! V-8 or Six, you'll get a new kind of go from the engine you choose for your '60 Dodge Sweptline. Up to 200 hp., top mileage, too!



Big load space saves trips (and money)! Not a pick-up on the market gives you the load space of the new '60 Dodge Sweptline. Up to 84 cu. ft. to haul bigger loads, save extra trips.



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Editorials

Khrushchev Needed That Visit; But Did the U.S.A.?

Since Khrushchev's departure and the newspapers' ability to pay some attention to what's going on around town, Americans are asking themselves, "What was it all about? Why did Khrushchev want to come here? What did he get out of it? What, if anything, did *we* get out of it?"

Despite the dreary repetition of his anxiety for "peace," one reason why Khrushchev considered this trip necessary was the Communist determination to blunt our understanding of Soviet objectives and weaken our will to resist. Khrushchev knows that the Kremlin can hardly spring a profitable attack on the United States now without getting his own country clobbered, because Russia is taped in several directions by the Strategic Air Command. The best way to get rid of SAC would be to create the impression in America that the cold war is over.

An equally important reason why Khrushchev needed the trip was the restiveness among the Russian people and the desperation in the captive nations. The Iron Curtain has been lifted just enough to permit a peek outside, and the boss needs evidence of his standing in the United States to cement his power at home and dampen any aspirations for freedom in the satellites.

Khrushchev can hardly complain of his reception here. He was given repeated opportunities to tout the Communist system and slyly sneer at ours. He lectured the newspapermen on supposed lapses from "objectivity." He identified those who are not impressed by Red propaganda as fomenters of the "cold war," whom he arrogantly assumed the President would bring to heel. In some cities the Soviet secret police were permitted to decide just how near pickets should be allowed to approach the illustrious visitor. In his report to his own people the "Chairman" said that after Los Angeles, he had complained to Mr. Lodge, via Gromyko, that "if things were not righted," he would go home. Things changed right away, he reported. The Butcher of Budapest might well conclude, as he seemed to be assuring his Russian clients, that all he had to do to conquer America was to move in.

However, it is doubtful if the popular reaction was favorable. Despite the nonsense about peace and Mrs. Khrushchev's shopping tours, the average American probably agrees with NBC commentator Richard Harkness that "this man is after our jugular." The uncordial attitude of the crowds and the missile-rattling responses of the dictator to those, like Mayor Poulson, of Los Angeles, and the group of labor's disillusioned leaders, who got under his skin, make it clear that the ordinary people of this country aren't buying anything. The so-called "elite" tended, as usual, to be more tolerant.

However, for the further despair of the captive peoples in Europe, Khrushchev managed to get himself photographed beside the Lincoln Memorial, and the jamming of United States broadcasts to Russia was lifted just long enough to permit transmission of a fanciful description of a delirious welcome by the "workers" of Washington when Khrushchev landed there. As the guest of the President of the United States, feted by tycoons and public officials from coast to coast, surely Khrushchev is in a position to say to the miserable peoples of Hungary, Poland and the Balkans: "See? Liberation is for the birds, and don't expect anything from the American eagle."

Khrushchev sold few on the merits of his system or the good faith of the Soviet leaders. But there are many who accept the false statement of alternatives, which Khrushchev tirelessly presented—namely, "peaceful coexistence" (that is, Communist conquest) on the one hand, and war on the other. Alarm can produce consent from the ideologically unconvinced.

Those who have studied Communist strategy realize that the Khrushchev visit was a dangerous maneuver in the cold war; no revision of Communist purpose has even been hinted.

But there remains the original question: "What did the United States gain, or lose, from this episode?" Unless there has been or is to be a secret deal which the public knows nothing about, the result looks like no runs, no hits, no errors. If there has been any gain for America, it may be in wider public awareness of what the Communists are up to and understanding of the falsity of their "peace offensive." The coolness of the public's attitude may convince our statesmen that appeasement would not be popular. That would be a gain. But President Eisenhower's optimism on the possible fruitfulness of a Summit conference and a happy issue of the Berlin crisis is difficult to understand. After all it is only four years since we were fatuously basking in the "spirit of Geneva," only to be disillusioned. If there are to be concessions they will be by the West, not by the Communists.

A trial balance between profit and loss might consist of the statement that the soft heads of some of our citizens are probably softer than before Khrushchev's arrival, but that there is reason to hope that the bulk of our people have been alerted to the very real dangers before them.

The Fee System Begets $40,000 Sheriffs But Is a Threat to Honest Government

It may surprise you, but the incomes of dozens of insignificant justices of the peace, probate judges and county judges top the $35,500 salary of the Chief Justice of the United States by a comfortable margin. So do those of many sheriffs, tax collectors, constables and auto-license branch managers—beneficiaries of the fee system.

In the *National Municipal Review* recently Lawrence Lader listed some of the more flagrant examples of the fee system. The probate judge of Hartford, Connecticut, for instance, grossed $164,835 in fees in 1957, of which $27,586 was net. The justice of the peace in Las Vegas, Nevada, made $40,000 a year, according to a survey made in 1951.

In Pennsylvania the township tax collectors do very well, according to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. A survey made by that newspaper recently showed that the tax collector of Upper Darby took in $48,188 last year. The tax collector of Lower Merion grossed $43,086. The figure was $40,809 for the Norristown collector. Several other Pennsylvania tax collectors were in the $30,000 bracket—all before expenses.

In Indiana the auto-license branch managers seem to be the politically favored elite. One Fort Wayne manager grossed $101,483 in 1957. His net was probably around $40,000. A South Bend manager grossed $84,464, with a net of about $25,000. The sheriff of Charleston County, South Carolina, grossed $46,777 from fees and salary in 1955. Although he dropped to $33,000 in 1956, he still made more than the governor of South Carolina.

The fee system, while practically nonexistent in some parts of the country, is well entrenched in others. More than 2500 of Pennsylvania's township and borough tax collectors are on the fee system. Ohio, Indiana, New Mexico, Connecticut and several other states also have extensive fee systems. Obviously there are small communities in which the amounts collected are too small to justify the employment of a salaried official. Fees for such limited operations seem the logical solution.

In most places the fee jobs are the choicest political plums available at the county and state level. Thus they are almost always filled by politicians, many of whom have relatives on the payroll. Their affairs are often practically immune to investigation.

Some places, such as Stamford, Connecticut, Charleston, West Virginia, and a number of counties in Missouri and Texas, have made a good start toward modifying and cleaning up the fee racket. But it still flourishes, apparently politically impregnable, in many other communities.

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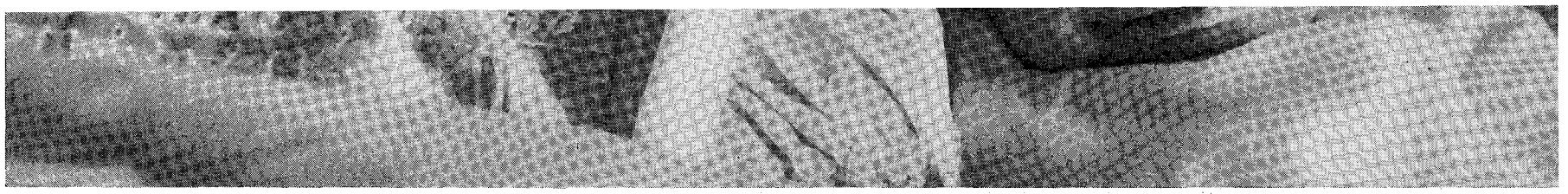

"Mother and baby doing fine"

(Why childbirth is safer now than ever before)

Wonderful progress has been made in protecting the lives of mothers and babies. In the last decade alone, maternal death rates have been reduced by 75 percent.

Never before has childbirth been so safe—thanks to excellent prenatal care and improved obstetrical techniques.

Equally important, some 95 percent of today's babies are born in our hospitals—where most birth emergencies can be handled promptly and effectively.

Information for expectant mothers: If your general health is good—if you have no family history of diabetes, kidney, heart or other serious diseases—the chances are excellent that no major complications will occur before your baby's arrival.

However, for your own and your baby's welfare, your physician may suggest these safeguards if your condition is normal:

1. Eat a variety of foods. Your baby will be no stronger or sturdier than the building materials your diet provides. For you *and* your baby, a varied diet is best.

It should include a quart of milk daily to meet the baby's needs for calcium. Meat, fish, fruits, vegetables, at least one egg a day, bread, cereals and a moderate amount of butter are recommended.

2. Watch your weight. Too much weight strains the heart and other organs. Normal increase is around 16 to 20 pounds. Your doctor will decide how much you should gain.

3. Get needed rest and exercise. Walking is one of the best exercises and it's usually all right to play golf and dance in the middle months of pregnancy.

Get plenty of sleep and at least an hour of relaxation every afternoon.

4. Keep in touch with your doctor. It may comfort you to know that no serious problem develops during pregnancy without a warning signal. Your doctor can foresee and act to avoid difficulties—if he's consulted *early*, and as often as necessary.

5. Take care of your teeth. Have your dentist clean your teeth and do whatever repair work is necessary. Good daily care of the teeth is important during pregnancy.

6. Make your hospital reservation early. The maternity wards of most hospitals are crowded nowadays. The sooner you make your reservation, the better.

Take a calm, happy, confident attitude toward pregnancy. It is, after all, a natural event and a proper frame of mind helps to encourage an easy delivery.

Never before has there been a year like 1959—when birth is so free of risk, so likely to turn out happily for you, your baby and your husband.

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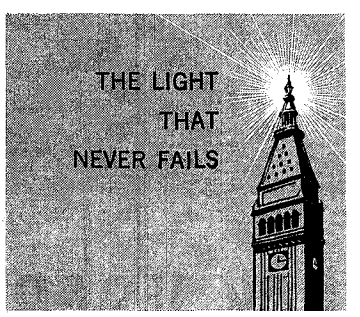

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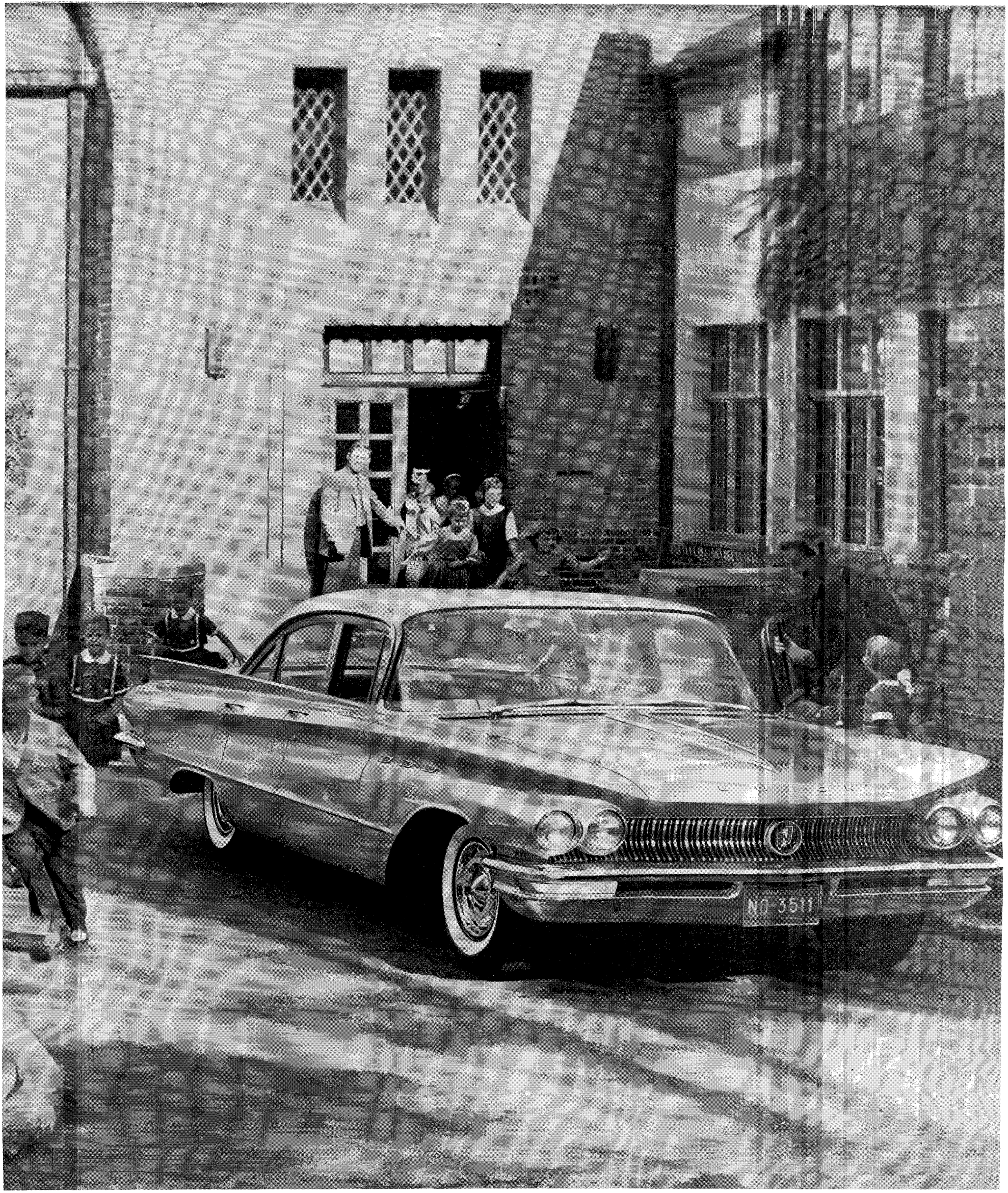

BUICK LeSABRE

THE LOWEST-PRICED BUICK. (Today's version of the Buick Special.) On a wheelbase of 123 inches, the LeSabre is a solid, sizable car. Four-door sedan weight is about 4,250 pounds . . . all muscle and comfort. Seven models in all. Every one a Buick in its brakes, engines, ride, quality. Turbine Drive Transmission, optional at modest extra cost, available with three new Wildcat V-8 LeSabre Engines: *Standard*—for most miles per gallon and spirited performance, too . . . *Economy*—for maximum miles per gasoline dollar because it operates on regular grade fuel . . . *Performance**—for even livelier response and exceptional passing ability at all speeds.

**Optional at extra cost on LeSabre.*

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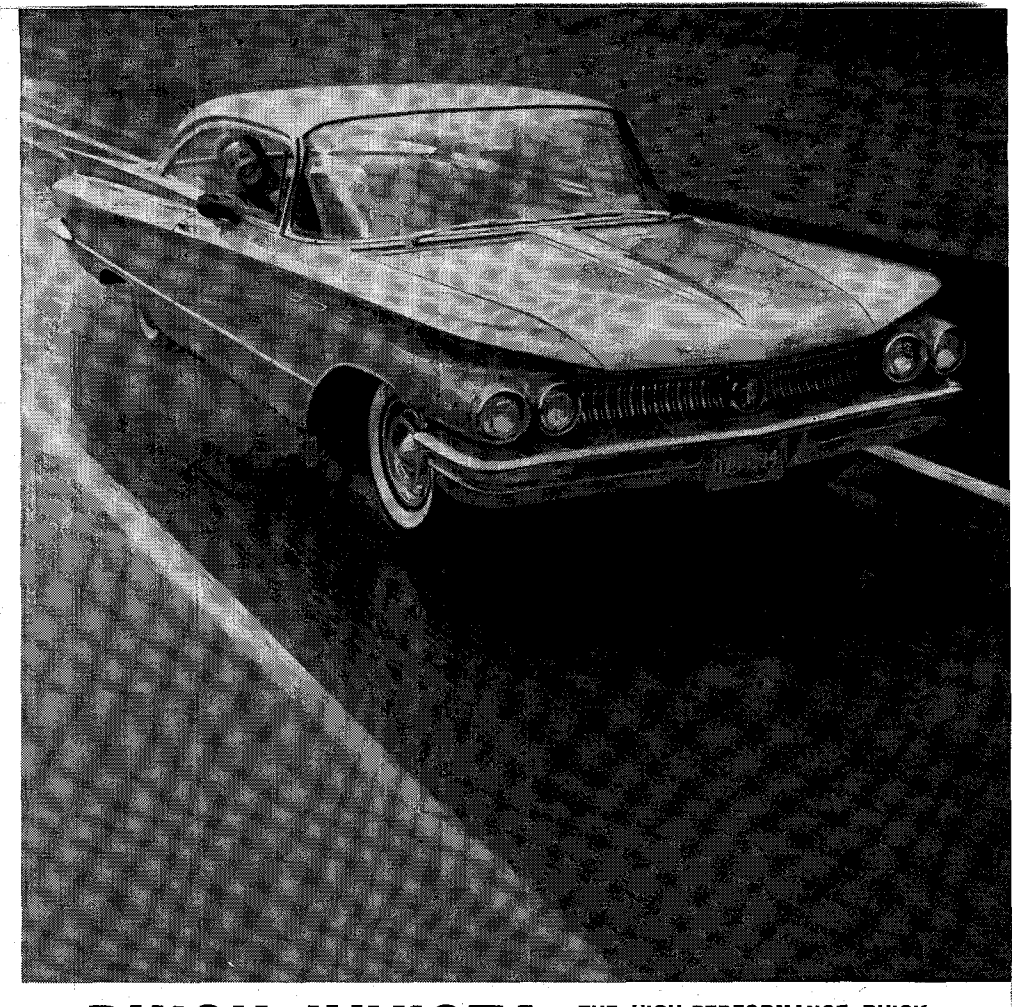
TODAY'S 3 BUICKS AND WHAT THEY STAND FOR

To offer Buick quality to the greatest possible number of families, the 1960 Buick is available in three series: *LeSabre*—the lowest-priced Buick, *Invicta*—the high-performance Buick . . . and *Electra*—the finest Buick of all.

Every one of Buick's 19 models makes available mechanical excellence in brakes, transmission, and ride which are unique to Buick. Every one of today's Buicks is a car large enough and strong enough to serve today's American family well and long. Every Buick offers solid comfort, high performance, great dependability, and gracious good looks.

Buick by General Motors—two of the most trustworthy names on earth.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NEW CAR—AND NO NEW CAR LIKE A BUICK



BUICK INVICTA

THE HIGH-PERFORMANCE BUICK. (Today's version of the Buick Century.) The superb responsiveness of Buick's Wildcat 445 Engine and Turbine Drive Transmission as well as greater luxury of appointments and trim are offered in the Invicta. For the owner who sets particular store by quick response and great reserves of performance under all driving circumstances, Invicta is the most desirable choice. Six models to choose from. On the same wheelbase and of the same family-sized dimensions as the LeSabre.

BUICK ELECTRA

THE FINEST BUICK OF ALL. (Today's version of the Buick Super.) Powered by the Wildcat 445 Engine, Electra is an even roomier Buick and probably the quietest, smoothest running American car today. Its great power and strength on the road are matched, for the family of discerning taste, by the most quietly elegant and luxuriantly comfortable of interiors. On a nimble 126.3 inch wheelbase, Buick Electra with Turbine Drive Transmission, Easy Power Steering, and Power Brakes as standard equipment, handles with unsurpassed ease.

BUICK ELECTRA 225 (TODAY'S VERSION OF THE BUICK ROADMASTER.) An even more splendid Electra, this is the choice for the buyer who wants the ultimate in quality and roominess without undue name ostentation.

Both the Electra and the Electra 225 are surprisingly thrifty for their size and ability. Owners regularly report 15 to 18 miles per gallon of gasoline.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE TURBINE DRIVE BUICK '60 BUICK'S ALL-TIME BEST!

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Act now, while there's still time to get the right plan started. Your Lincoln Life man will be glad to help you.

Get your wife into the discussion. *She's vitally interested in your retirement plans.*

It's up to you! Lincoln Life's very *flexible* retirement plan lets you step off the daily treadmill at any age you choose between 50 and 70. You don't have to name the exact age now. You can wait and do it later. This plan provides income for life if you live to retire; insurance protection for your family if you don't. Cash values grow rapidly, and your policy earns dividends.

Live with confidence. Take advantage of the many ways modern insurance can help you. It can make sure your son or daughter will have money for college, insure your whole family in one economical policy, provide many new and different forms of Accident and Sickness and Group Insurance protection, guarantee adequate retirement funds . . . to name just a few.

Phone your Lincoln Life man. Without any obligation on your part, he'll be glad to help you work out what you want.

In adopting the name of Abraham Lincoln, this company assumed the responsibility of measuring up to that great name—in character, integrity and thoughtful human service.

"ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER"

Retire when you please . . . in time to enjoy it!

You're free *to do as you like. You can live it up or settle down. You can follow the horizon or a hobby . . . while your retirement income checks from Lincoln Life keep rolling in for the rest of your life!*

YOUR LINCOLN LIFE MAN HAS A RETIREMENT PLAN THAT LETS YOU BE THE BOSS!

Why wait until you're old? Retire when you please . . . while you're still young enough to enjoy life.

You name the date when you want to start enjoying the things you've always wanted to do . . . like fishing, hunting, traveling or just plain loafing. For full details about this flexible-age retirement plan, phone the Lincoln Life man near you. Or write to:

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Fort Wayne, Indiana

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$7.95 value

$3.50 only

with free coupon from any Texaco Dealer

Here's how to get this custom-made "Buddy-L" toy Texaco Tank Truck delivered to your door for only $3.50 (certified retail value – $7.95). Drive in to any Texaco Dealer in continental U.S.A. Ask for a free coupon. Mail coupon with your check or money order. It's that easy to get this exclusive Texaco Dealer offer. Wonderful to give a child now. Great to lay away for Christmas gifts, too! **TEXACO DEALERS**

TUNE IN: TEXACO HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT / MONDAY THRU FRIDAY / NBC-TV

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FORD BUILDS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED WAGONS

FOR 1960... A BIG, WIDE,

Here is the newest *Point of View* on station wagon living . . .

New Country Squire. Finest of the finest Ford wagons of a lifetime, here's the ultimate in wagon luxury! The 9-passenger Squire is the only wagon in its field with distinctive paneling that looks like mahogany, wears like steel.

New Ford Ranch Wagon. Plenty of room for six big folks to travel in limousine luxury. Like all five wonderful new Ford wagons, the low-priced 4-door, 6-passenger Ranch Wagon brings you the most conveniently operated and easiest opening liftgate and tailgate in the industry.

See "FORD STARTIME" in living color Tuesdays on NBC-TV

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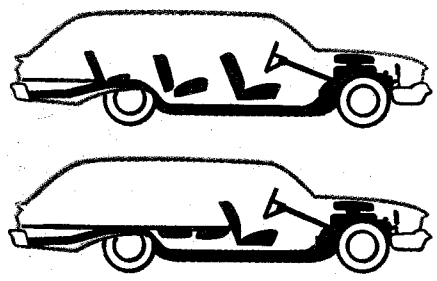

Like all 1960 Ford wagons the 9-passenger Country Sedan has *all* seats facing forward for more natural, relaxed riding. It converts to the "haulingest" wagon of 'em all before you can say "Ford is America's favorite wagon." Third and second seats fold flat away jiffy-quick . . . give you a load area nearly a foot longer.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF WAGONS

he five roomiest, finest, most powerful wagons ever from America's Station Wagon Specialists

'd wagons are built to haul more cargo. Loading area ver 1 foot wider than Ford's major competition! *Every*ıg goes in these big Ford wagons . . . quickly . . . easily.

The 1960 Ford wagons are bigger inside. You get nearly half a foot more shoulder room . . . up to 3 inches more space for the hips . . . new stretch-out leg-room—and loads of new loadspace.

All passengers sit posture-perfect. Chair-high seats (extra easy on the legs) and new seat angle are just right for long hauls or quick trips. Other wagons can't match Ford's getting-in-and-out ease, thanks to Ford's wider doors and forward-angled windshield posts . . . a result of special Ford research in "built-for-people" design. Another important example: the quick, easy way Ford Wagon seats fold out of the way.

How you save with Ford's standard engines—Thunderbird 292 V-8 or Mileage Maker Six! They blaze new trails on regular gas, travel 4,000 miles without oil change, have aluminized mufflers that normally last *twice* as long, give surer starting with powerful, 66-plate battery at no extra cost.

You're in a wonderful new world—from any *Point of View*, from every *Point of Value*—in the finest Ford wagons of a lifetime!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

'60 FORDS

FORD—*The Finest Fords of a Lifetime* FALCON—*The New-Size Ford* THUNDERBIRD—*The World's Most Wanted Car*

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Motor Cargo, Inc., of Akron, Ohio, outdistances high costs on a 3,470-mile run

"More than the equal of crossing the continent," says Owen Orr, President of Motor Cargo, "is the run the equipment makes on our 'Midnight Chief' service between Akron-Cleveland and St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Because each tractor-trailer makes *two* round trips in 96 hours—practically nonstop.

"That means 3,470-mile hauls of extra-hard driving—sheer torture for tires. Standard treads could take only about 17 of those double-header runs before they were bald.

"But we put Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs to that test. And original tread mileage zoomed to 125,000-130,000—better than 36 round trips of this hot-and-heavy run.

"And even after more than doubling previous mileage, those husky Cross-Ribs are in fine shape for recaps."

Motor Cargo, whose routes include extensive eastward runs as far as New York, covers 35,000,000 miles a year. In their excellent operating ratio, tire cost-per-mile is a big factor—and Cross-Ribs have helped bring that figure down.

"Cross-Ribs sure have paid their way," concludes Mr. Orr. "There's extra hauling profit in that extra tread!"

You'll hear much the same story about Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs from fleets of all sizes from coast to coast. Why not check with your Goodyear dealer—or write Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

① 60% thicker nonskid tread! ② Cooler-running tread design ③ Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH — for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Myths About the Oakes Murder

Still unsolved after sixteen years is the baffling Nassau murder of American-born multimillionaire Sir Harry Oakes. Now the case may be reopened.

By JOHN KOBLER

Few crimes of this century have so disrupted a community, tarnished so many reputations and bred legends so lurid as the murder, committed in Nassau sixteen years ago and never solved, of Sir Harry Oakes. Who killed the American-born Midas, owner of the world's second-richest gold mine, is one of the first two questions thousands of tourists to the Bahamas still ask. (The other: Where did the Windsors live when the duke was governor of the Bahamas?) Aboard the yachts cruising those 2700 islands and cays, in the haughty private clubs ashore as in the calypso-throbbing rum dens, in the fifty-dollars-a-day beachside hotels as in the humblest native hovels, sooner or later the talk reverts to the killing for which the victim's racy son-in-law, Count Marie Alfred (Freddy) de Fouquereaux de Marigny, was tried, but not convicted.

Theories abound and endlessly multiply: It was a wronged mulatto husband who butchered Sir Harry in a Voodooesque ritual of vengeance, set fire to the corpse and covered it with feathers. A peculating business associate, about to be exposed, did the deed. A Haitian contrabandist got wind of some bullion Sir Harry had buried on an out island when the

Cyril Stevenson. As a Bahamian legislator, he has demanded a fresh investigation of the murder.

The victim, Sir Harry Oakes (below, left), with the Duke of Windsor, then Bahamas governor.

Count Alfred de Marigny. In October, 1943, he stood trial for the murder of Sir Harry, but was acquitted.

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THE CAST OF CHARACTERS IN THE OAKES MYSTERY—

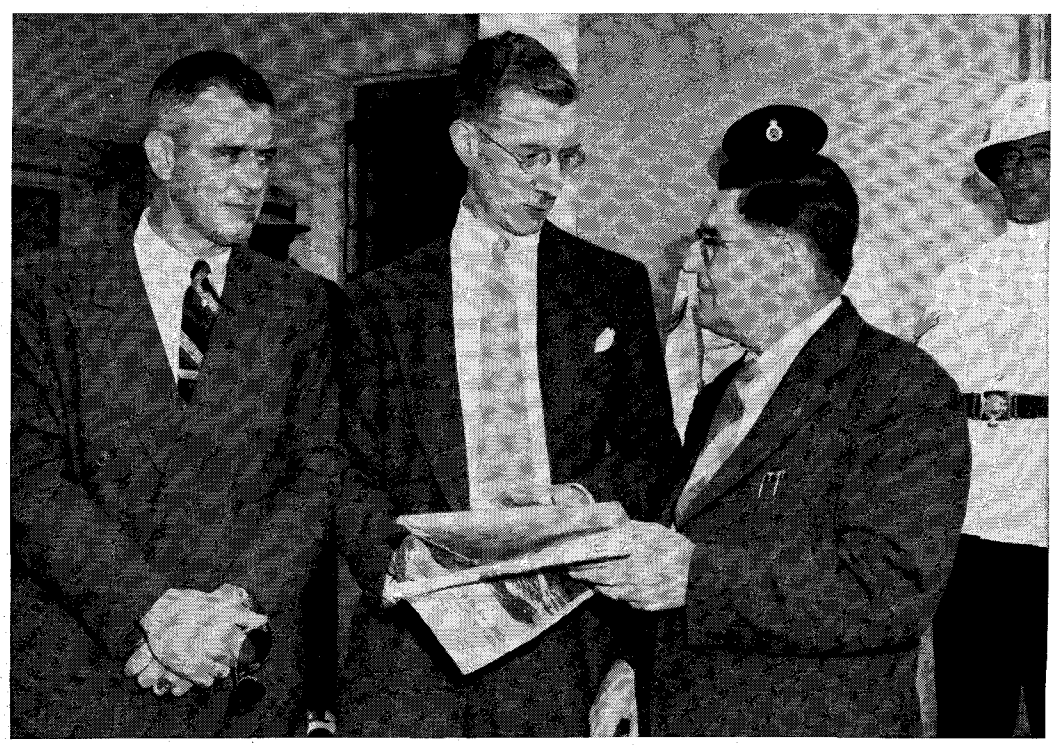
July, 1943: At the time of the slaying, de Marigny wore a beard, which the prosecution maintained he singed while burning Sir Harry's body. At right is his wife, Nancy, who stuck by him throughout.

Above: Westbourne, the American-born millionaire's house on the island of Nassau. The murder took place in the second-floor room at the center of the picture.

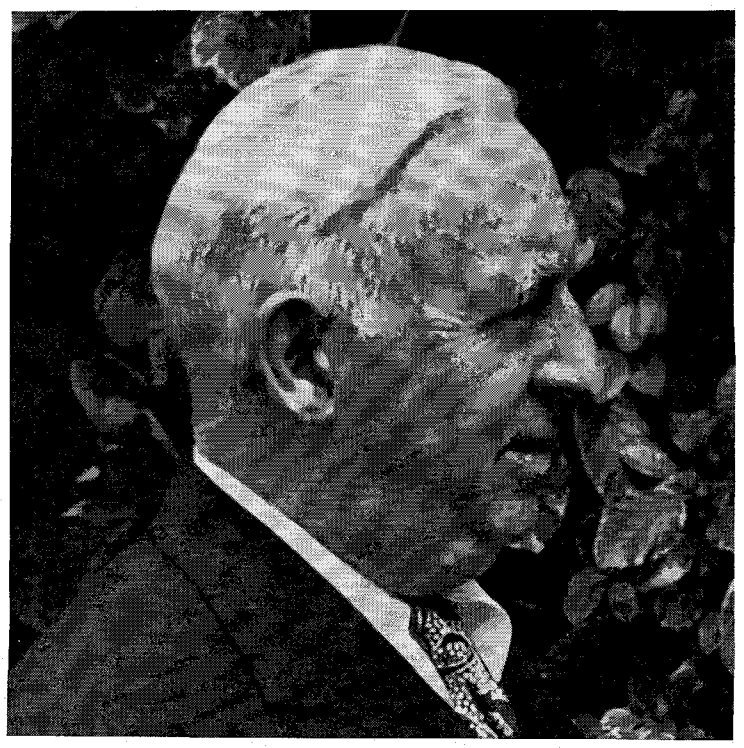
British Government recalled all gold, and murdered him so he could loot the cache at his leisure. A group of Bahamian real-estate investors, learning that Sir Harry proposed to transfer his interests to Venezuela, thereby depreciating their holdings, imported Chicago gangsters to erase him.

Today the great mystery looms large again as a political issue. The forces exploiting it, with the object of wrecking the party in power, are the same that helped organize the Bahamas' labor unions, and last year backed the general strike from which the tourist-dependent island economy has barely recovered. Like the strike, the current tumult over the Oakes murder is a reflection in a little mirror of the tensions, political, economic and racial, seething all over the globe wherever a white minority has long dominated a Negro majority.

Until recently the British crown colony had no party politics because it had no political parties. Its district representatives, sitting in the House of Assembly on Nassau's



These American detectives testified in the case: (From left), Capt. James Barker of Miami, Frank Conway of New York, and Capt. Edward Melchen of Miami. The "deadliest clue" against de Marigny—a fingerprint Barker said he found at the scene of the crime—proved to be spurious.



The late Raymond Schindler, a private investigator hired by Nancy de Marigny to clear her husband. He repeatedly claimed he could expose the real murderer, but died without explaining how.

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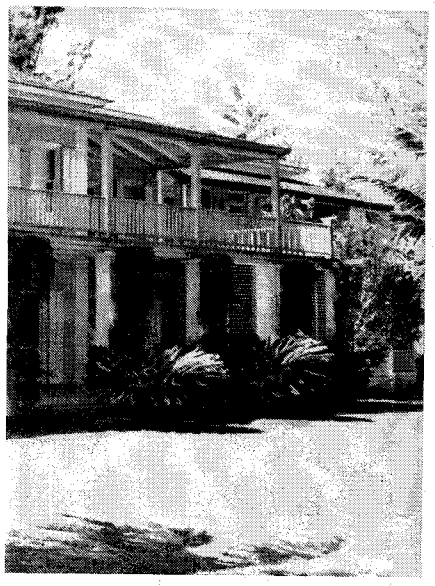
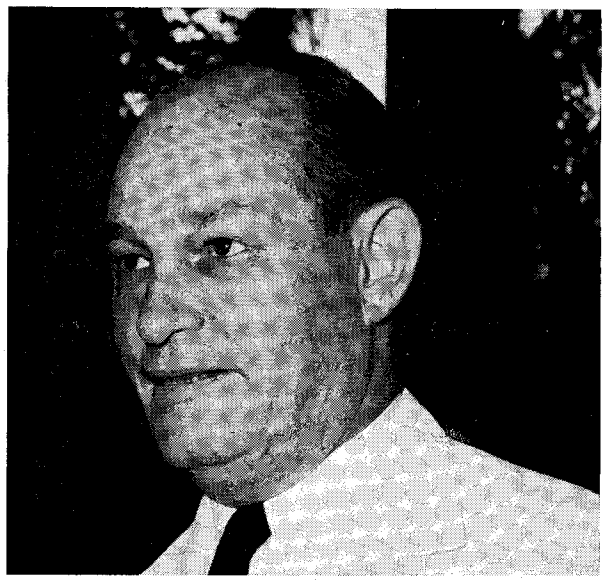
A CRIME THAT STILL TROUBLES THE BAHAMAS.



The charred, mutilated corpse of Sir Harry Oakes. At left, behind the bed, is the blood-smeared screen from which Detective Barker said he obtained the fingerprint of Freddy de Marigny.



Oakes' friend and associate, businessman Harold Christie. A Westbourne house guest the night of the murder, he found the body.

expensive Bay Street, ran local affairs to suit a small power elite of merchants, lawyers and real-estate operators, informally known as "the Bay Street Pirates." Now two parties grapple for control. In the 1956 elections the fledgling Progressive Liberal Party, its membership predominantly Negro, captured six of the twenty-nine assembly seats. The Bay Street faction, challenged for the first time in its history, then formed the United Bahamian Party. Ever since, the walls of the 144-year-old House, adorned by heroic portraits of British majesty, have resounded with Progressive Liberal charges of color discrimination—all the bitterer because many a light-skinned Bay Streeter stems from mixed-blood lines he prefers to forget—of defrauding foreign investors, of mishandling treasury funds, of protecting malefactors in high places.

Last spring, with by-elections to fill four newly created seats in the offing, hostilities took a still uglier turn. Leaping to his feet beneath the austere gaze of a gilt-framed Queen Victoria, Cyril St. John Stevenson, the agile, brassy cofounder of the P.L.P. and senior member for Andros and the Berry Islands, moved a resolution calling upon the governor to reopen the Oakes investigation. In his argument he cited America's most publicized private detective, Raymond Schindler—since dead of heart disease at seventy-seven—whom Nancy de Marigny hired to prove her husband innocent.

"Mr. Schindler," said Stevenson, "has in his possession sufficient evidence to hang the man who killed Sir Harry or masterminded the plan."

To the reporters whom this disclosure brought flocking to Nassau from two continents, Stevenson further stated, "I could point my finger at the man responsible. Oakes was killed by one of his closest friends, a man he had no reason to suspect, and he drank with him several hours before the murder."

Whom he meant and, outside the Assembly, freely named, every Bahamian knew. While Stevenson read his resolution, that man sat glowering ten feet away among his fellow United Bahamians. He was sixty-two-year-old Harold George Christie, senior member for Cat Island, and Bay Street's leading real-estate dealer. Through Christie, Sir Harry Oakes acquired (Continued on Page 82)

Nancy Oakes de Marigny von Hoyningen-Huene (below) was eighteen at the time of the murder. Her marriage to de Marigny was annulled in 1949.

Above: Betty Roberts, a blond movie-theater cashier from Miami, was one of de Marigny's party guests the night Sir Harry was killed.

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THE GOLDEN ROSE

They were utter strangers, but between them was an unspoken bond.

By VIVIAN CONNELL

I had come over from New York by ship and my daughter met me at Southampton on this early morning in July. She was at Vassar, but she had come over to England a month before to take a special course at Cambridge University during the summer vacation. Standing on the pier, with her black hair and dark-blue eyes, she looked like a poem seen in the light of the hills of Connemara. And still, after five years in America, she had the harp strings and the winds of Ireland in her voice.

"Hi, dad," she said, and kissed me. "Now, let's get your suitcases and we're away!"

"Don't worry. They'll put them on the boat train and ——"

"I'm driving you to London, dad. I've got a car."

"A car! Where did you get the money for a car?"

"Only a hundred dollars. It's an old jalopy, English style."

It certainly was an old jalopy, in faded yellow paint, and it made so much noise, we did not need a horn in the town. I said, "We don't take the London road. I am going to Sussex first. I've got a date there. Get out your road map and find the way to a village called Bridle Way. I used to live there once."

We located the best route to Bridle Way, and as we drove through the green countryside she asked, "What's the date, dad?"

"I'll tell you when we get there." I paused. "In fact, that is why I am over."

Riding along by the golden cornfields and green woods, she told me about the colleges at Cambridge and boating on the Cam. The water in the old car boiled in the heat, and we stopped to let her cool and have a cold drink in a market town. I wanted pink peaches and cool green pears to freshen my mouth as we drove along, and we walked up the street to buy them. The cobbles on the sidewalk shone like pebbles in a stream in the sunlight.

Then Maeve stopped. "Ah, here's a Golden Rose shop. Let's go in here. I always buy my things in the Golden Rose at Cambridge."

This, I guessed, was a typical Golden Rose shop of a chain of grocery stores all over England now. It did not look like a store. Yellow roses climbed the walls, red and yellow roses were planted outside in clay pots, and there were no goods visible in the latticed windows.

Inside, not only because of the golden roses abloom in pewter jars and pots of clay, it was like a garden in which one bought country marmalade and China tea and all the things one put on the table. The three girls serving looked like maids of Arden in a Shakespeare play. And it did not look corny or fashioned. It was just natural in the old and lovely-timbered little town where the sheep and cows came to market.

We bought peaches and grapes and pears, and Maeve said, "I just love coming into the Golden Rose shops. I guess I won't be able to look at a supermarket back home. It's like walking into another age, going into a Golden Rose."

Maeve's jalopy did not like the Sussex hills or the green-hedged lanes, and the engine was arguing all the way.

"We'll be lucky to make it to Bridle Way," admitted Maeve, as we came into a village.

"Only about twelve miles more," I said. "I'm remembering the countryside about here now."

We only made it a few hundred yards more, and Maeve coaxed her along to a garage at the end of the village. She pulled up by the gas pump and a tall young man in a blue smock came out of the station. Maeve said, "It's not gas. She's tired. Best lift up the cover and see if the engine is still there."

The young man had a look, dropped the bonnet again, and Maeve asked, "Well, what does she need?"

"A horse," said the young man with a smile.

"Bring him out and hitch him up," said Maeve.

The way the young man spoke made me look at him. He had clear blue eyes and a balanced English face that was hard to fault by the classic form of ancient Greek sculpture. And his mouth was as lively as a poem. I looked at my watch. "How long will it take to catch the horse?"

"I might be able to get her running in about an hour, sir."

"Too long," I said, as the boss came out, looking more like a farmer than a garage owner. "I want to get on to Bridle Way."

The young man was pushing the jalopy into the station, and the boss, his thumbs in the pockets of his red waistcoat, said, "Don't worry about that, sir. Cathal will drive you there in another car while the mechanic works on your car."

"Cathal?" I asked.

"The young man, sir," said the boss, jerking his thumb toward the tall young man with the blue eyes.

The boss went away, and Maeve looked at me and grinned. "I haven't met anybody at Cambridge who would have said she needed a horse in that way."

"Met anybody at Cambridge called Cathal?" I asked.

"Why, no!" said Maeve, suddenly very surprised. "I've never even heard of anybody called Cathal except you."

The tall young man pulled out a big American limousine to drive us on to Bridle Way. He opened the door for Maeve, but I said, "Maeve, you sit in front. I want to look at a paper."

Maeve certainly seemed glad I wanted to look at a paper, and there was a slight peach bloom on her face.

I pulled out a paper just to make it look good, and I laughed as I heard Maeve telling him what a jalopy was when she made a joke about the horse again. Certainly Cathal was an artist at driving slowly on a Sussex lane. It was apparent that he was going to stretch out that twelve miles and Maeve's company as long as he possibly could.

I leaned forward and said softly, "Cathal, you know this place well. Can't you find a lane where there is a flock of sheep ahead on the road?"

His face blazed up, and he put his foot down so hard we nearly jumped off the road. He was silent now until he pulled in opposite a Golden Rose

(Continued on Page 109)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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Cathal blushingly handed the yellow rose to Maeve.

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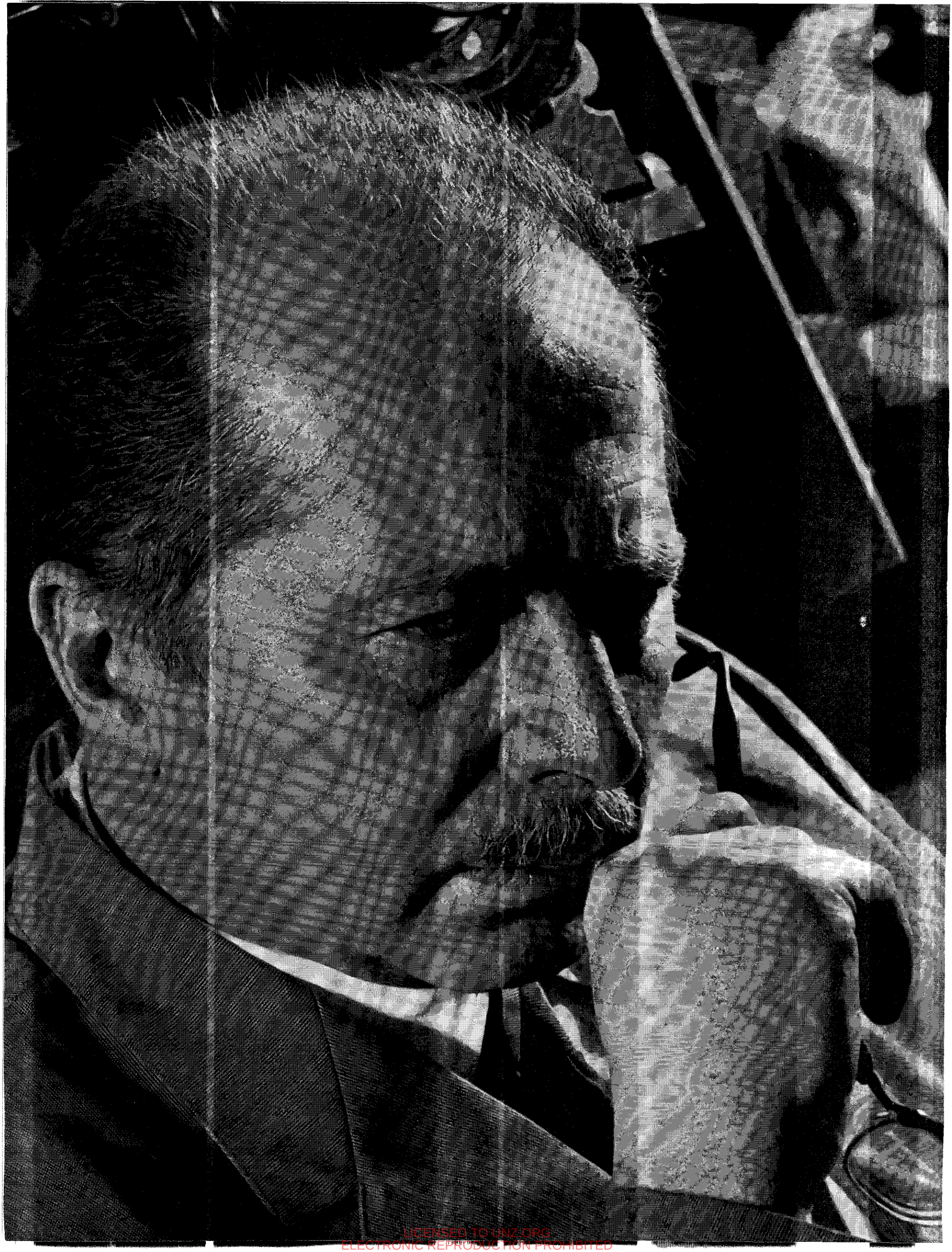

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Natural History of a Star

By JESSE L. GREENSTEIN

To the astrophysicist the universe is a machine in which the stars are formed, produce energy and become extinct. To understand these processes we use the rational methods of physics and mathematics. Nevertheless, both our comprehension and our description of stellar activity are conditioned by the fact that we are biological, psychological and spiritual entities; in consequence we tend to phrase our concepts in nonmechanical terms, as though there were a biological struggle for existence in which the stars are born, live and die. Actually the processes of cosmological evolution are much simpler than those of biological evolution, though they occur on an immensely grander scale.

The subject of stellar evolution is one of the central problems of modern science; we hope it may prove to be one of the few natural processes which can be understood in its entirety. I would like here to describe our recent progress toward this goal.

The sun is our nearest star, typical of the hundred billion other stars in our galaxy. The sun is a ball of gas held together by its own gravity. It is 330,000 times more massive than the earth. From the cosmic point of view the sun is alive, if we may think of energy production as life. The earth, the other planets, the moons, the asteroids—the debris of the solar system—are dead bodies. These orbiting slag heaps have no naturally self-sustaining energy sources, little mass and seem to have little cosmic significance. Our own earth, for instance, is composed largely of iron and silicon, which are nearly inert in nuclear reactions. The sun in contrast, contains about 70 per cent hydrogen, the ultimate nuclear fuel.

While hydrogen can be made into a dangerous nuclear explosive on earth, controlled hydrogen fusion processes occur in the sun—and the other stars—without explosion and provide the energy for sunlight and for our life. Nuclear fusion occurs in the sun mainly because of its high temperature and the density of its gases. Under such conditions, with temperatures reaching 25,000,000 degrees, some hydrogen nuclei collide at distances of a thousand-billionth of an inch, with speeds of more than 1000 miles a second. As a result of these collisions some of the hydrogen nuclei fuse into heavy hydrogen. Further collisions convert the heavy hydrogen into isotopes of helium.

Such a fusion chain reaction ultimately converts the reactive, energy-rich hydrogen into stable helium. The probability that even a close nuclear collision *CONTINUED ON PAGE 46*

About the Author

Jesse L. Greenstein, professor of astrophysics at the California Institute of Technology and staff member of the Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories, is widely known for his studies of stellar evolution and composition. He is currently engaged in a study of the composition of our galaxy at the time and place where stars were born. Doctor Greenstein has discovered and studied so many strange types of dying stars that most of his friends call him a celestial undertaker. Photograph by Gene Lester

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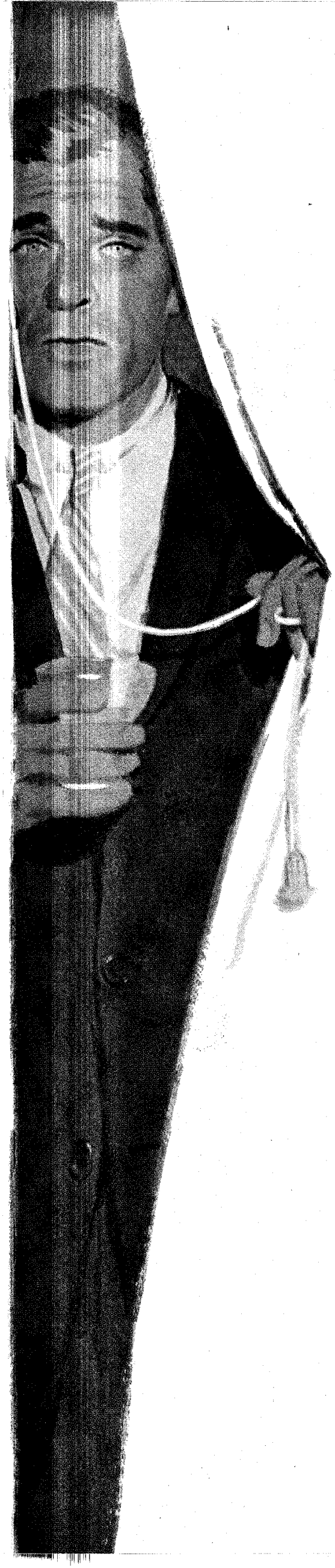

What should a man do when his wife and daughter start living beyond his income?

A MATTER OF MONEY

By STEVE McNEIL

Mr. David Fletcher looked helplessly at his dear wife, Edith. That he loved her and his nineteen-year-old daughter, Sally, was an irrefutable fact. That they both loved him was another irrefutable fact.

But loving or not loving had nothing to do with the present crisis, even though Edith had injected the word at the beginning of her campaign. "If you loved us," she said plaintively, "you'd want us to go to San Francisco with you."

"Whether I love you two has nothing to do with it," David said, trying to keep the problem logical instead of emotional.

"It certainly has. If you loved us as we love you, you'd never be able to stand San Francisco all by yourself. You'd just perish from sheer loneliness."

David sighed. "I'll be lonely, but I will survive. You know full well that this is a vital business matter. I wouldn't be able to spend any time with you. At times I wouldn't even be with you for dinner. You'd just have to sit around in some hotel room, and besides there's the matter of expense."

"We wouldn't cost a nickel extra."

David peered at his wife. "Outside of the fact that three air-line tickets cost three times as much as one air-line ticket, kindly explain how you wouldn't cost a nickel extra."

"You remember Jennifer Eaton? Well, she has a flat in San Francisco."

"Yes?"

"She and Charles are going to Nassau."

"I hope they have a nice time."

"She's leaving a key to her San Francisco flat."

The truth hit David Fletcher with all the impact of a truck hitting a brick wall. "I know I'm asking a stupid question, but just how did Jennifer conclude that you just might want the key to her flat?"

"Why, I wrote her and told her that we just might be coming to the city. She wrote back. That's all there is to it."

David knew that this was the understatement of the century. He knew, with his knowledge honed by experience, that Edith and Sally had been planning this little excursion ever since they found out that he was going to San Francisco, representing the architects' firm of Newhouse, Fletcher and Smith, to sell Horace Charlton their design for a shopping center. It was an important and extremely lucrative commission, if they could swing it. They had speculated on preliminary plans and sketches, knowing that Charlton was not going to stop with this one shopping center. The firm that got the job for the first one would, in addition to cutting up a beautiful fee, be in line for countless centers in central and northern California.

Horace Charlton had written the firm, stating that he had liked the preliminary work, that it showed vision, a hardheaded appreciation of costs and a first-rate approach to the parking problem. He wanted to see a member of the firm as soon as possible.

"Well," David said, "I suppose we could drive down, but first I'd like to have a few matters clearly understood." (Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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With something
akin to horror
he watched them
make their entrance.

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The Face of AMERICA

Gator in the Air

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Twice a year Wichita kids may see a special alligator show at the Riverside Park Zoo. In October, when Kansas frosts make outside living uncomfortable for sun-loving saurians, the three big denizens of the outdoor pit—One Eye, Lady and Grandpa—are solemnly hoisted aloft by derrick and trundled to the basement of a nearby building which is kept decently hot and humid for the winter. Come May, the process is reversed. One Eye, shown here taking his fall ride, weighs 375 pounds and is eight feet, nine inches long. He is also a ham actor of a gator; he puts on an impressive act for the children, with much awesome gaping of toothy jaws. Kansas is a long way from his old southern home, but he doesn't seem to miss the swamps a bit. In Kansas a gator can live to a ripe old age in comfort and safety. One Eye, Lady and Grandpa all have been guests of the Wichita City Park Department for forty years, which is more than the probable life expectancy of noncaptive alligators back in Mississippi, where they came from. Playing the comic once in a while is a low price to pay for easy living.

● Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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Jovial George had hold of one of Penny's arms.

Don Juan of the Pentagon

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Off duty his tactics were outrageous.

Capt. Dooncan McNab, U.S.A. (the Dooncan moniker came from a remote Highland ancestor who'd been known as Dooncan o' the Border up to the time he'd been hanged), entered the Pentagon and took a moving stairway to the fourth floor. The time was 0837 and the date was Dooncan's twenty-sixth birthday. A telegram from his father, received an hour earlier, had reminded him of that.

> HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DOONCAN. YOUR BLASPHEMIES IN LETTER RE PENTAGON ASSIGNMENT IN BEST MCNAB TRADITION. COURAGE, LADDIE, AND CARRY ON. MCNAB.

That "courage and carry on" bit was likely to be in order, Dooncan reflected now. The arrival of the telegram had caused him to miss his bus, so that he was now late for work. That was a circumstance not likely to be overlooked by Jovial George.

The latter was Maj. (temporary) George Holloway Wiltshire, executive of the Evaluation Branch, and he'd got the title of "Jovial George" from his habit of smiling with toothy benevolence as he slit the throats of subordinate peons who got in his way. Dooncan was turning into a gloomy corridor that led deeper into the Pentagon when the major's silky voice halted him in mid-stride.

"Ah, captain! A brief word with you, please?"

Dooncan turned. Jovial George was standing in the doorway of the Evaluation Branch's front office. The major was a tubby man a little older than Dooncan; six months ago both of them had been serving together as captains in the same battle group down in Georgia. That was before Wiltshire had wangled an assignment to the Pentagon and the temporary promotion that went with it.

"Morning, major," Dooncan said, gagging a little over the title which—applied to Jovial George—he considered as phony as a lead dollar. "What's on your mind so early in the day?"

"Early?" Wiltshire asked, donning his executioner's smile as he led the way into the office. "I wouldn't say that. We're a wee bit late this morning, aren't we, McNab? We overslept, no doubt?"

"We did not," Dooncan said sourly. "We were delayed by a telegram from our old man wishing us a happy birthday." (Continued on Page 92)

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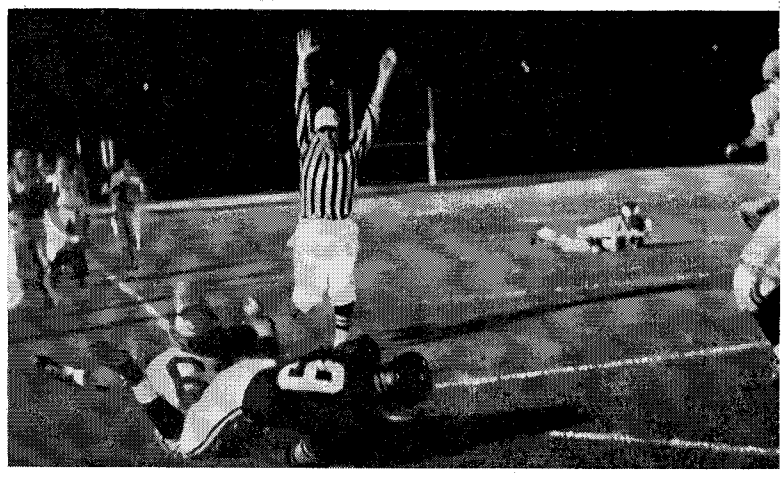
Gillman, who used to engage in wrathful arguments with Ram fans, now feels that he has learned how "to live with Los Angeles second-guessing."

Beleaguered Boss of the Rams

"After coaching in this city a job any place else would be pretty quiet," says coach Sid Gillman, who is enduring the harassing tactics of Los Angeles fans for his fifth season.

By
MELVIN
DURSLAG



Ram quarterback Bill Wade (No. 9) scoring the winning touchdown against the Philadelphia Eagles in an exhibition game at Los Angeles last month. Final score, 31–28.

At the last census the bustling city of Los Angeles contained 2,432,000 persons. Scattered in the sprawling suburbs were roughly 3,500,000 more. Among this multitude of nearly 6,000,000 men, women and children, an astonishingly large number take an intense proprietary interest in the local pro-football team, the Los Angeles Rams. They give free advice to the Rams before, during and especially after each game. Although there are grandstand consultants in other cities, too, Los Angeles yields to none as the second-guessing capital of the National Football League.

Sid Gillman, the often-aggrieved coach of the Rams, was driving down Wilshire Boulevard one day when a man, starting to get out of a parked car, swung his door open directly in Gillman's path. The coach pressed hard on his brakes, but couldn't stop in time. His car struck the door and sent it crashing against the side of the other vehicle.

Badly frightened, Gillman ran to the damaged car and asked the driver if he was hurt. Shakily the man answered no. Each displayed his driver's license, and the other motorist immediately identified Gillman as the Ram coach.

"This fellow had just barely escaped injury, if not death," recalls Sid. "Do you know what he said to me? He said, 'How come you went for that field goal in the fourth quarter last Sunday? Everybody I've talked to thinks you should have gone for the first down instead.'"

This, in effect, is the story of Gillman's life in Los Angeles, just as it was with his predecessors. A former coach of the Rams once summed up, "If I were to jump off the Third Street Bridge, they'd say the next day I should have jumped from Seventh Street."

For years the Rams have led the league in paid attendance. Last season they averaged a record 74,634 for their home games. Since Los Angeles has more followers than other pro teams, there are more people to second-guess the coach. They mastermind his choice of quarterbacks, his offensive strategy, his draft selections and his trades. Above all, they second-guess his field-goal decisions, as evidenced by Gillman's brush with the motorist. Los Angeles is violently anti-field goal. Gillman describes the city as a "Go-for-It Town."

A week rarely passes during football season that Ram owners don't receive a bundle of letters from fans demanding that Gillman be fired. Hundreds of (Continued on Page 99)

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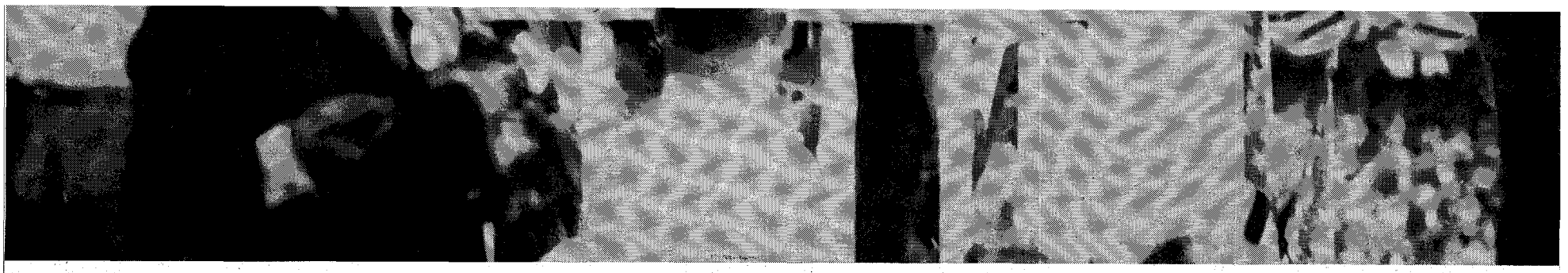


New York, 1924: F.D.R. at the Democratic Convention as he made his first "Happy Warrior" nominating speech for Gov. Al Smith. Jimmy, then sixteen, helped his father make his slow, painful entrance to the platform.

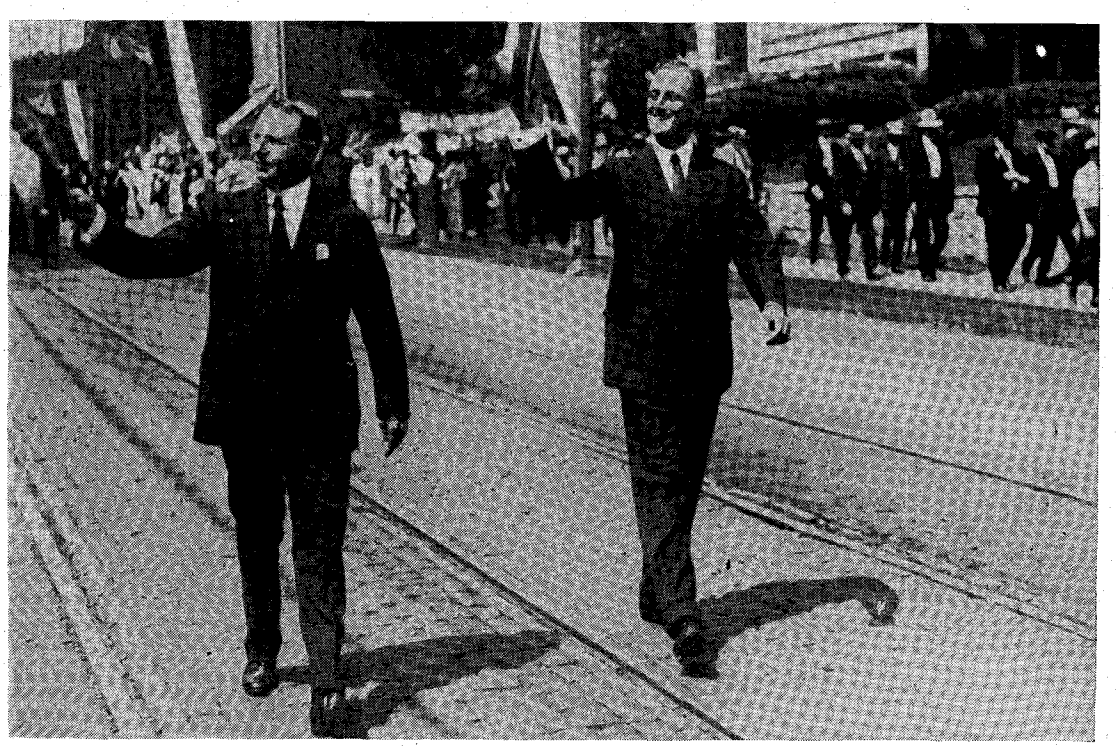
My Father F.D.R.

PART THREE

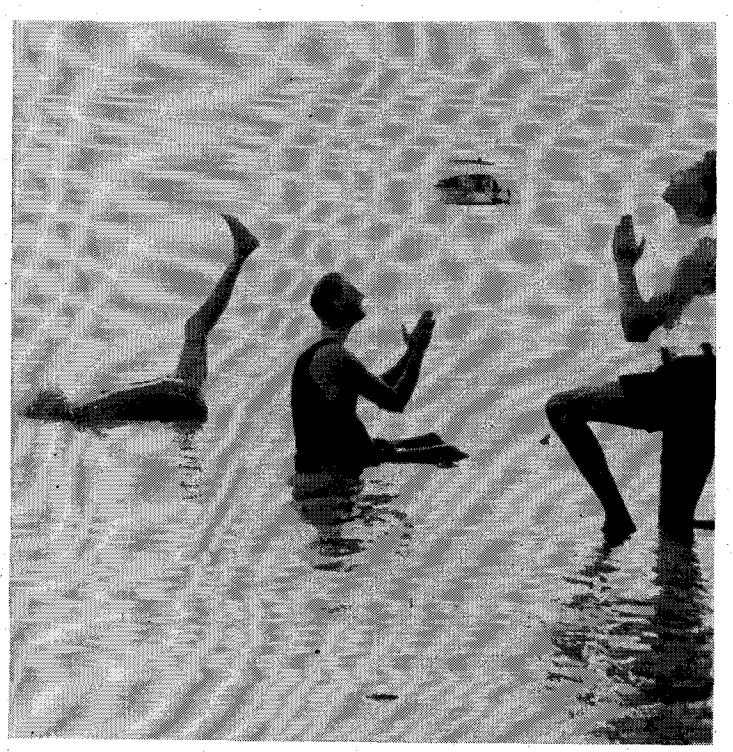
THE STRUGGLE BACK FROM HELPLESSNESS

By JAMES ROOSEVELT
as told to Sidney Shalett

The late President's eldest son reveals that his family had money troubles after his father was struck down by polio and explains why F.D.R. sacrificed his chances of ever walking again by going back into politics.



Ohio Governor James M. Cox (left), the Democrats' 1920 candidate for the Presidency, and his running mate, Franklin Roosevelt, during a campaign parade in Dayton.



Horseplay in Florida, 1926: During his convalescence F.D.R. (center) spent three winters on a "down-at-the-heels" houseboat he called the *Larooco*. At right is Sir Oswald Mosley, later a notorious British fascist.

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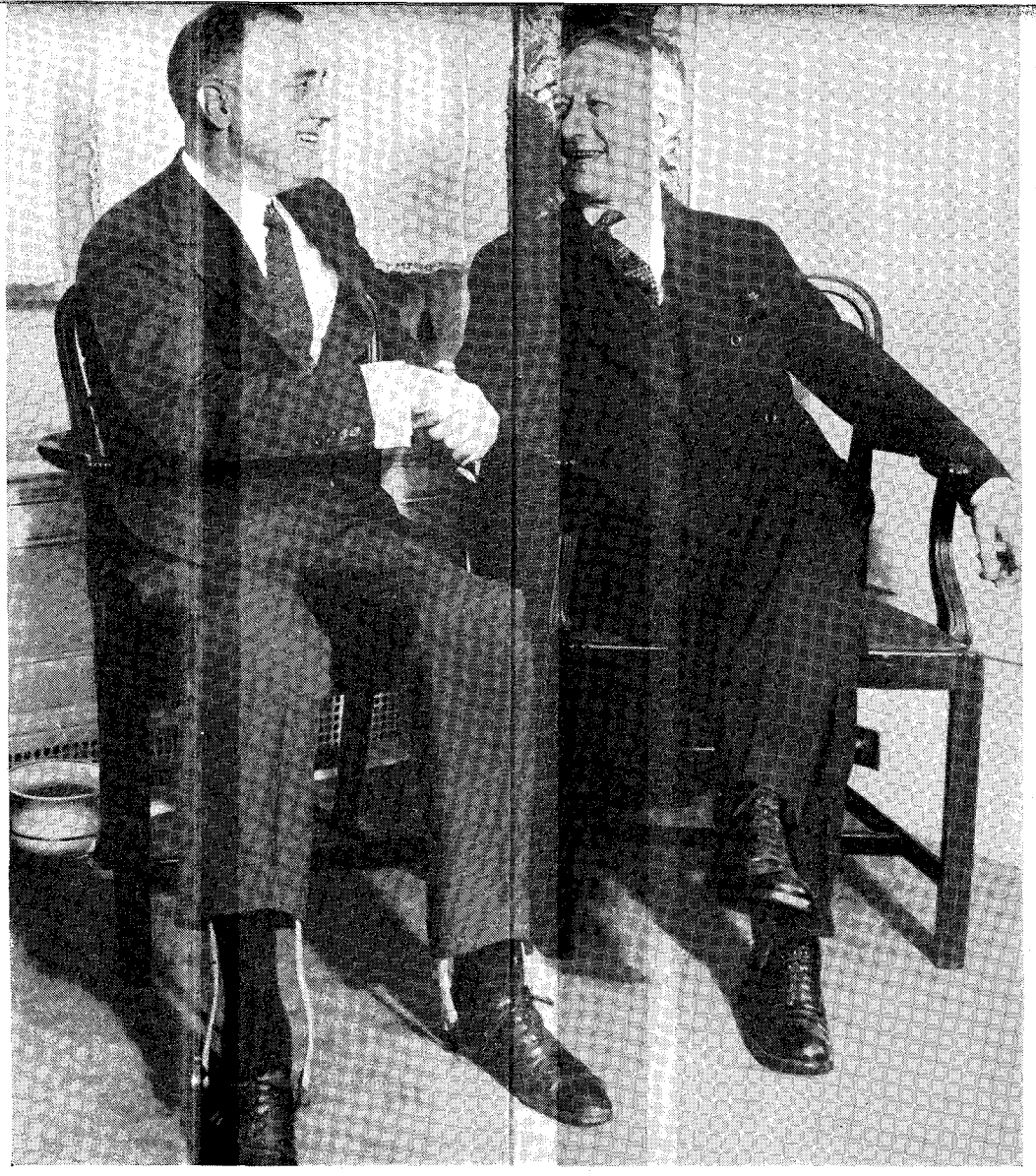
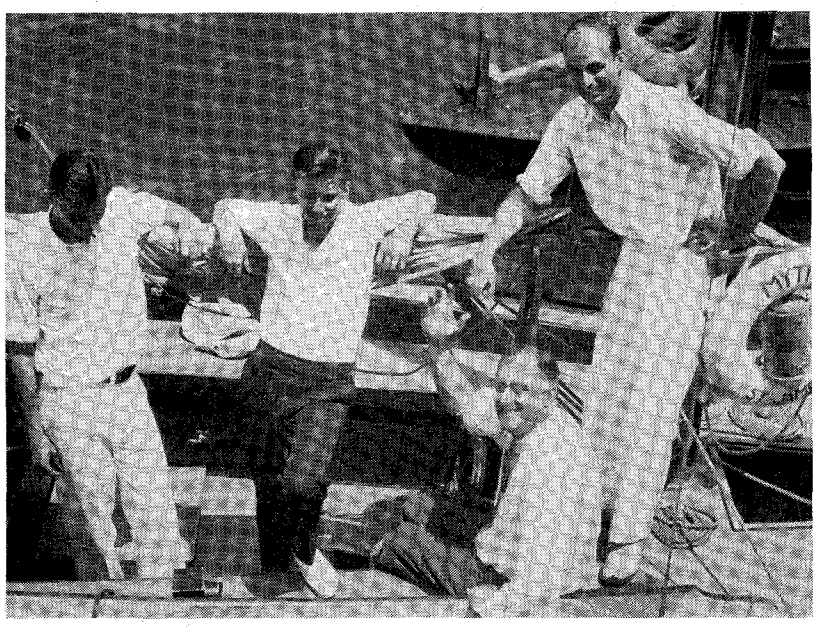


As New York's governor-elect in 1928, F.D.R. received the congratulations of outgoing Gov. Al Smith, whom he had successfully nominated for his party's candidacy. But Smith failed to carry even New York State, and Hoover became President.



In July of 1932 Governor Roosevelt took his sons for a fishing cruise off New England. Here they are at their departure from Port Jefferson, L.I. From left, Franklin Jr., John and author James. Not shown is Elliott.

1932: Presidential candidate Roosevelt on his campaign train with (from left) his son James; James' first wife, the former Betsey Cushing, and F.D.R.'s daughter Anna, then Mrs. Curtis Dall.

In August of 1921 my father, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, came up from sweltering New York City to join the family at our rambling summer home on cool, breeze-swept Campobello Island off the New Brunswick coast. Even for us energetic Roosevelts, it promised to be one of the most rollicking and vigorous of our summer vacations, for father was in a mood to let off an accumulation of pent-up steam that was in his system.

Father, then thirty-nine, had just been through seven exciting years, including the World War I period, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He had suffered a humiliating licking at the hands of Tammany Hall in his race for nomination as United States Senator, and had gone down to defeat a second time as the 1920 Democratic vice-presidential nominee in an idealistic but foredoomed crusade for Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations dream. Now he was a private citizen again, practicing a little law, but devoting most of his time to running the New York office of a large bonding company. His personal prospects were good, for he was making a decent salary—$25,000 a year—for the first time in his life; but he was annoyed to the point of outrage by absurdly farfetched Republican mudslinging efforts to make him the goat for a petty scandal involving morals of Navy enlisted men, that occurred toward the end of his Assistant Secretaryship.

Father's way of working off annoyances was simple and direct—through an excess of physical vigor. Immediately on his arrival, all of us kids—Anna and I, respectively fifteen and thirteen and a half; Elliott, going on eleven; Franklin Jr., just a few days under seven, and even five-year-old Johnny—began having a wild, whooping, romping, running, sailing, picnicking time with him. Each day father sloughed off more care and became more playmate than parent.

On August tenth he took Anna, Elliott and me for a sail in the Bay of Fundy. It was a grand outing. On the way home we stopped to beat out a forest fire on a nearby island—several hours of hot, strenuous work. After returning home, docking the boat and donning our bathing suits, father had us all dogtrot a mile and a half to a lake. We cooled off with a quick plunge. Then we ran to the shore, where we took another swim in the numbingly cold bay waters. We trotted back to the house; then he sat in his wet bathing suit, reading his mail, until he felt a sudden chill.

That night polio struck father. He got up with difficulty next morning to shave. After that he never left his bed—until he left the island on a stretcher. Our vigorous, athletic, strong-limbed father, with whom we had run and romped, was lost to us forever.

Just prior to this critical turning point of father's career, mother, who was to become his "legs" and his invaluable lieutenant in his forthcoming struggle to remain in public life, was still the timid, somewhat naïve little housewife. The recent vice-presidential campaign, for instance, had found her writing him: "Oh! dear I wish I could see you or at least hear from you. *I hate politics!*"

His strong-willed mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, who held the purse strings in the family and all of her life undermined father's and mother's parental authority by spoiling us children with costly gifts, still was sniping away at father's preoccupation with politics, so unseemly in her eyes for a Hyde Park gentleman. At the convention which nominated him, she had written him: "I . . . [hope] that the time at San Francisco will be 'elevating' . . . but I fancy that the last epithet is not very likely in a crowd of every sort of politician. . . ." I, a sage young political observer of twelve, disagreed with both mother and granny, for I wrote father: "I think all your speeches are very good and I love to read them in the paper . . . the *World* praises them and the *Tribune* condemns them; I think the *World* is right. . . ."

From childhood on, Campobello had been father's beloved second home, next to Hyde Park in his affections. His elderly father, my grandfather James, had started building the Roosevelt summer cottage on the Canadian island in 1883, the year after father was born, and the family went there regularly. As a boy in short pants, father learned to sail on a sloop called the *Half Moon*, and later taught me to sail on a two-masted schooner bearing the same name. I remember one cruise when I split my pants on the *Half Moon*, and mother, turning me over her lap, sewed them up with a sailmaker's needle, without jabbing me once.

Father courted his solemn, blue-eyed young fiancée on (Continued on Page 131)

© 1959 by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett

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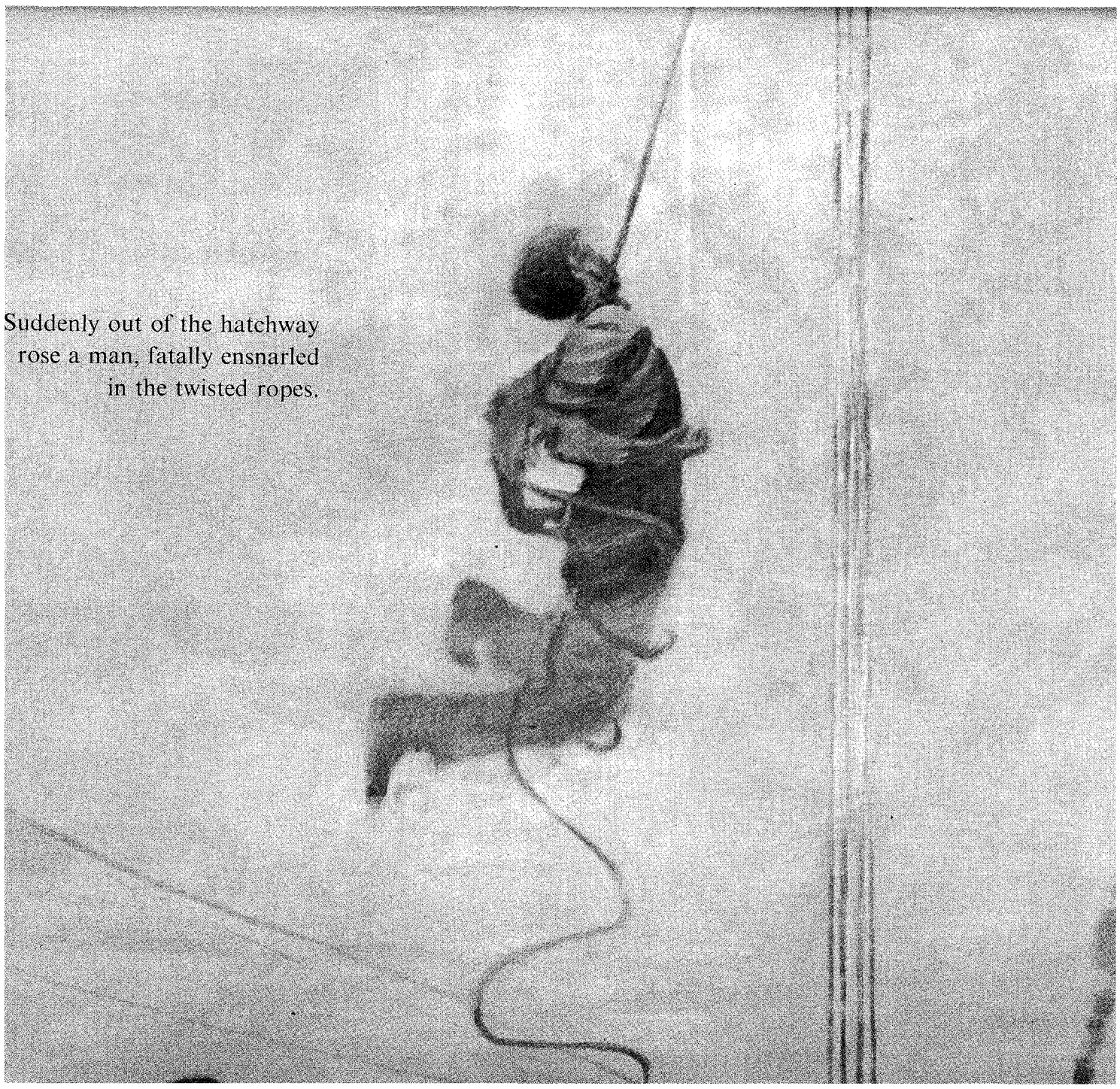

Suddenly out of the hatchway
rose a man, fatally ensnarled
in the twisted ropes.

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Ordeal on Blood River

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

Was it an accident? Or was it the gruesome prelude to further bloodshed?

"You will take command of the detachment," Colonel Alshard told Lieutenant Cohill, "with orders to relieve the Colorado River garrisons at Fort Yuma and Fort Mohave."

Flint Cohill's cavalry platoon was to sail from San Francisco on board the *Clan Cameron*. Most of the ship would be occupied by ex-United States Senator Rutherford Bentinck's Colorado River Expedition, in reality a quest by Bentinck for plunder and power in the Southwest. Also aboard would be Carracoe, the drunken militia major whose troops were to support Bentinck, and lovely Countess Athena, a circus rider traveling with the senator.

Violence preceded the sailing. Lieutenant Haight, former head of Cohill's platoon, was murdered, presumably by a Bentinck thug named Boldoni. And a man "identified" as Bentinck's fugitive ally, renegade Gen. Inigo Barras, had apparently committed suicide. As Cohill arrived at Colonel Alshard's quarters for dinner, he reflected on the sizable threat Bentinck represented to the success of his difficult mission.

II

At a quarter to eight that evening, in a borrowed helmet and shell jacket with aiguillette, Cohill picked his way around the witch-black parade grounds toward Colonel Alshard's lighted quarters, carrying a nonissue hand gun in the pocket of his riding cape and feeling somewhat embarrassed by the fact. There was a carriage drawing up at a walk from the post gates.

As he was placing his cape and helmet on the table in the rear of the hall, he was conscious of Colonel Alshard's white-coated dog robber answering a second ring at the door behind him. Down the hallway he saw the man open the door again, and he saw Athena come into the golden pool of lamplight; and seeing her, he felt his entire body pull taut.

She was in a white satin, full-skirted evening gown, draped at the shoulders in a blue velvet cape—an exquisite breath of the outside world of smart cities against the bleak and lonely Presidio night. Her golden hair held a tiny jeweled ornament that fired deep in the lamplight. In the moment that Cohill recognized the countess from the morning gone, he drew in his breath against the instinctive vital constriction within him. Then a rage of animal jealousy almost blinded him as Senator Bentinck came in the doorway behind her in patent possessiveness, his shortness covered by his raised silk hat held above his head—by the effort he always made to pull himself up tall.

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"Stop that!" Cohill ordered, as he slapped a gloved hand over her mouth.

Cohill bowed to Athena, stiffly conscious that as a woman she was stirring him deeply and that she knew she was. In the moment they had when her cloak was taken he said, "May I say that you are very beautiful this evening?"

"For pity's sake," she touched him lightly with her fan, "don't speak your words off by rote. I shan't bite you"—and there was no faint trace of coquetry in the gesture or in her words. There was a forthright effort, rather, to put him at his ease.

"I have not talked to a white woman in over two years," he said, "until you—this morning. It takes getting used to—again," his voice husked slightly. "It takes gentling down. What do I call you?"

"I was christened Athena Havilford, which means nothing to you, obviously. The Havilfords—my father, my brother and myself were the most celebrated equestrian team in the circus world. We bred our horses—as well as performed them. Since my father and brother died, I have had some personal success myself—as Athena. I think I told you how much success this morning."

"Don't do that to yourself," he said sharply, his white-gloved hand half outstretched in an earnest gesture to stop her. "There is no cause to do it—and it does not become you. You are obviously a woman of breeding, entitled to walk in pride. Walk then in pride."

She stared at him with rising hostility. "I do not think that I have said or done anything that would give you the right to speak this frankly to me." Then she turned her eyes slightly from him. "The way of my living is of my own choosing. I am committed to it fully. Therefore no one has the privilege of questioning it."

"Is it possible," he asked bluntly, "that you are in need of someone to help you, and that you are denying the necessity even to yourself?"

For a moment again, as she had that morning, she watched him intently, searching him out, questioning his ability to understand.

There was Navy arriving now, the commodore from Mare Island, his aide, and their gaunt wives, and Acting Mayor Turnage of San Francisco with his three-hundred-pound lady, giggling in poinsettia silk; sideburned Captain Duncommun of the garrison troop with his two sharp-elbowed daughters, grim Miss Duncommun and the younger Miss Ermintrude Duncommun, not yet turned forty.

Cohill had only a moment more with Athena, for Bentinck was crossing back to them from Abigail Alshard and the colonel. Earnestly and softly Cohill pressed it. "You have told me of your trouble in Mexico and indicated that your fortunes are broken. You are a young widow—tragically; an attractive woman in a world that is not too kind. If it is in your mind that you must defend yourself to me against the talk which you must know would assail any woman dramatically situated as you are—then disabuse yourself of the necessity. For I will not accept gossip where you are concerned," he said, deep fury stifling him, "but if I were forced to accept it I would kill the man who caused the truth of it, if the truth were contrary to your wishes!"

(Continued on Page 69)

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My Trials AS A Nondrinking Alcoholic

By JONATHAN TABOR, M.D.
as told to
Hannah Lees

A doctor who was once a compulsive drinker describes what it is like to have to live cold sober in our socially drinking civilization.

I am all for candor. No alcoholic can call himself recovered until facing the truth has become reasonably automatic. But if I used my own name here I could not be candid enough to be interesting, at least not without alienating some of my favorite hostesses. So "Jonathan Tabor" is not the name my friends and patients know me by. But I am a doctor—a fact I mention only because it is pertinent and I have for some twelve years now been cultivating the social art of quenching my thirst without drinking.

A yawning social gulf separates the people who drink from those who don't. Each group feels somewhat pityingly that the other group doesn't know how to live. We arrested alcoholics float around in the gulf between the two. We are welcomed by the drinkers since our abstinence is pragmatic, not principled. We may make them nervous, but we were once one of them. We have no urge to line up beside the nondrinkers, since this would cut us off from practically all our old friends. But we inevitably see life through nondrinking eyes because, however merry the party, we can never be anything but cold sober, and if we are really recovered we have come to like life better that way. So we have to learn the demanding and somewhat lonely art of abstinence in a socially drinking society.

We don't learn it all at once. We don't even realize in the beginning what some of the worst incompatibilities are going to be. Fresh out of the sanitarium, for example, our only concern is survival. "Can I possibly get through this first party without cutting and running—or sneaking— into the kitchen for a few quick ones to quiet my nerves?" The last time I met this appalling moment I wasn't at all sure I could. I had already been up against it a couple of times and gone under. Most alcoholics have several false recoveries before they hit the one that finally takes. Beware your alcoholic friend who says, "I'm not drinking these days. I'll be bartender." Beware your friend who, fresh out of the sanitarium, leaps at your first invitation to come to a party as a fine chance to test his will power. They are both still dreaming of the time when they can drink again like everyone else. They both still hanker to be near a bottle just in case. And either one may fall apart before your eyes.

When I came home from what turned out to be my last visit to a sanitarium, I felt like a snake who had shed his skin, or a lobster working at growing a new claw. All I wanted was to lie quietly under a rock and be left alone. It wasn't all bad. There was tremendous elation simply to waking up each morning cold sober. Life was fine and so was work, where my colleagues at the hospital were, incredibly, acting as if I had never been away. But parties were something else. For weeks every invitation—and there were lots of them because friends are very forgiving—only made me shudder. I was simply afraid. But the time came, as it had to, when a close friend had a big birthday party.

"You can't hide forever, boy," I said to myself through clenched teeth. "Let's go."

What haunted me most was that my memory of the past months—or years, I wasn't a bit sure—was alarmingly hazy. I knew that party would be a sea of half-familiar faces and humiliating recollections, which might be real or might only be nightmares. I had had a lot of nightmares in the past months—or years. Some of them had involved people I knew. Most of them had been pretty frightful. But I had more than a faint suspicion that some of the reality had been pretty frightful too. I wasn't eager to have my suspicions confirmed.

"You know Elsie Jenks, dear," murmured my wife as a pretty young woman smiled at me in the hall. Sure I knew Elsie Jenks, but was she the one I was dancing with the time I fell flat on my face at the country club, or was it someone else, or did I dream the whole thing? Should I step up and apologize like a man or simply smile and say nothing?

Did I tell old Mrs. Thompson over there that she was a blood-sucking harridan, or did I simply want to? Was that redheaded woman in the corner the one I spilled a drink on? Was I last talking Shakespeare to the man who just said, "Nice to see you again, Jonathan," or was I last slobbering on his shirt front, or asking him to come outside and fight? I simply didn't know, and not knowing put me in a cold sweat of fear that these people would turn their backs on me; that this terrible anxiety would drive me helplessly and surely to the nearest bottle.

All I wanted in the world was to live through this party as inconspicuously as possible, and as I stood there, my face running rivulets, our hostess came up with a warm welcoming smile and saying, "I've got something special for you, Jonathan," pressed a stone mug of ginger beer into my clammy palm. Everyone else was drinking fish-house punch out of little glass cups. She might just as well have clamped a green wig on my head.

I realize humbly that none of these painful anxieties was my exclusive property. My friends, or the people who were once my friends, must have had their own tensions when it came to meeting me again. How to approach old Jonathan now that he was off the stuff? Should they offer him a drink and count on his saying "No, thanks"? What topics would be better to avoid? It couldn't have been easy for them either. But one of the pleasures of being a recovered alcoholic is the almost daily discovery of how unbelievably good and generous people are. All my friends seemed to take the kindly attitude that I'd been sick and you couldn't hold that against anyone. The saving moment of that first terrifying party came, in fact, when a hauntingly familiar-looking woman was chatting with me so delightfully that I found myself telling her my problem with the hazy memories. She laughed companionably. "As a matter of fact," she said,

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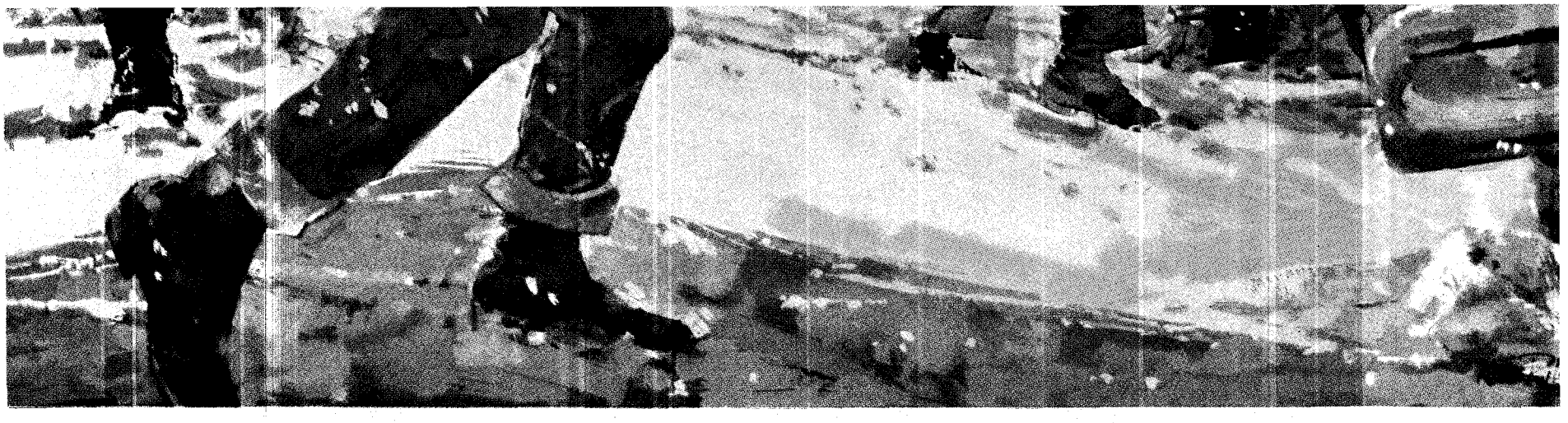

"Drop those guns!" The deafening blast of the shotgun emphasized Laurie's command.

SHOWDOWN IN THE SNOW

Rather than give up the cattle, the stranded truckers preferred to let the animals die.

By PAUL RANDELL MORRISON

Sitting in the business car of the Oregon and Columbia Railway, spotted for the day on the passing track by the Ed McDade cattle chute, Joe Lang had the jittery premonition that this day would bring some sort of unwanted responsibility. As an Army sergeant he had his fill of responsibility, and so far this job of stenographer to Superintendent Kearny of the O. and C. had not demanded decisions for which Joe would be held accountable.

Yet if the snow sheds of the high mountain passes on the main line kept caving in, Superintendent Kearny might be needed up there, and Joe Lang, his secretary, could very well inherit the responsibility of defending the railway against the trucking company that was trying to steal the live-freight business from the railway. Kearny, grinning, often said in Joe's discomfited presence that he hoped some emergency would force Joe to assume the responsibility of which he was abundantly capable. The premonition of impending trouble nagged on, strengthened by the knowledge the ranchers

(Continued on Page 121)

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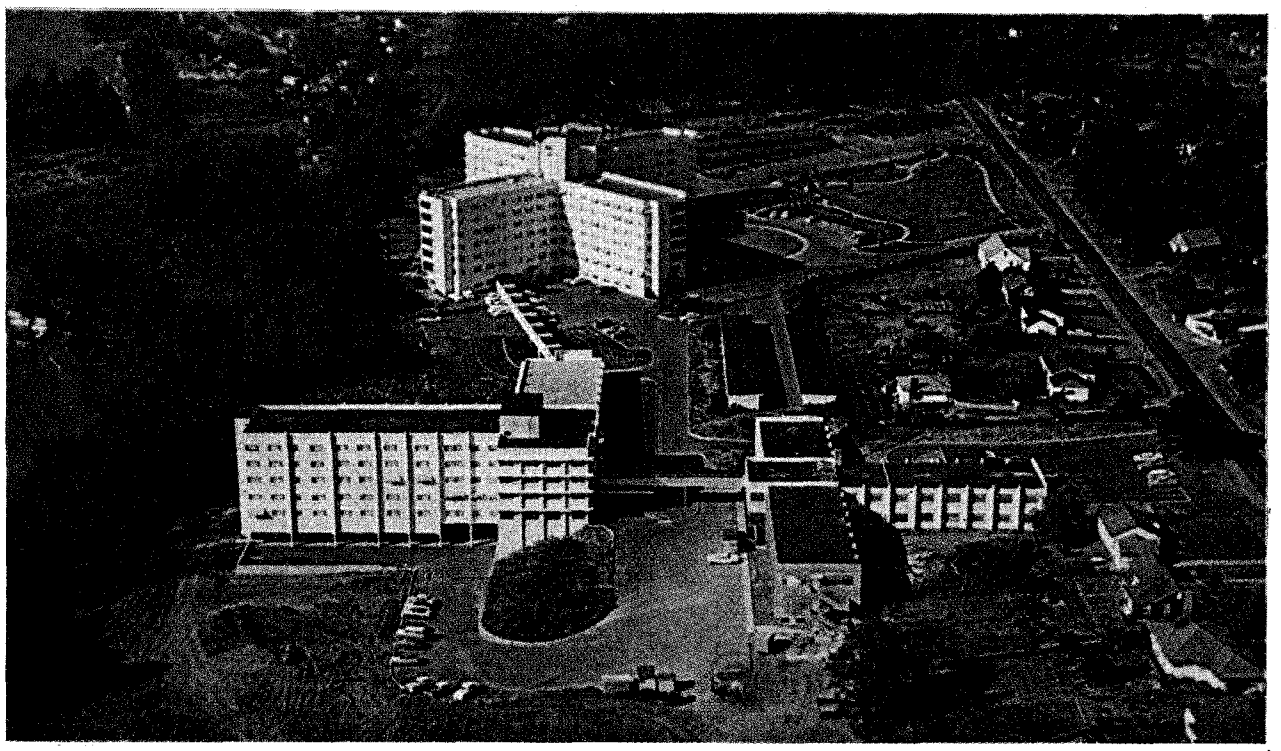
This co-operative apartment in Oregon offers a promising solution to the problems of postretirement living—a unique combination of freedom and security for its residents for the remainder of their lives.

No Housing Worry Here

By ARTHUR W. BAUM



Willamette View Manor, built at a cost of $7,000,000, accommodates more than 600 founders, as the residents are called. Their ages range from fifty to ninety plus. Purchase price of an apartment: $7500–$20,000.

Many residents are avid gardeners and have their own plots. Here they tend rosebushes at the manor entrance.

The little old lady lifted an admonitory finger. "Don't you dare call the Manor an old folks' home," she said.

Very well, madam. Willamette View Manor, perched on a bluff above the Willamette River eight miles south of Portland, Oregon, is not an old folks' home. It is an interesting solution for the life and health problems of a continuously growing portion of our population, people of retirement age. It is a residential apartment house in which residents own their own apartments and where meals are served on the American plan. It is a place where lifetime security may be purchased by those who no longer wish to mow lawns, repair plumbing, deal with janitors, cope with rent or tax increases and otherwise maintain their own homes or rented quarters.

The growth of pension plans and Social Security income has increased the number of Americans who can afford to buy retirement security. There is an already huge and growing market for such a life pattern, and the response has been construction of numbers of homes somewhat similar to Willamette View Manor. The manor, unlike many homes, sets no age restriction on those who join it, but it does not attract (Continued on Page 126)

Photographs by John Bickel

The manor has its own modern hospital which assures the founders of medical care, except for major surgery, at no additional charge.

Below, overlooking the Willamette, is the one-room apartment—with dressing room, bath and kitchenette—of Mrs. K. H. Pickens.

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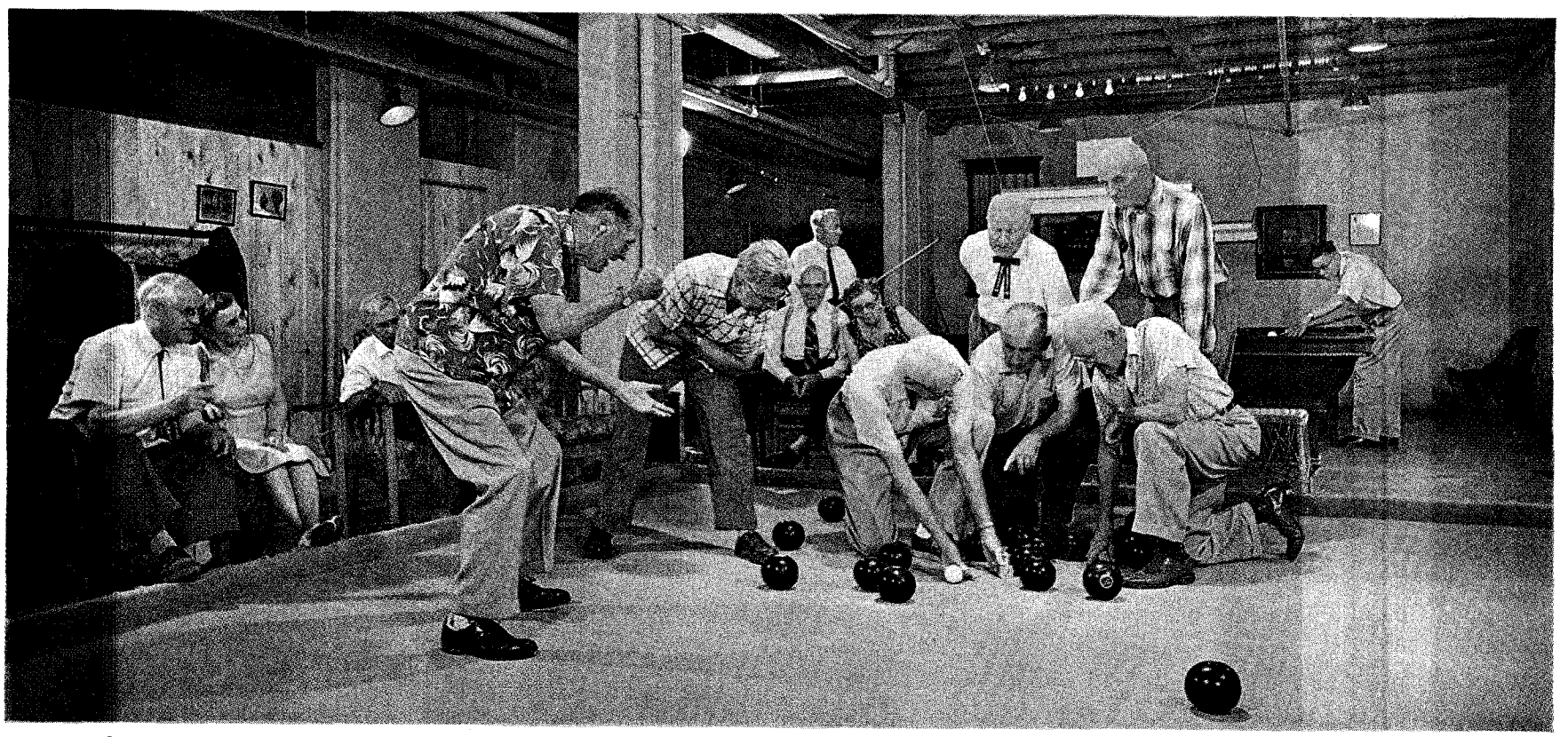
Each month the founders hold a special dinner celebration for all residents whose birthdays fall during that period.



One of the manor's most popular sports is "bowling on the green"—played on the game-room floors. In blue slacks is Jack Snead, the earliest resident.

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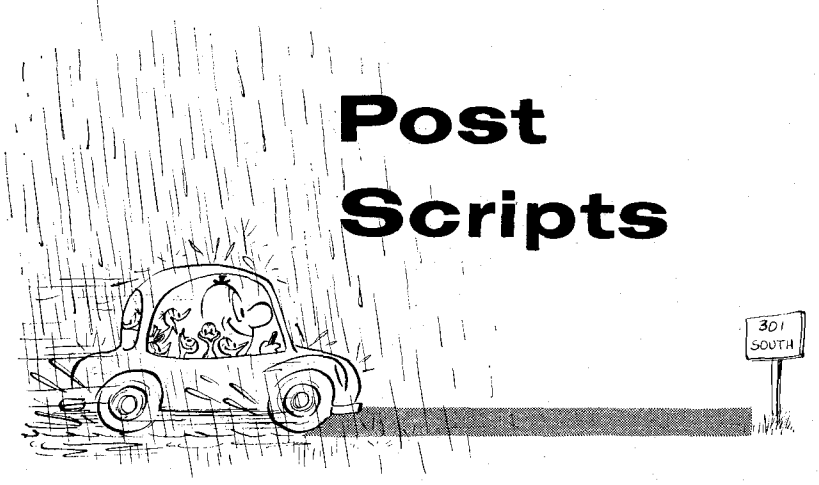


Post Scripts

But, Mother!

Schoolgirls these days are a very unusual bunch, it seems to me. From what my daughters tell me, our family is really out of step. For instance, my fifth-grader says that *every single girl in the class* (except her):

Goes to bed at ten P.M.
Wears seven petticoats to school.
Has been through Disneyland thousands of times.
Has her own horse.

My seventh-grader tells me that *every single girl in* HER *class* (except her):

Goes steady.
Wears eye shadow.
Has "dates" on school nights.
Has her own TV set.

My tenth-grader says that *every single girl in* HER *class* (except her):

Wears only *cashmere* sweaters.
Stays out until two A.M. on Friday nights.
Gets paid for washing her socks.
Is getting a convertible for her sixteenth birthday.

Somehow, I can't recall that the parents of these remarkable girls are in any way out of the ordinary. I'm going to look up each and every one of them next Thursday night at the P.T.A. meeting and have a little chat. They must be anxious to meet me too.

KAY NELSON

"And then there's one letter here in a rather humorous vein. Shall I just throw it in the wastebasket?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Great Moments in Music

Miss Ehrenkrook's Piano Class for Beginners will present a recital Tuesday evening in the auditorium of the Selkirk Piano Company. Highlighting the program will be a rendition by Ollie Wingate, aged nine, of his own composition, *The Dance of the Grasshoppers*, which is . . .

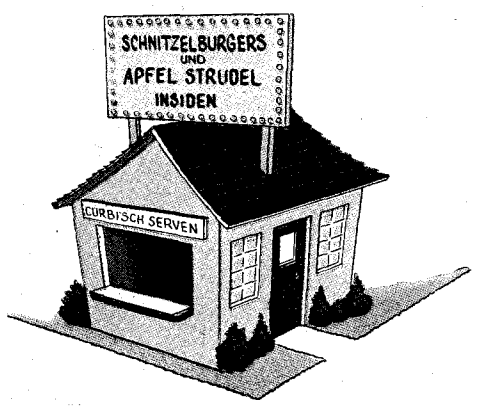
"Daddio" Huggins and his Cool Beat Bopperinos have just signed for a series of TV appearances on the . . .

It was recently announced that Homer Burlingame, once known as the world's greatest one-man band, will soon come out of retirement to try for a comeback. Homer plays three mouth harps simultaneously, the cymbals with his knees, the trap drums with his toes, the . . .

The Madcap Nine, a group that makes music with saws, jugs, oil drums and bicycle pumps, has just made a new record album—a modern version of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

Rhymers Mein Grossfader Made



Das Haus by Der Road

Mit dwellen insiden ein haus by der road,
  Ich ben watchen der folkers gepassen—
Der gooten und baddisch, der richers und
  poorisch,
  Und also der middlischer classen.
Meinself ist nicht sneeren und pointen mit
  scornen,
  Ach, nein, Ich ben usen mein noodle;
Mit putten ein sign on mein haus by der road,
  Ich ben sellen der schnitzel und strudel.

Der Ladybird

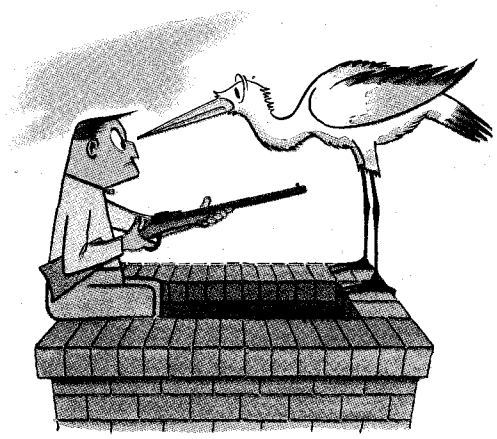
Raus mit uns, ladybird, homen geflyen,
  Der haus ben geblazen, der youngischers
  cryen!
Vas ist gestarten der wailen und burnen,
  Mit causen der quickischer homen returnen?
Das faderbird loafer yourselfer ist wedden
  Ben spanken der kinders und smoken in
  bedden!

Das Crookedisch Groupen

Observen das crookedisch burgher
  Gewalken ein crookedisch miler,
Und finden ein crookedisch pfennig
  Besiden ein crookedisch stiler.

Mit keepen das crookedisch kitten
  Und also das crookedisch mousen,
Das burgher ben rollen und dealen
  Insiden ein crookedisch housen.

Und soonisch das crookedisch groupen
  Insiden der jailen ben stayen,
Becausen der groupen ben fudgen
  Mit incomen-taxen gepayen!



Der Stork

Der stork on der chimney gestanden
  Mit wisen-gelooken und blinken,
Ben oftenisch flyen und landen
  Mit causen der bankenroll shrinken.

DAVE MORRAH

An Artichoke in Every Pot

(Desperate growers organize to combat nation's "artichoke apathy," according to featured article in *The Wall Street Journal*.)

Up, America, sound the alert!
  Send in a three-alarmer,
For "artichoke apathy's" doing dirt
  To the poor embattled farmer.

Each lush green foliated bud
  Too long has languished, wasted
By *hoi polloi*—a tragic dud,
  Unknown, unsung, untasted.

So draw the butter and dip the stalk
  Or dunk it in oil and tarragon,
And up with the gallant knife and fork
  To down this exotic paragon!

ETHEL JACOBSON

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Invitation to Relaxation

The time is twilight, the mood is mellow, the drink is 7 Crown —the happiest combination to end a long day's labors. If you haven't savored these rewards of relaxation, do so tonight . . . keeping in mind the spirit of the hour is the whiskey that delivers clarity and character of taste surpassing any other. SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE

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otorola

THE MOST in a Portable

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area. 17,000 Volts
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r (shown); Wheat

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The Waterway's No Cinch

The author considered himself a sailor when he set out to cruise the Inland Waterway to Florida. He found out what a landlubber he really was.

By DEAN JENNINGS

The problem seemed so simple. And it would have been simple if I had had any sense. We had acquired in New Jersey a boat named *Feathers*, by what twisted logic doesn't matter. This was a fine thing, except that we live in California and already had a boat at home. We could not be a two-boat family; something had to be done.

I brought up the problem one chilly fall afternoon while we were sitting around Dale's Yacht Basin at Bay Head, New Jersey, chatting with Dane and Doug Hahn, two old friends who had just bought the boat yard, and Allan (Laddie) MacFarlan, who operates the Green Island Marina nearby. They all had advice.

"Too late in the season to sell your boat here," said Laddie.

"You'll get a better price for her in Florida," said Doug.

"Take her down the inland waterway," said Dane. "It's a cinch."

"Beautiful scenery," said Doug. "A dream cruise."

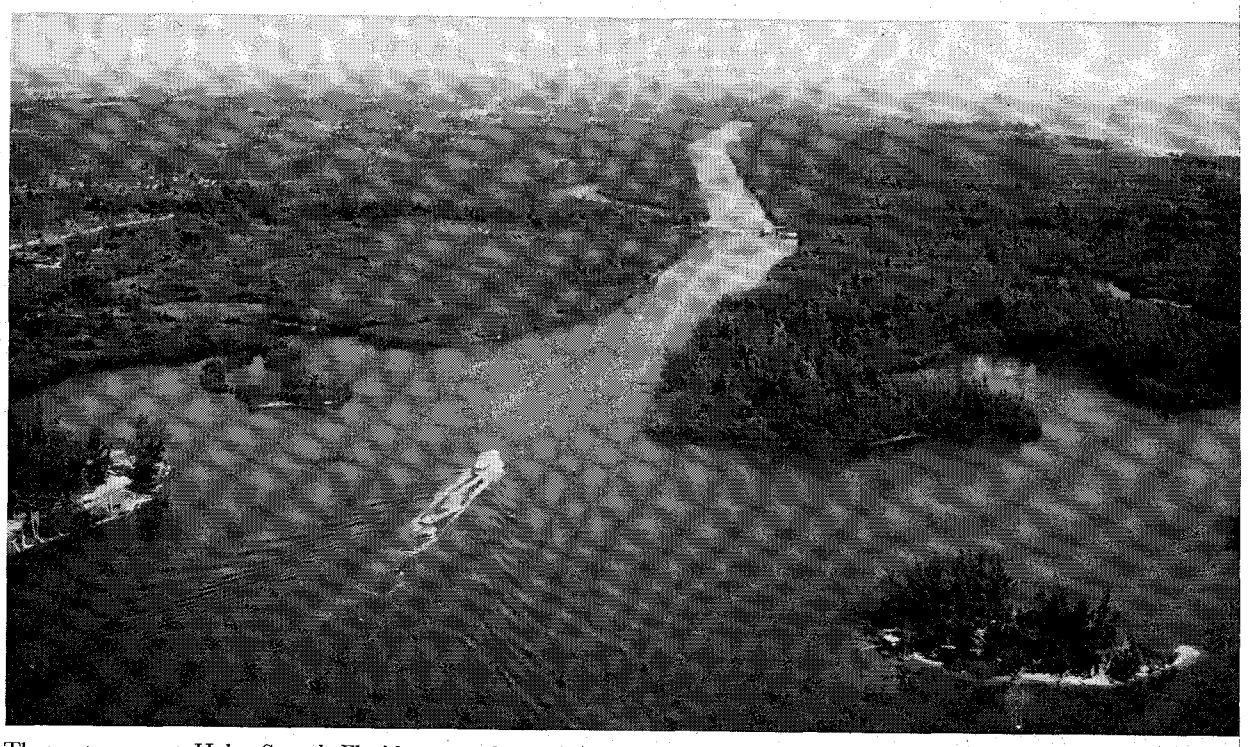
"Thousands of boats do it every year," said Laddie. "Even small ones."

"No cruising like this in California," said Dane. "You'll never forget it."

They were wrong on all counts except the last one. It is true there's nothing like it in California, and that I'll never forget it.

The experts will tell you there are "how-to" articles and books on any given subject. Any idiot can learn how to speak Sanskrit, weave Indian baskets, remove an appendix or make out a tax return. (Continued on Page 53)

Jennings with his wife, Mary, and their German shepherd, Rocky, who made the voyage with them.



The waterway at Hobe Sound, Florida, near the end of the eighteen-day trip from Bay Head, N.J.

"We started a 1300-mile cruise to Florida the way we went out on the bay at home," says Jennings (below), who is a Californian and considers himself a "Sunday sailor." "We filled up the gas tank and took off."

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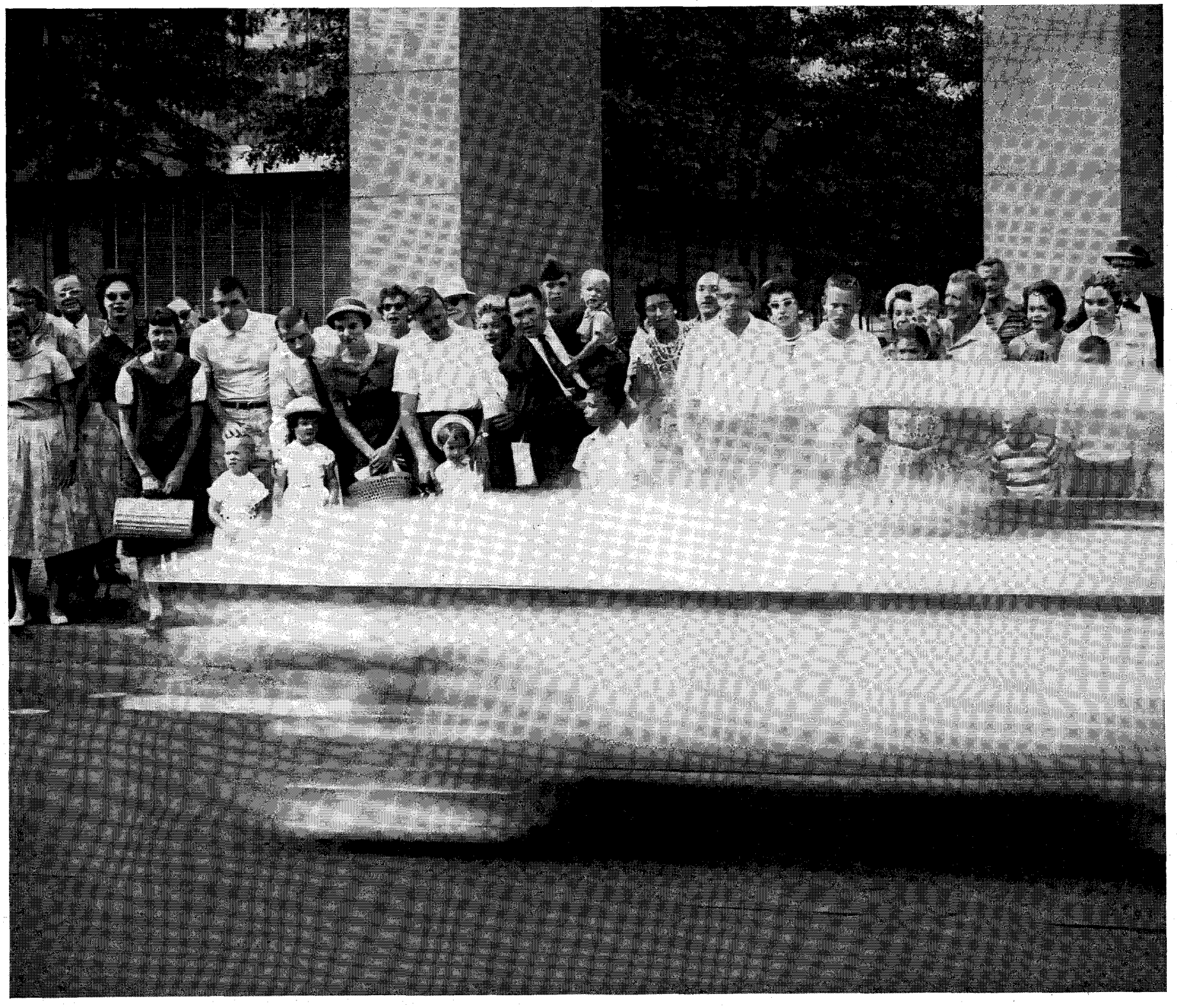

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The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

With Mason's integrity and his client's future at stake, the case took a startling turn . . .

Jarvis P. Lamont probably wanted Madge out of town because he was afraid I'd put her on the witness stand," Perry Mason said.

Perry's client, Arlene Ferris, was accused of the murder of Jarvis's son Loring. It was now apparent that her friend Madge Elwood was also involved. Hoping to find evidence that would somehow exonerate Arlene, Perry went to Madge Elwood's garage. But before he could find anything there, he was discovered by George Albert, office manager for J. P. Lamont, and Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide.

Later as Arlene's hearing resumed, Officer Peter Lyons testified that Loring's car had been removed from in front of a fire hydrant on the night of the crime and then returned. Arlene claimed she left it there after escaping from Lamont. Perry suspected that the person who moved the car might hold the key to the murder.

Then Lieutenant Tragg revealed that he had found the mud-stained trousers and clothing of the victim in Madge Elwood's garage after Perry had left, implying that Perry planted the evidence. Now, with Arlene's defense and his own standing as a lawyer in jeopardy, Mason was questioning Bertha Anderson, manager of Madge's apartment building.

CONCLUSION

Mason turned to the witness. "Do you see people when they go and when they come in?"

"Quite frequently. I have an apartment which is back of the office, but I try to stay in the office so that I can see the lobby, particularly during the hours when the street door is kept unlocked."

"There's a desk there?"

"A sort of counter, yes."

"Any switchboard?"

"No. Tenants have their own phones or else use the phone booth in the corridor."

"Did you see Madge Elwood on the fifth of the month?"

"Yes, I saw her when she came back from work in the early evening and then I saw her again."

"When did you see her last on the fifth?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial—not proper cross-examination," Carson said. "We have asked no questions about the fifth."

"I certainly have a right to test the recollection of the witness," Mason said.

"The objection is overruled. Proceed," Judge Bayton ruled.

"I saw her on the evening of the fifth about—oh, I guess it was about nine o'clock."

"And what, if anything, was she doing when you saw her?"

"She was going out."

"Did you see her come back that evening?"

"No."

"And what time did you leave the lobby and lock up?"

"It was—I would say it was about eleven o'clock."

"Now, was Madge wearing this skirt, which you have referred to, on the fifth?"

"No, she wasn't."

"How do you happen to remember this skirt so clearly?"

"Because I have one almost exactly like it. It is almost exactly the same pattern. Madge and I have commented on that from time to time."

"Madge left the apartment yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Carrying two suitcases?"

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 112)

Edith Bristol, arising, came stalking forward.

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Natural History of a Star (Continued from Page 25)

results in a fusion reaction is amazingly low. At the center of the sun a million billion billion hydrogen atoms collide before one pair fuses into a heavy-hydrogen—deuterium—nucleus and releases its energy. Other reactions, such as deuterium and hydrogen, are much more probable; at the center of the sun a deuterium atom lasts only a few minutes, and is destroyed after a billion collisions.

The Atomic Energy Commission is supporting extensive research to produce, in the laboratory, temperatures higher than in the sun so as to initiate and maintain energy-producing deuterium fusion reactions for commercial power. During such processes 0.6 per cent of the original atomic mass is transformed into energy. Even this small fraction is enormously potent; when we compute the energy released from Einstein's famous formula relating energy and mass, $E=mc^2$, we find it to be five billion billion ergs, or energy units, per gram. The conversion, for example, of one ounce of hydrogen into 0.994 ounce of helium would release enough energy to supply the average family with electricity for 1000 years.

Hydrogen fusion, based on the use of heavy hydrogen found in sea water, if it can be put to controlled uses on earth, will be adequate for all of man's foreseeable energy needs. This treasure house, however, is not inexhaustible. Even the stars are working on a relatively limited budget. The sun, in converting its hydrogen into energy, is consuming 800,000,000 tons of hydrogen a second. This high rate of consumption, and the fact that the internal balance of the sun prevents complete use of all its hydrogen, suggests a total life of about ten billion years for our star neighbor. Since the sun and the earth are now but five billion years old, we have no immediate cause for concern. On an astronomical scale, however, even a billion years is a short interval of time. It is also well to remember that the earth receives only one two-billionth of the sun's energy radiation; the remainder—except for a similarly minute fraction intercepted by other solar bodies—is irreversibly converted into light and escapes into space, never to return.

Even when judged on the terrestrial time scale, some stars have surprisingly short life spans. The masses of the stars cover a wide range, from about 0.06 to about thirty times that of the sun. From observation and theory it is found that the luminous energy output of a star depends upon its mass. We know of some hot "supergiant" stars which weigh twenty-five times as much as the sun and are over 100,000 times as bright. Such objects have only 6,000,000 years before they begin to run out of energy. In a period of 10,000,000 years not much has happened on earth—the sun is the same, and the sea and the sky are unchanged. Man has come to be a dominant species, certain large mammals have disappeared, canyons in mountains have worn some feet deeper. But during this period an enormous star may have been born, have lived and died. If it had a planetary system, its planets, too, will have shared its fate—but probably without any life, because of the extremely slow pace of biological evolution.

If there are spendthrift stars, there are also energy-pinching, dull ones. The stars of small mass have luminosities as low as one ten-thousandth that of the sun. In the life terms of such stars, called "red dwarfs," the whole history of sun and earth would seem infinitesimally short, since their future is assured for 10,000 billion years. Such faint stars are in fact the commonest species in the galaxy. While the myriads of red dwarfs add up to a large fraction of the mass of the galaxy, they give very little of the light, and few are visible to the naked eye.

While it is not unreasonable that stars should be born with different masses, it might seem strange that the rather small range of mass observed in stars results in such an enormous range of luminosity. The reason for the wide variation lies in the nature of the thermonuclear energy-producing processes involved. Very close and fast collisions are required to make atoms fuse. High temperatures produce the atomic velocities needed. The rate of the nuclear reactions involving two hydrogen atoms multiplies twenty times when the temperature is doubled, while another important nuclear reaction, involving hydrogen and carbon, increases a millionfold with the same rise in temperature.

Why are the more massive stars hotter stars? The weight of the outer layers of a massive star causes great pressure at the center. If the star is not to collapse, it must attain a high temperature, since only then can the gas pressure balance this weight. The higher temperature increases the energy production, which maintains the star against its own gravity—which would otherwise cause it to fall in upon itself. If such a star overheats, it expands. The expansion cools the center, and the energy-production rate decreases, again stabilizing the star. Thus a star is a stable, giant, thermonuclear furnace—a ball of gas held together by gravity and saved from collapse by the internal pressure of gas heated by the nuclear fuel.

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Around us, in our own galaxy, are more than a hundred billion stars, some of potentially enormous age, some obviously very young. One inexplicable mystery faces us—that of the finite age of the galaxy itself. Man dates his age from his birth as an organism, but since we all carry some of the germ plasma of our ancestors, parts of us are in fact much older. Every one of our complex molecules is made of atoms, and most atoms are stable and might be thought to be eternal. The stars are made of the same kinds of atoms, and although we have said that the stars are from a few million to a few billion years old, we may ask whether their atoms are infinitely old. Are some stars, in fact, eternal?

The answer seems to be no. The atoms out of which man and the stars in our galaxy are made are almost certainly less than ten or fifteen billion years old. If they existed before that time, it was in another form, either as cold, pure hydrogen dispersed in space or as pure, high-energy radiation—but not in the present mixture of atoms of the different chemical elements. We know of no star in our galaxy which is more than ten billion years old. Likewise, the atoms of uranium and other radioactive elements on earth cannot be older than that, since they decay spontaneously into more stable forms in a few billion years. This suggests that the universe as we know it had a comparatively recent beginning, at least in its present state.

This startling fact, coupled with the one-way road by which matter is converted into light which escapes from the stars and into space, has suggested a dramatic event, a beginning of things. In this series of articles Prof. Fred Hoyle has discussed the scientific and philosophic background of this idea, the possible relationship between this beginning of things and the expansion of the universe, and the alternate suggestions which require the appearance of matter out of nowhere and its eventual expansion into nowhere (see WHEN TIME BEGAN, *The Saturday Evening Post*, February 21, 1959). But nothing Professor Hoyle implied, or that we know, suggests an infinite life for the particular atoms of which man and the stars in our galaxy are made.

I will discuss our own galaxy of stars, therefore, as if at some point in the past it was young, unformed and richer in nuclear fuel than it is now. I cannot suggest a picture of what, if anything, existed before this assumed starting point.

Scientists tend to believe that whatever existed at the beginning was in a completely disorganized but simple form, that in the beginning there was the simplest atom, hydrogen, in an enormous cloud, dispersed through space and containing the matter out of which all else has since been formed. The scale and dispersed form of this matter meant that large quantities of gravitational energy were available, and that when the dispersed material contracted into smaller aggregates, heat was released. How large were these aggregates—these first cosmic units? One possibility is that the first units were as large as whole clusters of galaxies—gas clouds weighing as much as a hundred thousand billion stars. These gas clouds then subdivided into smaller clouds, each as big as a galaxy. Finally, in these galactic clouds, stars began to form. In each of these evolutionary steps the gravitational energy of matter was available to heat the smaller units. These units—we will call them pseudo stars—evolved at different rates. The bigger pseudo stars, having more mass, contracted and heated rapidly in a few million years until their central temperatures reached 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 degrees. At such temperatures nuclear energy began to be released from the fusion of hydrogen, and the gas ball became a self-sustaining heat engine, a star. Once stabilized by the balance between gravity and energy production, a star lives as long as its nuclear energy permits, and then evolves to a final, dying stage.

It appears that perhaps one quarter of the gas in our own galactic cloud condensed into the oldest stars about ten billion years ago. Though at this stage the galaxy was nearly spherical, it gradually flattened as it rotated and became a flattened disk, which is the plane of our galaxy, or Milky Way. During these early stages of the evolution of our galaxy—a period lasting a few billion years—there remained some matter which was not condensed into stars. This residual gas continued to contract into stars, but more slowly, (*Continued on Page 50*)

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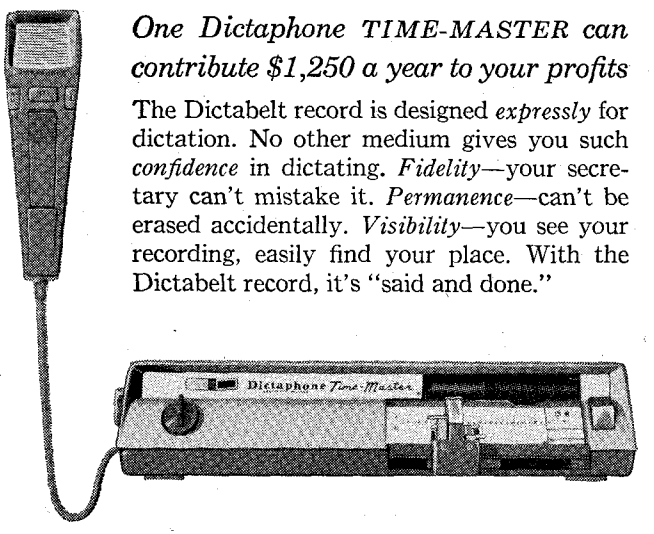

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(*Continued from Page 47*) since there was less matter available. About halfway through this latter stage, about five billion years ago, the sun and its planets were born.

Stars are still being formed from this "interstellar gas cloud," which now contains less than 10 per cent of the mass of our galaxy. We can recognize this gas in photographs of our Milky Way, where it shines under the ultraviolet irradiation of nearby hot stars and also where, condensed into very small dust particles, it obscures the light of distant stars. Gas and dust clouds are found wherever there are new stars, and it is the existence of this reservoir of new, unused star dust that permits the continuous formation of new stars.

We have seen that there are bright, short-lived stars, with a maximum age of only a few million years. The existence of these very young objects, so different from the vast majority of stars, long puzzled astronomers. We now feel we have the answer to the puzzle—these are young stars recently formed out of the interstellar matter remaining from earlier periods of stellar evolution. The gas condenses into pseudo stars of all possible sizes; the massive objects become stars very rapidly, shine with very high luminosity for a brief span, and disappear. However, since this process is occurring fairly steadily throughout our Milky Way, we will have a supply of young stars of large mass and high luminosity as long as there is nuclear fuel in the interstellar gas. From such phenomena we can also draw another conclusion. Just as the existence of children proves that babies have recently been born, so the existence of these short-lived, young stars proves that stars are now being born.

While the late stages in the condensation process of a star can be observed, our knowledge of the early stages is hypothetical. We do know that many forces tend to keep the gas clouds from condensing—internal motion or rotation slow the growth of the pseudo star; magnetic fields and passing stars pull it apart. Under favorable conditions, however, in a giant dust-and-gas cloud weighing perhaps 100,000 times as much as the sun, a spurt of star condensation may occur and thousands of stars may be born. If the group is dense enough, it will remain as a cluster of stars, all having the same age and initial composition. (Much of our empirical knowledge of stellar evolution is obtained by studying such family groups to determine how stars change in size, brightness and temperature as they evolve.) From less stable groups new stars shoot into space like the sparks from the explosion of a skyrocket. These single stars merge with other stars in our Milky Way, which now contains a mixture of all types of old and young stars.

The rate of star formation in any galaxy depends on how much gas is left within the galaxy; some galaxies are enormously rich in gas and in young stars, others have exhausted all their gas and no longer contain young stars of high luminosity. Our own galaxy and one of its nearest neighbors in space, the Andromeda nebula, both have a dense central part, in which star formation has ended, and outer spiral arms, in which it is still continuing.

The interrelation between the stars and the interstellar gas may be even more complex. The sun, a relatively stable, normal star, has a steady outward flow of gas from its surface as well as many violent explosions such as prominences and flares. Particles blown out at 1000 miles a second strike the earth and cause auroral displays and disturbances of radio transmission, ring the earth with dangerous radiation and may affect the weather. Hotter, more massive stars produce even more violent effects; their rapid rotation expels rings, shells or pinwheels of gas weighing more than our whole solar system of planets.

Near the end of the stellar evolutionary process, evaporation or explosion takes place in nearly all stars. This cycling of matter between the stars and space is an important feature of new theories of the origin of the chemical elements. Hydrogen is transmuted into helium in a star; some of the helium is then ejected into space and mixed with free, unused hydrogen. The mixture of old and new may then condense into a new star. Thus some of the gas in space may once have been inside a shining star. This cycling of matter suggests that the more recently formed stars should be richer in helium and other products of stellar nuclear alchemy than the old stars. There is much observational evidence in favor of such an assumption. Unlike the products of biological evolution, however, the stellar species is not improved by such transmutations. Each stage uses up some of the precious nuclear fuel and each newer generation of stars contains more inert matter—heavier atoms which cannot react at stellar temperatures.

The atoms of elements with which we are most familiar on earth—carbon, oxygen, aluminum, silicon and iron—cannot be made in the sun. They require much higher temperatures than the sun's interior. Probably they had their origin in long-dead stars and are much older than the sun. Massive stars, formed in the early history of the galaxy, exhausted their nuclear energy and evolved rapidly. Then, either by slow evaporation or cataclysmic explosion, they returned some of the heavy atoms which they had synthesized back to the interstellar gas out of which the sun was later born. Stars of large mass, which reach high central temperatures, can manufacture carbon and oxygen at 300,000,000 degrees. At three to five billion degrees, nuclear fusion makes elements as heavy as iron, and results in the enormous explosion of a supernova. The sun, planets and living things are made of atoms which were once inside other stars.

Before we follow in detail the life history of a star, we should review some of the techniques and instruments which provide the necessary data. How can we know the distance, brightness, size and temperature of a star when even through the largest telescope the human eye sees the stars only as points of light? Unlike the physicist or biologist in their laboratories, we cannot experiment with the stars, but remain passive observers. Our understanding must come, therefore, from the detailed analysis and interpretation of the light received.

The telescope is a giant funnel, a light collector which focuses 500,000 times as much light as the unaided human eye. It feeds the light to a wide variety of auxiliary equipment. The astronomer takes photographs which, in a few minutes of exposure, record permanently and accurately more than the eye can ever see. Such photographs give positions, motions and distances as well as brightness and color.

The photographic method is being replaced by the photoelectric technique for brightness and color measurements. A photoelectric cell measures the brightness of a star much more accurately than a photograph, but can "look" at only one star at a time. Current development of "image-intensifier" tubes promises to give a brighter picture of a whole field of stars, by electronic amplification of the light received.

Theoretical and experimental laboratory physics provides laws which determine the temperature of a light source from its color or from the total light emitted. Hot stars are very blue and have great surface brightness, while cool stars are red. Thus the size of a star can be obtained from its brightness and color.

The most sophisticated and powerful single auxiliary to a telescope is the spectrograph. In this instrument the light is spread out into a band of different colors, which is then photographed in black and white. Each chemical element has its own sharply defined characteristic set of wave lengths—or colors—that it can emit, which are its spectral lines. These lines, like fingerprints, positively identify an element in the star. In addition, the strength of the lines changes with temperature, their width changes with pressure and their position with velocity. Again, modern atomic theory is used to interpret the photographs of these spectra. We can determine the composition of the atmosphere of a star with high accuracy, although we never will handle a sample of its atmosphere. I have obtained a spectrum for the analysis of a faint, dying star, only twenty-five light-years from the sun, on the same night as I photographed the spectrum of a brilliant, exploding supernova 25,000,000 light-years distant.

"I'm thinking of getting a new husband. Mine's beat!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Once we have obtained all possible data on a wide variety of stars, we begin to see the over-all evolutionary pattern. Stellar evolution occurs so slowly that, except for rare catastrophes, we cannot expect to see a star change in the lifetime of a man. But, as in biology where individuals at different ages can be studied, the astronomer can see numbers of stars at different stages in their life cycles. With theoretical and mathematical insight, and imagination, we now begin to reconstruct their life story.

Let us follow the evolution of a star like the sun, remembering that many of the steps are hypothetical or controversial.

Some five billion years ago, in a quiet eddy of gas far out near the edge of our Milky Way, a cloud far more dense than the surrounding space formed in a region a few light-years across. (One light-year equals approximately 6000 billion miles.) The cloud, initially dense enough to hold together under its own gravity, survived several close approaches to other clouds or stars and gradually grew smaller and denser. Composed of gas and frozen dust grains at a temperature of about minus 300 degrees, the cloud warmed slowly as it compressed. The smaller and denser the cloud became, the more rapidly its temperature rose, until its interior reached 15,000 degrees. By this time the solids had evaporated and complex new phenomena occurred, since the molecules would have been split and hydrogen gas "ionized" into protons and electrons. On recombining they could begin to emit radiation.

The prestar's surface, however, was still frigid, and it remained a dark object. But now, as it condensed more and more rapidly, the prestar's temperature began to rise. While still 100 times its final size, the prestar's average temperature would be about 100,000 degrees, and its surface would glow at dull-red heat. At this stage violent convulsions occurred, during which excess gas and rotational and magnetic energy could be dissipated into space. (Some astronomers believe that during this stage stars can form a system of gaseous rings and whirlpools which are left behind to cool and build the planets.)

Some 100,000,000 years after its first appearance the gas ball would have contracted to approximately its final size. Heated to a few million degrees at the center, it would shine as a red star, somewhat brighter and larger than our present sun. At this stage the star's light would be variable, and it probably would be surrounded by clouds of gas and possibly by condensations of dust and rock which were growing into planets. During the entire first period of its life the light of the star would come from the gravitational energy released as the star shrank. Not until the temperature at the center exceeded 1,000,000 degrees would any nuclear-fusion reactions begin to occur. At a central temperature of 10,000,000 degrees the star would begin to tap its energy sources, readjusting its internal structure and temperature. At 20,000,000 degrees the star would reach its final state, with its present brightness, size and surface temperature.

This account of the first stages of the evolution of (*Continued on Page 52*)

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 50*) a typical star could be the early history of our sun. Since then, for the last five billion years, the sun has been converting its hydrogen into helium at an almost constant rate. For a billion years or more a fraction of the energy released by this process has been supporting biological life on earth.

What next? We expect another four to six billion years of the same sun and earth, far too long for any realistic prediction of the fate of the human species. But time runs only one way, and the sun is not eternal. The details of the evolutionary stages may differ from star to star and the time scale may vary, but the general course of evolution is the same for all stars. From theory and observations of young and old clusters of stars, astronomers can predict the future of our solar system.

As it gradually runs out of nuclear fuel, the sun is slowly expanding, reddening and becoming brighter. Meanwhile, the earth will become warmer, at a rate of about ten degrees per billion years. After some six billion years the heating process will accelerate, and evolutionary changes will occur more rapidly. In the space of 100,000,000 years surface water will boil and oceans and air will evaporate into space as the earth's crust heats to 1000 degrees. Even the outer planets of the solar system will become hot. The sun will then be a giant red star about twenty-five times its present size. The stage is now set for the last act.

As its nuclear energy approaches a state of exhaustion, the bloated sun will gradually shrink and will probably lose a substantial portion of its mass to surrounding space. During this period the sun will retain its present brightness, but its surface temperature will rise to 100,000 degrees and it will shrink to a tenth of its present size. There will follow a period of further contraction at high temperature as the sun maintains its brightness by converting gravitational energy into heat. During this process some stars blow off rings of gas in minor explosions, others explode more violently as "novae," and a few blow themselves to bits in the most dramatic of all astronomical events, "supernovae." In such an explosion the star's remaining nuclear energy is released in a few seconds, the star becomes momentarily as bright as a billion suns and then disappears.

And so, peacefully or violently, within a few hundred million years our bloated red sun will have shrunk into a faint, hot, blue star. Having exhausted its nuclear fuel, it will enter the celestial graveyard.

Astronomers now understand many features of the strangest of all phases of stellar evolution, the "white dwarf" star. A small percentage of all living stars are already white dwarfs; ultimately most stars will reach this stage. White dwarfs, once much brighter than the sun, are stars which traversed the evolutionary stages more rapidly than average stars because of their initially greater mass and luminosity. The final white dwarf is extremely small for a star—hardly bigger than the earth. Since it has about half the mass of the sun, its mean density is nearly 1,000,000 times that of water. At its center matter is compressed to the unbelievable density of 100 tons per cubic inch. No solid can attain such densities; lead, the densest solid, weighs only a few ounces per cubic inch.

In a white dwarf, atoms are so compressed that they are stripped of their electrons, which enter a state of "degeneracy." Their freedom to move is limited, even though the star is still a gas. The star cannot contract any further, its nuclear energy is exhausted, and no known energy supply could possibly reverse the course of evolution and return matter to its former, low-density state. Since the star is hot, it must send light out into space, but at a steadily decreasing rate. The white dwarf's only energy source is its internal heat, so it must cool and become fainter and redder. From blue hot to white hot the fading takes a billion years, and down to red hot another ten billion years. Since such a star is already 10,000 times fainter than the sun, further cooling is an unimaginably long process. We doubt that our galaxy is old enough for any star to have cooled into invisibility, to become a "black dwarf." Since the star can never convert itself into an ordinary solid, the cooling black-dwarf stage is the ultimate one.

If the earth survives all astronomical accidents, what will the sky be like in ten billion years? The sun will be a yellowish point of light in a black sky—its disk too small to be seen without a telescope. It will be somewhat brighter than our present moon—bright enough to cast shadows on an airless, desiccated earth. The moon probably will not exist, but if it does, it will be only a faint ghost. The other planets will be invisible, since they are seen only by reflected sunlight. The sky at night will be nearly empty of stars. All the bright stars will have died; all the interstellar gas will have been consumed; only the faintest, red dwarfs, which are so cautious in their expenditure of nuclear energy, will still be alive. Although common in space, the red dwarfs are so faint that only accidental passages will bring a dim red star near enough to be visible from the earth.

The stars in the giant pinwheel of our galaxy rotate once about its center in 200,000,000 years. They will continue to do so, held together by gravitation, which we think is ageless. Our galaxy has made only fifty turns since its atoms were born. The sun will be dead in another twenty-five rotations. But the faintest red dwarfs will lead their dim lives for another 50,000 turns, the reward of parsimony! By that time our galaxy will have faded to a ghost, a hundredth of its present brightness, as will all the neighboring systems in space. Perhaps there still will be planets near other stars, with intelligence and spirit somewhere, but the gaudy part of the show will be over. THE END

Today when people find that money can't buy everything, they start using credit cards.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Struve, Lynds, Pillans
Elementary Astronomy
Oxford, 1959
$7.00

Payne-Gaposchkin, Cecilia
Stars in the Making
Harvard
$4.25

Gamow, George
Birth and Death of the Sun
New American Library
$.50

Schwarzschild, Martin
Structure and Evolution of the Stars
Princeton
$6.00

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The Waterway's No Cinch

(Continued from Page 43)

This is a "how not to" article—how not to cruise the Intracoastal Waterway from New Jersey to Florida.

Like hundreds of other boat nuts, my wife, Mary, and I had cruised around San Francisco Bay for years. There is enough deep water on San Francisco Bay to float all the navies in the world. Innumerable coves, marinas and other places offer safe refuge if the going gets tough. Usually there is another cruiser within yelling distance, and the Coast Guard has half a dozen boats handy to get you out of trouble. In short, we were Sunday skippers, unacquainted with trouble or real danger. So we started a 1300-mile cruise to Florida the way we went out on the bay at home. We filled up the gas tanks and took off. As Dane Hahn said, "The waterway is a cinch." It's a cinch to drive you crazy.

There are undoubtedly hundreds of boatmen, maybe thousands, who dream of taking this cruise down the enchanting nautical highway from one Eastern port or another to Florida. We know it is enchanting because we once read a *Saturday Evening Post* article about it, called ENCHANTED WATERWAY. This was obviously written for armchair travelers who do their cruising in the living room or skippers who are cautious, patient, steady and fully prepared. The fact is that I am in neither category.

As my log shows, we left Bay Head with a bang. We banged into the dock, that is. In the excitement of starting, I went into reverse instead of forward and scraped four inches of new paint from the hull, and one inch of skin off my knee when I was thrown down.

The date was November sixth—almost too late, as professional skippers had warned, to flirt with large bodies of water, such as Chesapeake Bay. But the water was flat, and there was virtually no wind. We started with Chart 825 and ran down Barnegat Bay, sticking close to the buoys because of the shallows on either side of the channel.

Mary was at the wheel at Buoy 22 in Long Beach, New Jersey, when the hull made a soft grunting sound, and the boat stopped dead. We had run aground in one foot of water.

"Buoy meets girl," I said. "Girl loses buoy."

"Very funny," Mary said.

We slid off the mud eventually by slowly reversing both props. From then on we watched buoys and markers so intently, checking them off on the charts, that neither of us can recall exactly what we saw along the way. This is perhaps the major drawback of the waterway trip when there are only two people running the boat, one at the wheel, another watching the chart. Going aground in mud or sand is not dangerous, of course, unless there are strong winds. But you may have to wait hours for the tide to rise or for another boat to pull you off, and there is the added hazard of sucking mud into the engines through the water pumps. The advertised depth of the waterway is twelve feet to Eau Gallie in Florida—where it drops to eight feet—but there are hundreds of places where missing the channel by two or three feet can mire you down.

We pulled into Wildwood, New Jersey, that first evening at 5:10. It was already dark, and a blinding rain blotted out the markers. We couldn't find the Wildwood Yacht Basin, where the Hahns had told us to go, so we tied up alongside a commercial fishing boat.

FIRST LESSON: Get a set of Government charts and a copy of the Inland Waterway Guide, Southern edition. Start the trip with another boat if you can, preferably following one skippered by a man who's made the trip before. You'll see more and run aground less. Take a first-aid kit—you'll need it for skinned knees and other injuries. Start in October if possible; the weather will be better. Carry binoculars to read the numbers on the buoys. Without them, you'll wander off course.

The next morning at Wildwood the rain was still slashing across the muddy sky, and it was cold. The dock owner had generously offered me the use of his 110-volt shore outlet, and I confidently plugged in both the fan heater and an electric plate to boil water for coffee. But my shore cord was too light, and resistance soaked up so much (*Continued on Page 57*)

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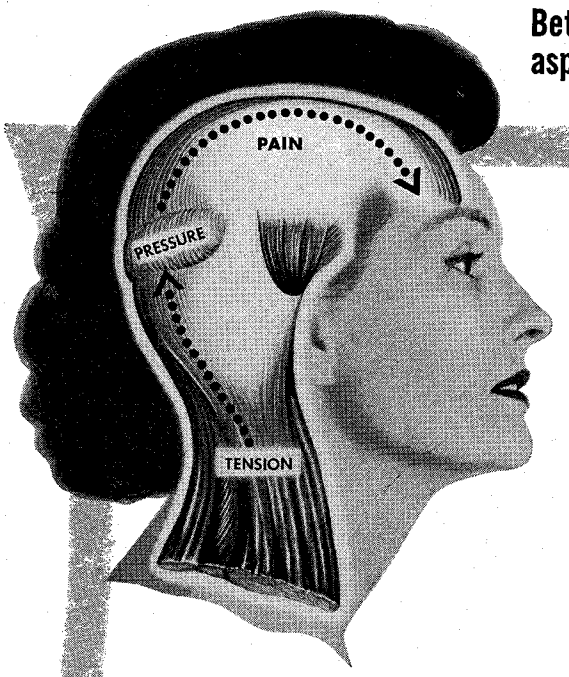

How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that tightens muscles in back of neck and scalp. This tension presses on nerves and causes headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure—makes your headache worse. To break up a tension headache and obtain fast, more *complete* relief—you should try the special medication in Anacin, *not obtainable* in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension

● releases pressure ● relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the *extra* medication in Anacin. So why take mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering which contains *only one* pain reliever and has *no* special medication to relax your tension? Anacin contains a *number* of medically approved ingredients. Three out of four doctors recommend the ingredients in Anacin for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a better TOTAL effect—more complete pain relief because they contain special medication which not only relieves pain fast but also relaxes tension and releases pressure on nerves. Safer, too. Anacin has a smoother action and does not upset the stomach. Change to Anacin *today!*

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SOLID FOR '60...

ANNOUNCING THE NEW PLYMOUTH

Chrysler engineering introduces a new kind of Plymouth that marks a major breakthrough in car design: Dura-Quiet Unibody, a new way to build a car. This one-piece welded "core" makes the 1960 Plymouth the quietest and least complicated car in the low-price class. Many parts that work loose, rattle and need fixing in ordinary cars are eliminated. This solid Plymouth is light and roomier as well as stronger. It uses less gas and it rides a good deal more comfortably, we believe, than any low-price car.

BUILT A NEW SOLID WAY TO

The new solid Plymouth is a young, exciting car with ten full years of Chrysler Corporation research and engineering development behind it.

It will suit you particularly well if you want a feeling of quality and sense of craftsmanship in the car you drive. We know of nothing else in its class that approaches it.

A NEARLY SILENT CAR.

You will notice the difference first in Plymouth's near-silence. The rigidly formed Dura-Quiet Unibody joins body and undersills in one solid steel unit, locked by about 5400 welds. There are *no* conventional body bolts or braces to give trouble. Road noises and shocks are dampened, and even the sound of the wind is hushed.

MORE ROOM . . . MORE COMFORT.

To match the Unibody advance, every major part of the solid Plymouth has been re-engineered. The result is great new comfort on the road; we doubt if any car at any price has ever ridden so well, and only a fine sports car can equal the sureness and ease of its handling. The extra room inside may well be just what you have been looking for in a low-price car.

A NEW "INCLINED" 6.

You will certainly want to see and drive the new Plymouth *30-D Economy Six*—the first "inclined" engine in an American passenger car. It provides new gas savings, and much more besides. The slanted design lowers the center of gravity and makes the '60 Plymouth ride and handle better; and the engine is easier to service, adjust and maintain.

A NEW SONORAMIC V-8.

This is almost certain to be the performance sensation of the year—the new SonoRamic Commando V-8*, which generates its own supercharged effect for utmost vigor. Nothing like it has ever appeared in a production car. (Other Plymouth engines available include the famed Golden Commando V-8*, the economy champion FURY V-800, and the FURY V-800 with Super-Pak*.)

NEW AND PRACTICAL FEATURES.

Standard on all '60 Plymouths, at no extra cost, is a new 6-way *Custom-Positioned Front Seat* (power operation extra). Low-extra-cost options include new *Safe-T-Matic* vacuum door locks (you can't forget them; extra protection for children); new, rectangular *Aero Steering Wheel* that is easier to slide under and see over; and new RCA "45" Automatic Record Player.

See and try this new kind of Plymouth now.

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SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

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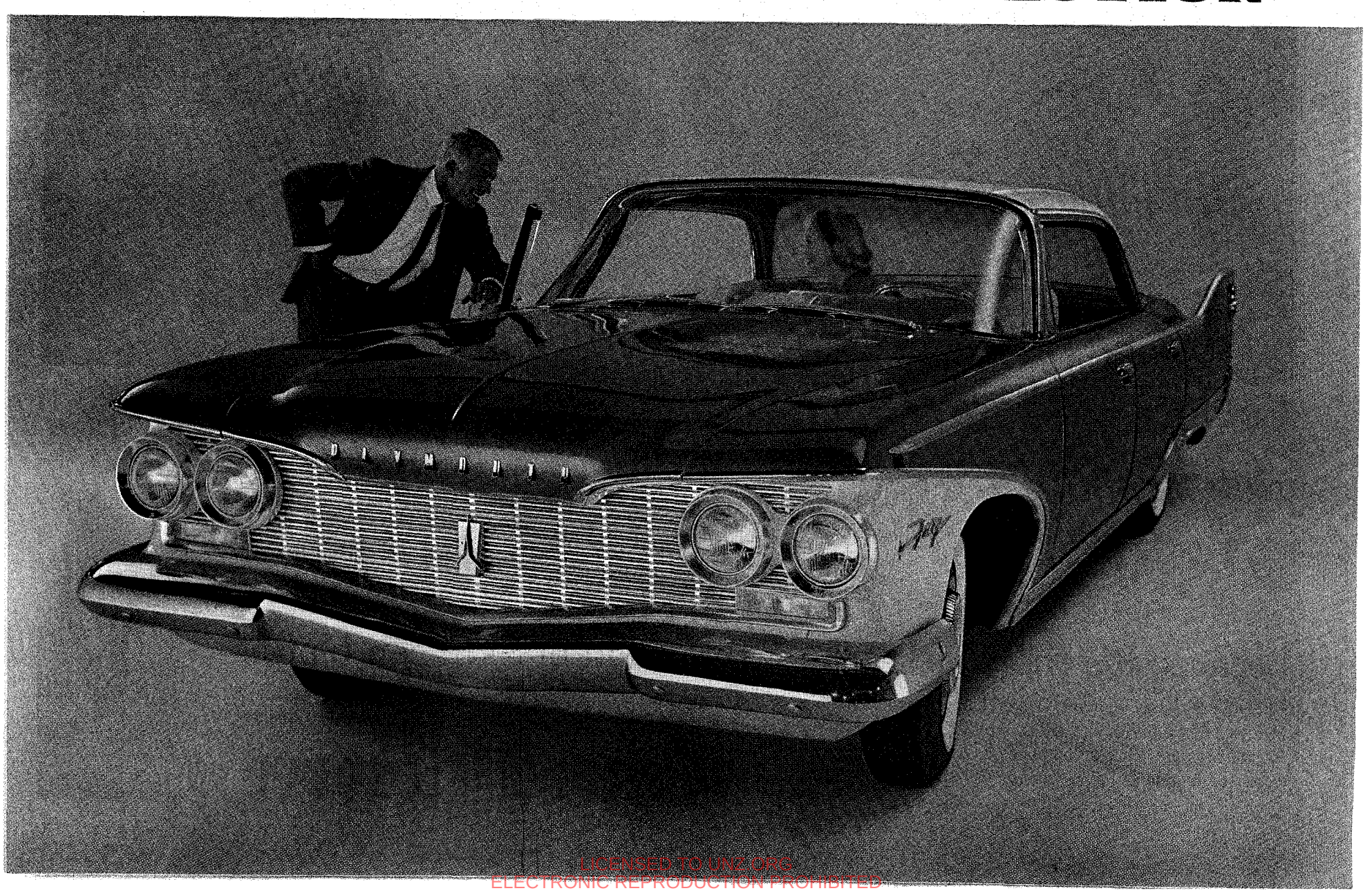

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Calvert has more power to please

because it's the whiskey only the Hand of Skill can blend!

Fill your glass again with Calvert! This is the way life is meant to be—vivid and vital, exciting as Autumn itself. You always get more enjoyment out of Calvert Reserve because it's blended to give you the full strength you want in whiskey, the easy-going taste you've always looked for. Try it yourself. Calvert Reserve has much more power to please!

Calvert Reserve

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(*Continued from Page 53*) current that the two appliances barely glowed.

I disconnected the hot plate, and began pumping air into an alcohol stove. This was my first experience with one of these campers' delights, and I guess I gave it too much air. I lit the burner and suddenly the galley was a mushroom of blue flame. I made a wild grab for the chemical fire extinguisher, aimed and pulled the handle. Out of it, like squirt from a grapefruit, came one feeble shot of fluid. We put the fire out with five buckets of salt water that drenched the galley, a coffee cake, two loaves of bread, all our matches and a carton of cigarettes.

From Wildwood to the entrance of the Cape May Canal was an easy one-hour run. The gas tanks took ninety-two gallons, and I was reminded with irritation that in most places the boatman pays at least four cents a gallon more than the motorist does for the same quality fuel. My log note says: "Something to think about. Many marina operators bandits who think all boat owners rich. Maybe start a movement."

We must have been brooding about this as we went through the Cape May Canal, because we paid no attention to the solid red small-craft warning flag at the Coast Guard tower.

Twenty minutes later, too far into Delaware Bay to turn back, we were being slammed dizzy by thirty-five-mile-an-hour winds. The waves raised the bow eight feet and brought it down with a shuddering impact. I cut our speed to a crawl, but the seas still broke over the bow. The icebox door popped open, and out flew a fifty-pound chunk of ice. Two quarts of milk, a quart of orange juice, two heads of lettuce and a jar of mayonnaise came out with it and were smashed flat. The next wave snapped off the bow staff, and it blew away with our yacht-club flag.

After two hours of punishment I saw a freighter coming up the main ship channel. By some miracle the freighter and I reached Buoy 16, just beyond Brandywine Shoal, almost simultaneously. She was the *Ailsa Dammen* from Norway, with a stern like a lady wrestler and moving at a speed of eighteen knots. I gunned the engines and got in her flattened wake. Two hours later, turning off at Reedy Point for the entrance to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, we sounded a grateful blast on our horn, and half the crew walked astern to give us a cheer.

We limped into Schaefer's Marina at Chesapeake City about six P.M. and assessed the damage. In addition to the lost staff and flag, one windshield wiper was broken, the bulb in the starboard light was dead, the bilge pump was jarred loose and the cabin had been badly battered by repeated blows from the cake of ice.

SECOND LESSON: Before starting, have a mechanic check and tighten all equipment. Ask your electrician about heavy-duty extension cords. Carry a small canned-heat stove in case you can't get juice for an electric one. Carry spare light bulbs. Don't overpump an alcohol stove unless you want to be Joan of Arc. Buy two or three fire extinguishers and have them filled and tested. Keep a bucket handy. You may need it for hauling sea water to put out fires or washing down the decks when fresh water is unavailable.

Before we left Bay Head some of our convivial friends had talked gaily about the cocktail hour in the marinas, where we would loll around at sunset exchanging happy experiences with other skippers. That second night, at Chesapeake City, we broke out a bottle of restorative, but there were no other skippers in sight. Like us, they had taken a beating during the day. By seven P.M. they had vanished into their bunks. We did too.

We were awake at dawn, peering out the windows at a thick gauze of fog which blotted out the opposite shore. The temperature was thirty-two degrees, and frost lay on the windshield like icing on a cake. No other skippers were awake. Finally there was some activity aboard the *Tourneau Rouge*, a sleek cruiser from Philadelphia. While waiting for the fog to lift, I told her skipper about our disastrous lap the day before.

"Chesapeake Bay is a wild woman compared to Delaware," he said. "If you're nervous, follow us on down."

We were, and we did. But the great bay was flat and shimmering in the chilly air, and when we saw the littleneck clamming fleet at work, and the fishermen trolling off Tolchester Beach, we knew we were running in luck. The wind did not come up until the *Tourneau Rouge* turned into the Solomon's Island marina in Maryland at 2:30, and we were right on her stern. We took our first hot shower of the trip there, heated a can of beef stew, and folded up.

THIRD LESSON: Get an early start each day. Our log shows that in most areas there was little wind in the morning. Take plenty of canned goods—stews, soups and things like instant mashed potatoes and powdered milk. Fresh vegetables and milk may not be offered when you want them. One handy item from the drugstore: wet-pack tissues for cleaning hands and faces. Take a chamois. You'll need it to wipe off the heavy dew that will plague you every morning.

We left Solomon's Island early on the fourth morning, still apprehensive about the run down Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk. This leg of the waterway is a long stretch of open water. We found it strangely lonesome, a feeling made more acute by a haze which hid both shores. We ran on compass most of the way, but the horizon cleared by the time we reached Smith Point, and from there to Norfolk the wind barely whispered.

From Norfolk to Belhaven, North Carolina, the boatman can take his choice of two routes. One is the historic Dismal Swamp Canal. The other—which we took—is called the Virginia Cut route, via Great Bridge, where we tied up on our fourth night. The Inland Waterway Guide says: "Those faint at heart or squeamish about copperheads or trembling earth might as well write off the Great Dismal Swamp."

The old pros assured us the Virginia Cut route would be faster, with just as many spooky charms, and they were right. Cypress stumps thrust their mossy heads from the swamp water, and the wet air echoed the mournful cries of the wild creatures. Weasels, coons and muskrats moved silently across the swamp, and wild mistletoe hung from dead limbs.

Heading for Coinjock, North Carolina, gateway to the North River and Albemarle Sound, I became aware of a strange sound in the engines. Small-craft warnings were flying at Coinjock. Eight other boats had stopped; their skippers knew the dangers of the sound and were willing to wait. There was no dock space left—the village is on a narrow canal called the North Carolina Cut—so we borrowed rubber fenders and tied up alongside the *Flying High*, a forty-five-footer from Manhasset, Long Island.

I told the dockmaster about my engine noises, and he summoned a young mechanic who cross-examined me in a baffling mountain dialect. Then he went down into the bilge and, after an hour of clanking noises, emerged with a triumphant smile to collect six dollars.

At six o'clock the next morning, long after most of the other boats had pulled out, we backed into the canal. At Buoy 1, about half a mile from our starting point, both engines suddenly conked out. I checked all the instruments, fiddled with the choke and the starter buttons, but it was no use.

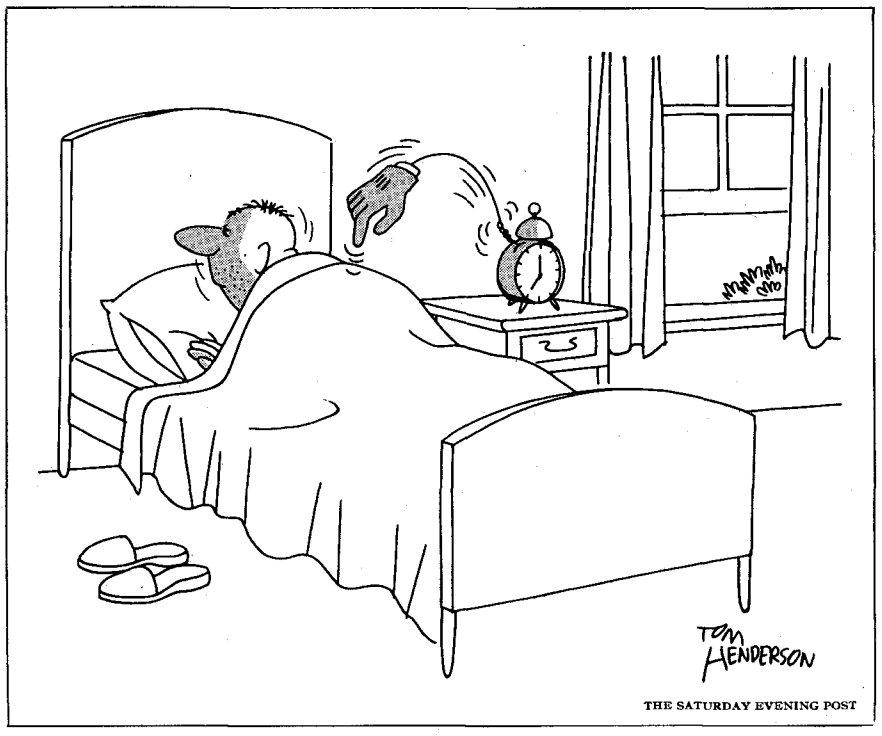
We dropped anchor and were parked there, fuming, when Bruce and Marty Simpson of Chicago—a charming couple we had met the night before—came along in their cruiser, *Highland Lassie*. They threw us a stout towline and fifteen minutes later we were back at the Coinjock pier.

The mechanic had gone home, and the dockmaster said he had no phone; but he offered us the use of his car and a guide, a sleepy-looking character who was leaning against one of the gas pumps. "It's only seven o'clock," the dockmaster whispered, "and he hasn't had his eye opener yet. But he'll show you where to go."

We crossed the Coinjock bridge and drove some five miles down a country road to a small house. The mechanic came to the door, rubbing the fuzz out of his eyes, and promised to meet me at the boat in half an hour. Going back, my guide said, "Pardon me, mister, could you spare ten minutes for a side trip?"

"Sure," I said. "What's up?"

"Gotta make a little pickup," he said.



He turned onto a dirt road winding up into the hills, and some minutes later we came to a clearing and a log cabin. Our guide went inside and soon emerged clutching a pint bottle filled with something the color of swamp water.

"I sure appreciate this, mister," he said. "This here is white lightning. Two bucks a pint."

"Two bucks a pint for moonshine?"

"Yeah," he drawled, "but there ain't nobody else makin' it. An' this here is one hundred and fifty proof. Here, give it a little lick."

"So early?" I asked with a shudder.

"Aw, go ahead," he said. "Looks like you need it anyway."

Thus challenged, I tilted the bottle and swallowed a big belt. The stuff had a wallop like an electric chair, but it wasn't bad. Not bad at all. By the time I got back to the dock my boat problem seemed like nothing at all and, mysteriously, I could now understand the mechanic's dialect. He extracted a pound of sand from the filters and fuel pumps and found a dead mouse in a water-intake pipe.

FOURTH LESSON: If you have a tendency toward *mal de mer*, take some drug for relief of motion sickness, but take it an hour before you start. Remember that not all mechanics are marine mechanics. Better to spend money on an engine overhaul before you start than gamble on finding an expert at some remote village. If your boat has been in dry dock or tied up for any length of time, put some mousetraps around. You may be amazed at the catch. Be sure to take fenders and towlines, unless you want to look like a fool to other skippers, as I did.

We paid the mechanic nineteen dollars, and at eleven A.M. started south once more. A couple of hours later, in the middle of Albemarle Sound, the cockpit trembled with a muffled boom, and up through the hatches came little puffs of steam. I shut off both engines and belatedly looked at the heat gauges. The needle on the port indicator had gone clear out of sight beyond the 212-degree mark.

Under the circumstances we elected to cruise on one engine, hoping we would make Belhaven, North Carolina, a popular stopover point for yachtsmen, before nightfall. It was late afternoon when we entered the Alligator-Pungo Canal. This section of the waterway cuts through the swampland as straight and sharp as a fencing blade. The canal reaches nineteen miles across a monotonous wasteland, with water the color of molasses, and cypress thickets so thickly woven you'd need a machete to get ashore. It would be a fitting place, I said to Mary, to hide a body. I had no idea, of course, that we might be buried there ourselves.

At 5:30 the twilight sky turned charcoal black, and we cruised the last two miles of the canal with the spotlight sweeping from bank to bank. Just beyond the Wilkerson Creek Bridge there was a sharp cracking sound below decks. We slowed as suddenly as if we had run into a whale. I knew we had hit something and were in trouble. Thereafter the boat vibrated from bow to stern, and it was 7:45 when we finally limped into port at the Forest River Manor in Belhaven. It had taken us almost nine hours to cover the seventy-five miles from Coinjock.

We had the boat hauled out early the following morning, and I can still see one of the shipyard crew sadly shaking his head when he saw the two bent propellers and shafts. We were shorebound in Belhaven for two days, complaining about our tough luck and wishing we had never heard of what we were now calling The Disenchanted Waterway.

The prop damage was bad enough—the repair bill (*Continued on Page 59*)

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...the greatest joy in driving is driving **WORRY-FREE!**

NEW KELLY EXPLORER II

A GREAT NEW WINTER TIRE... BRINGS YOU GREATER TRACTION, LONGER MILEAGE, NEW LOWER PRICE!

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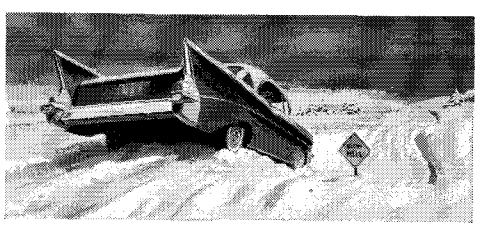

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EXTRA QUIET MILEAGE! No whine, no vibration on bare roads. Specially compounded tread assures long, worry-free service.

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(*Continued from Page 57*) for that alone was $113—but the port engine had suffered a nearly mortal blow. Overheating had cracked the cylinder head. Water had seeped through the crack and shorted the spark plugs. The nearest parts depot was at Norfolk, about 120 miles away, and it appeared that we might have to finish the cruise on one engine.

I went to the dime store in Belhaven and bought a twenty-five-cent can of iron putty. The mechanic filled the crack with this stuff. "It'll never hold," he said. Skippers and other kibitzers around Belhaven were equally pessimistic. But they were wrong. It did hold. A little hot water oozed out, but I stretched an old pair of wool socks across the cylinder head, and they kept the water off the plugs.

Among other things, the motor sleuths at Belhaven found five gallons of salt water in one gas tank. It seems that I had stupidly forgotten to put the cap back on at Coinjock, and sea spray over the bow had run directly into the tank. One of the two main batteries was dead, and the electric pump for the two fresh-water faucets failed while we were still in Belhaven. This mechanism was too much for the repairmen there, but I made it work by propping up the trip lever.

FIFTH LESSON: Read the charts, including the fine print. Long after Belhaven, when it was too late, I found this line on

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A lot of youngsters who grow up watching TV won't even know the Civil War is over.

RUSSELL NEWBOLD

Chart 831: "Caution. Logs and snags are likely to be encountered at all times." Don't cruise narrow canals at night if you want to keep in good with your insurance company. Take books, magazines and games. You may be hung up in a strange town for days, as we were, with nothing to do. Carry cash or travelers' checks. Most marina operators will let you charge gas, oil or parts, even without a credit card, but they hate to cash a check. Carry an extra battery and connecting cords with clamps. And cap those gas tanks!

We left Belhaven harbor early on the morning of the eighth day and reached Morehead City, a traditional overnight stop, that evening. It was already dark, and we were greeted by a squadron of mosquitoes—a seasonal hazard not mentioned in the guidebooks. Naturally we had no bug spray on board, and the nearest store was a mile away. We shut the cabin door, stayed inside until dawn and scratched in eloquent silence.

We were on deck at six the next morning, eager to move on. This nagging impatience, of course, is one of civilization's curses. We might have had far more fun, I realized later, had we stopped here and there to fish, explore rivers and islands along the way, or learn something about the legends and the people of the South.

A recapitulation of our troubles from Bay Head to Morehead City might suggest that we had been given the works—that nothing more could happen. The fact is that we bumbled along for seven more days, each one like an episode in a soap opera, proving that when fools rush in where angels fear to tread—they get clobbered. It's all written in our log.

At Morehead City, when we were ready to go that fine November morning, the starter froze on the starboard engine. At Bowen Point on the Shallotte River, one tank ran out of gas and we barely made a fuel dock, the only one within miles. That evening at Little River, South Carolina, the town transformer blew out the moment we tied up, and we could use no shore outlets for three hours.

In Charleston we hit bottom going into the Municipal Yacht Basin. At Isle of Hope, in Georgia we took off at dawn in a fog so thick it was like cruising through cottage cheese. I wanted to prove, I said, that Magellan had nothing on me; that with parallel rules and dividers I could plot a compass course and hit all the buoys on the nose. In less than an hour we were hopelessly lost. I dropped anchor and we sat in the fog for three hours, blowing the horn every few minutes in case there were other idiots like me who thought they could navigate blind.

Between Isle of Hope and St. Simons Isle in Georgia, the hydraulic transmission quit on the starboard engine. It needed oil, as I discovered on Page 78 of the engine manual. Mary dropped a heavy hatch cover on my bare arm while I was adding the oil, and I lost a sizable piece of skin. At Marineland in Florida a hornet stung me on the stern, and we ran aground again.

When all the credit-card tabs were in, we noted with a shock that we had used some $400 worth of gas and oil to cover the 1300 miles. Also, it cost us $250 in Lantana, Florida, to repair the damaged cylinder head and put the overworked engines back into purring condition.

SIXTH LESSON: Don't be a hot rod. Plan on fifteen to twenty days for the trip and save the engines. Take insect sprays, repellent lotions and a waterproof flashlight. Never start out in a fog. We left New Jersey with one screw driver and one pair of pliers, but anybody with sense would carry a complete tool kit.

We dragged into West Palm Beach on the evening of the fifteenth day and, while splicing our frazzled nerves with Anne Maury Adams, our old friend and hostess, we swore we'd never cruise again. Three days later, when the engine work was done, we took our boat to Miami, fifty miles south. We got a berth in a covered shed at the Miami Yacht Basin of our friend Richard Bertram, who is familiar with the symptoms of the boatmen's disease. I said my boat was for sale—right now.

"Never again, eh?" he said when I told him about our cheerless ride.

"Never again," I answered with conviction. "Out home in California one of the railroad companies has plastered all the highways with big billboards that say: NEXT TIME TRY THE TRAIN. Great idea too. Maybe they'll put signs on the waterway."

"I'm sorry," Dick said. "I was just thinking that if you wanted to go north on the waterway late next spring it might be more fun in a larger, heavier boat."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"Oh, I know how you feel. But I happen to have a beautiful fifty-three-footer here, and I could give you a real hot trade-in allowance."

"Thanks, Dick," I said, "but I've had it. What'd you say? Trade-in? Well—uh—how much for the old boat?"

He smiled a mysterious, understanding smile. "This beauty is right down here at the end of the shed. Solid comfort. Economical twin diesels."

"Twin diesels? Really?"

"Yes—and more. A fine sea boat. Two electric heads. A gorgeous master stateroom. A vast inviting sun deck for those warm, shimmering April days on the way north."

"Automatic pilot? Radar?"

"Of course. This boat has everything. C'mon. Let's take her out for a trial run."

THE END

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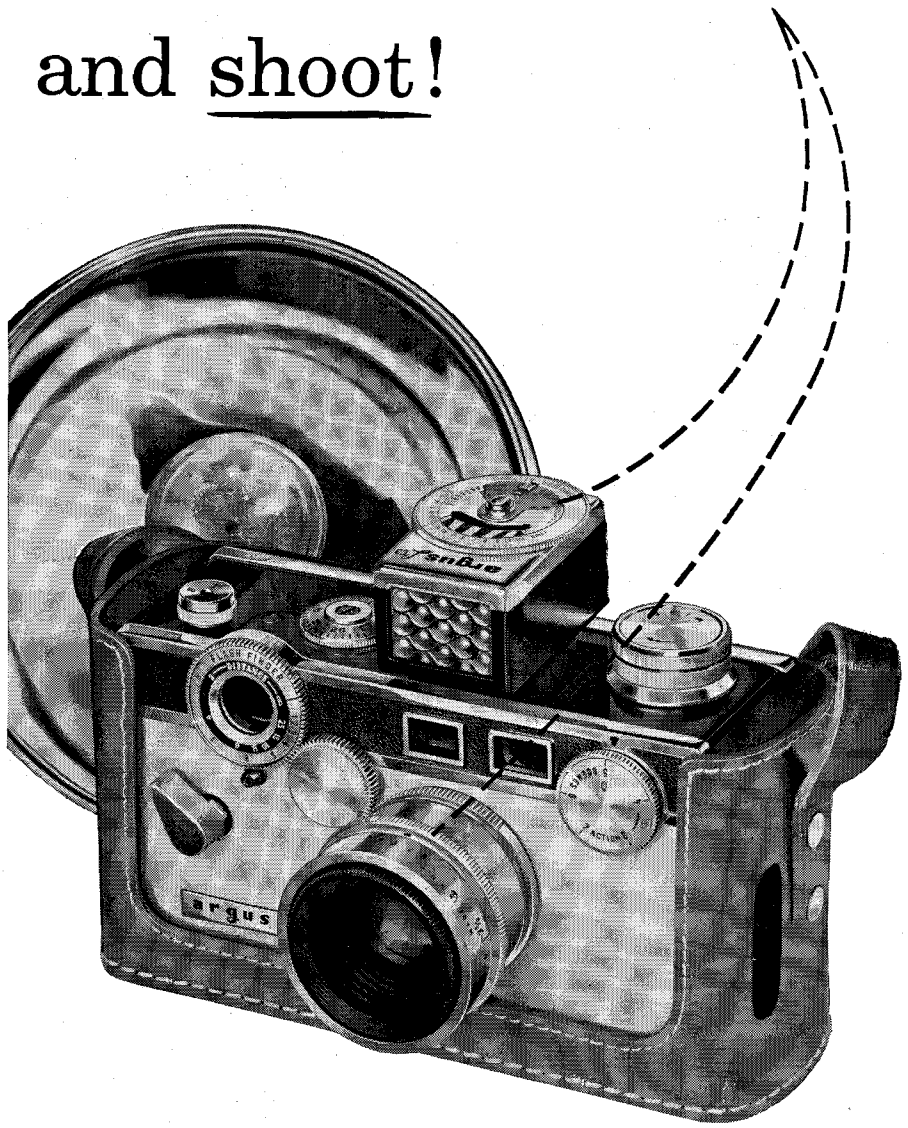

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Above: The Claridge, Model TS24M52

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*New picture tube, overall diagonal, 282 sq. in. viewable area

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A Matter of Money (Continued from Page 26)

"Yes, dear," Edith said, mentally already across the Golden Gate Bridge.

"This is a business trip, and all else is secondary."

"Of course, dear," Edith said, peering at her fingernails.

"Now, I am well aware that the city has fine eating places. I know that the view from the Top of the Mark is spectacular, and that Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf are fascinating. I realize that Carmel is just a couple of hours down the peninsula, and that there are any number of places in San Francisco which feature the finest jazz musicians. But that does not mean that we are going down there on an unconducted tour of the bay area."

"Yes, dear," Edith said. "Sally and I will sit and watch TV. You'll hardly know we're along."

"That," David said, "is up to you and Sally."

"Then it's settled? We're really going?"

"You're going," David said.

Edith jumped up and ran for the stairs. "Sally!" she shouted. "We're going to San Francisco!"

Upstairs he heard Sally shriek, "Oh, no!"

Then he heard them chattering like hysterical squirrels. Only then did he realize that Edith had not really thought that he would take them. Too late he concluded that she had merely been tossing up a trial balloon, wondering where it would land. It landed, he now knew, at the Eatons' flat.

"Now, for heaven's sake," he called upstairs, "don't take everything you own."

"Well, we can't appear in San Francisco without any clothes."

He heard closet doors opening and closing; he heard bureau drawers being ravaged. *Don't fight it, Fletcher. You know full well that they will take enough gear to sustain them if they go into orbit. The best you can expect is that the very suitcase they need for an overnight stop isn't at the bottom of the pile.*

It wasn't. A minor miracle took place the evening of their first stop.

"Just my make-up kit, David," Edith said, "and that small suitcase."

"Just my make-up kit," Sally said.

"You're kidding!" David said.

"We aren't kidding. Heavens, don't be so suspicious."

"When I pick a horse at the track," David said, "I look at his performance chart. You can't blame me for keeping yours in mind."

"We told you," Edith said, "that you'll hardly know we're along."

Sally did not order the *filet mignon* for dinner, Edith did not want to browse through the half-dozen antique shops in town, but what shook David to his shoelaces was the announcement, at nine o'clock, that they had better be getting to bed because they knew he liked to get an early start.

An early start was precisely what David had been trying to get ever since he got married. Moving a piano had always been vastly easier than moving Edith out of a hotel without breakfast in bed; and Sally was always about as animated in the morning as a ten-toed sloth.

He hopefully left a seven-o'clock call. In the morning, when the telephone blasted him awake, he mumbled an answer to the cheery voice at the other end, hung up, turned over to shake Edith awake. She was not in the other twin bed. He sat up frowning, and then heard the shower running. Presently the shower stopped, and in a few minutes Edith appeared.

"Oh, good," she said. "You're up. You can shower and shave while I'm dressing. Sally's up. We'll meet you down in the coffee shop."

David nodded. He could think of nothing to say. He frowned. *Women, Fletcher, do not change overnight.*

That evening, when they arrived in San Francisco, David climbed hills overlooking the Golden Gate and finally found the address of the Eatons' apartment. He parked, they got out, and Edith handed him the key.

He unlocked the door. A long stairway led upward. "Looks as if it leads to a bat's roost," David mumbled.

They climbed the stairs and opened a glass doorway at the top. There was a large entrance hall. Beyond was the living room, far larger than David anticipated. A large fireplace was at one end. The room was beautifully furnished.

"Well, now," David said.

There was a full-sized dining room and a kitchen larger than their own at home. A long hallway ran down to two bedrooms and a bath.

Edith and Sally fluttered around like moths in a searchlight's glare. Another stairway led upward. David curiously climbed that one. There was another room—with picture windows on two sides, looking over the Golden Gate, and another bedroom and bath. Glass doors opened onto a sun deck. David opened a door and walked out. Below was the city, beyond was Alcatraz. He could see the lights of a freighter making her way outbound.

Edith and Sally galloped up the stairs and yelped with ecstasy. "Isn't this the most divine place you ever saw?" Edith said.

David had to admit that it made a hotel room look like a telephone booth. "But I am still here to do business," he said. "So don't ——"

"Oh, don't be so suspicious," Edith said. "We'll not fracture the bank roll or have our hair dyed green. You go your way and we'll go ours."

In the morning David was up early, made coffee, had a piece of toast and some grapefruit, showered, shaved, and dressed for this first meeting with Horace Charlton. He looked at himself in the full-length mirror and frowned. Somehow, no matter how much he paid for his suits, no matter how carefully he dressed, he was never able to achieve that carefully careless elegance which other men managed, apparently without half trying. His necktie, after the first five minutes, always had a tendency to twist to one side, presumably to avoid his prominent Adam's apple. David was six feet, two inches tall, bigboned and stringy, and his coat sleeves always seemed too short. Then there was the matter of a cowlick which nothing short of lacquer could tame. In his working clothes out on a job, he looked just like the construction worker which he once had been. In his best clothes he still looked like a construction worker. He shrugged. Well, Charlton wasn't buying a clotheshorse; he was buying an architect.

He took a cab to Horace Charlton's office, which was on the seventh floor of a building on Montgomery Street. David ascended in the elevator, peered around for Suite 702-10, presently found it and pushed open the door marked H. C. CHARLTON CO.

The outer office was paneled in Philippine mahogany, deeply carpeted, expensively draped. A blond—beautiful, but presumably not dumb—presided over a desk, typewriter and switchboard.

She smiled at him. "Mr. Fletcher?"

He nodded.

"Mr. Charlton is expecting you. It's the third door on the left."

"Thank you," David said. He went down the hall, pushed open the door indicated, and entered. Horace Charlton was seated behind a large, leather-topped desk. He was in his early fifties, handsome, beautifully dressed, with iron-gray hair clipped short. He had deeply set blue eyes and was still well tanned, although it was November. David successfully resisted an impulse to straighten his tie.

Horace came around the desk and put out his hand. "Well, I'm delighted that you could come down, David."

David shook hands. "Thanks. It's nice to be here."

Horace indicated a chair, pushed a box of cigarettes toward David, and took care of the ignition. He went around behind the desk and sat down.

"Have a nice trip down?"

"Fine. I brought my wife and daughter. We drove down the coast."

"Wonderful. I'll have Lydia give your wife a call. They should get together while you're here. Where are you staying?"

David didn't want to get involved in an explanation concerning Jennifer Eaton's apartment, so he said, "We have a flat here in the city." He gave Horace the phone number.

Horace raised his eyebrows and then said, "Well, David, I want you to meet some of our people." He pressed a button on his intercom. "Miss Jorgenson, will you have Mr. Anderson and Mr. Driscoll step in here, please?" He released the button. "Anderson is vice president, Driscoll is secretary-treasurer. I want them to be in on this."

"Fine," David said.

"I know you realize that your firm isn't the only one being considered. However, we have just about eliminated all but two—yours and J. F. Peterson & Son. You're familiar with them?"

David nodded, and a little shiver of apprehension went through him.

"Yes," (*Continued on Page 66*)

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Even the Ivy Isn't Free Any More

By Barbara Graybeal Kremer

As higher and higher the dollar inflates
It takes a young fortune to pay college rates.
But mourn not the struggling students' hard fates;
They're having the time of their lives.

The lucky are rich; the resourceful get aid;
Pure scholars have never been less underpaid;
For athletes, large subsidies come tailor-made,
And the smart guys have job-holding wives.

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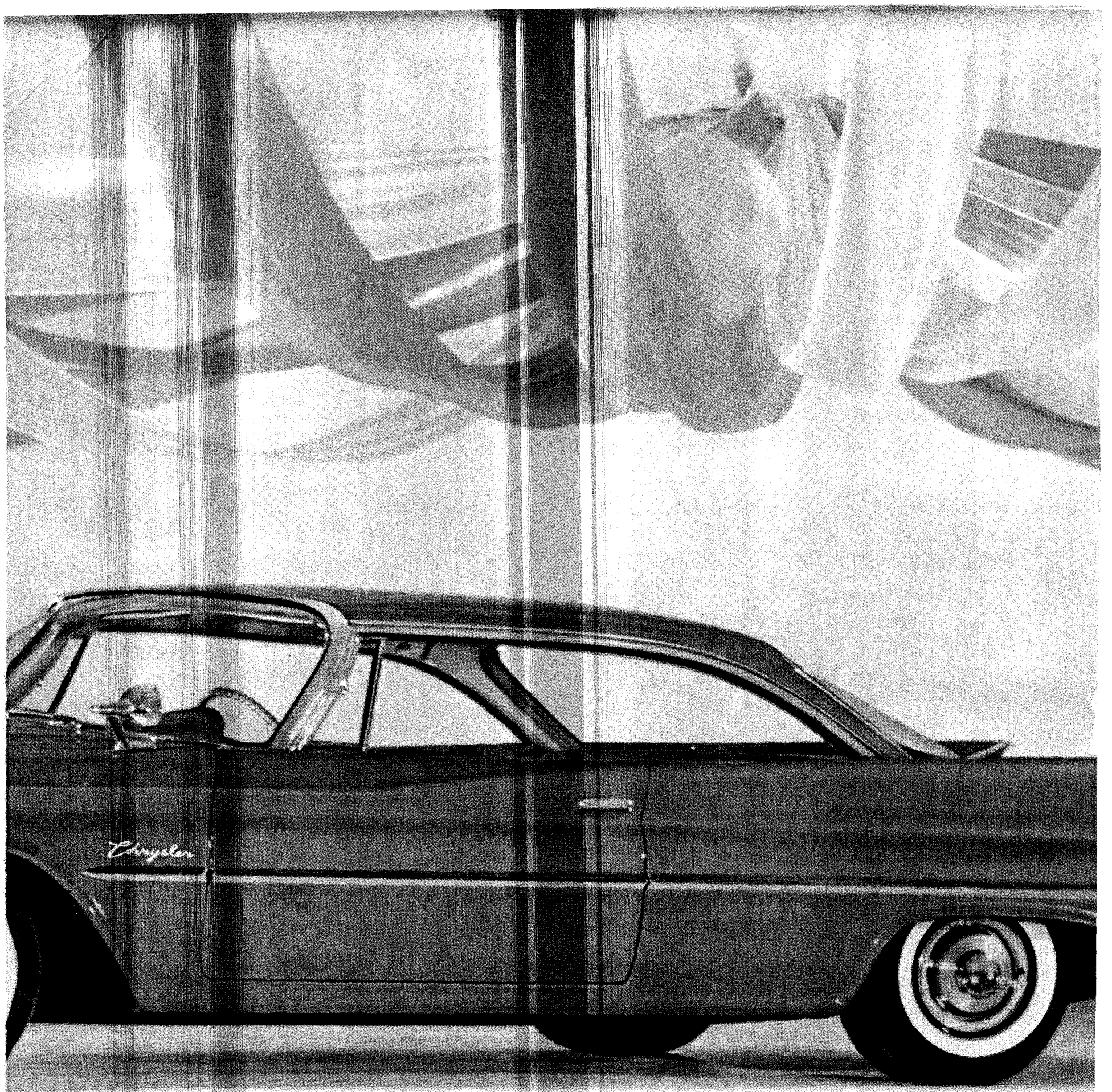

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New ideas in comfort. With all that's new, there's a return to comfort, too. Seats have been raised . . . padded with extra foam rubber . . . reinforced with a new spring design. There's more leg, knee, hip and head room front and back! Door openings are wider . . . with no knee-knocking projections. New interiors are clothed in sturdy, color-bright designer fabrics.

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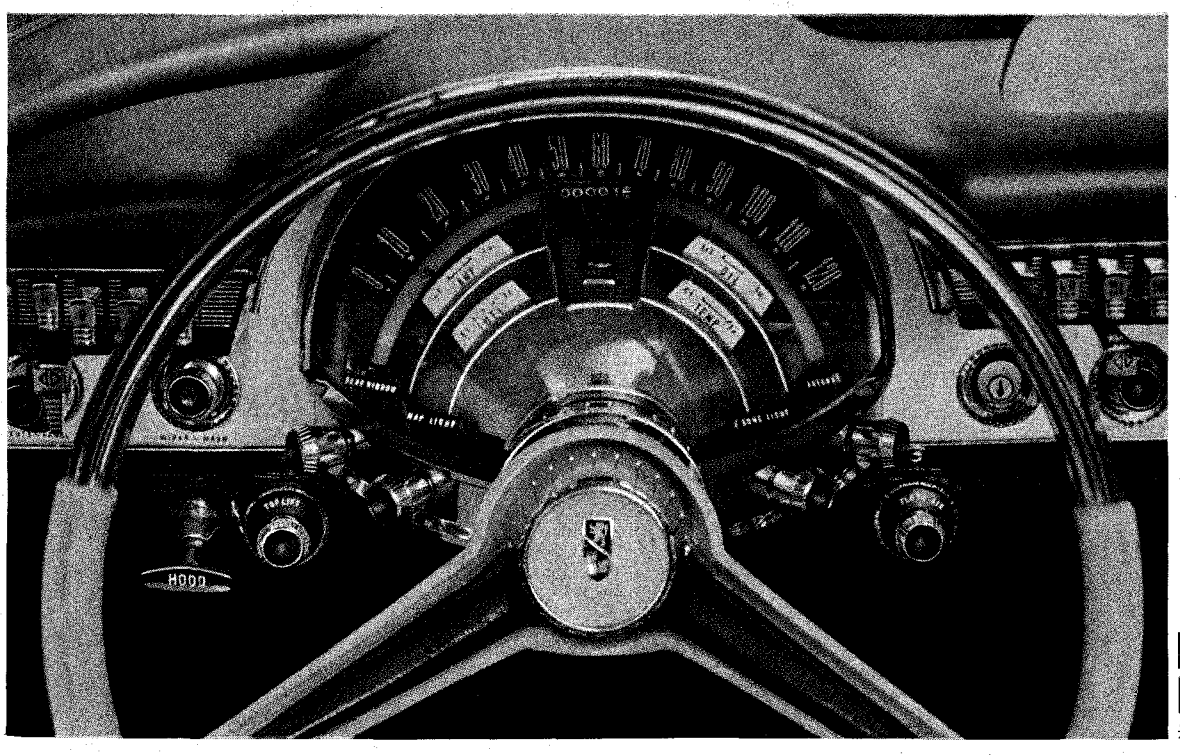

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(*Continued from Page 61*) he said, "I'm familiar with them. They're a fine outfit."

"So, apparently, is yours," Horace said.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Driscoll came into the office. They were both in their late thirties—handsome, alert and looking like fashion plates. David realized that he must look like an unmade bed.

At twelve-thirty they broke for lunch. Horace took them all to the Bohemian Club, and as Horace gave David a tour of inspection prior to lunch, David thought, *If he's trying to impress me, he's succeeding*. David began to regret having come down to San Francisco. Newhouse should have come, he thought, gloomily. Fred Newhouse was in his sixties, with iron-gray hair and eyes that could nail you to the wall, and wouldn't have been impressed if the devil himself had served lunch. Or Randolph Smith, who was too confident, and too recently out of Princeton to worry about anything.

After lunch Anderson and Driscoll had other business. David and Horace continued. Finally, at four o'clock, Horace said, "Well, David, we're getting a good start. Tomorrow I want you to see our building site, if it's convenient."

They made a date for ten the next morning; David left the office and hailed a cruising cab. He walked into the apartment, looked again at himself in the mirror, and winced. Then he shouted, "Hey! Anybody home?"

"In here," Edith said from the kitchen.

David walked in. Edith was tearing romaine for a salad. David kissed her, and she said, "Well?"

"I don't know," David said. He frowned. "This is the big league, that's certain. Horace took me to the Bohemian Club for lunch."

"Pooh!" Edith said. "Charley Eaton belongs." Edith put her hands on David's shoulders. "You're a big-leaguer yourself, you know."

David grinned. "Thank you, ma'am, for those kind words."

"They aren't kind; they're truthful. And don't you forget it." She kissed him again. "Like to stir up a martini? I have a roast in the oven. Sally's over on automobile row, drooling over the sports cars."

David fixed a couple of martinis, and then Sally burst into the apartment. "Guess what?" she yelped.

"We can't afford it," David said automatically.

Sally ignored him. "Dale Manners' agency is just down the street!"

David found this news something less than earth-shaking. "Who's he?"

"Just about the best sports-car driver on the coast, is all," Sally said. "I met him at Laguna Seca last year, and sitting right in his showroom was this absolutely real gone Ferrari, just the coolest set of wheels you ever saw, and if you can imagine, some square bought it and then didn't like going through the gears. He only drove it four thousand miles and turned it back in. And tomorrow Dale's going to let me drive it."

David managed to translate this speech into English. "How much?"

"Around twelve, and at that price it's a steal."

"Do you mean twelve thousand dollars?" David croaked.

"Oh, dad," Sally said, in her my-but-parents-are-stupid voice, "it's a Ferrari."

"I see," David said. He did not see at all, but wisely decided not to pursue the subject of price any further. "Well, be careful. I suppose it's very fast."

"An easy hundred and fifty, I imagine. Maybe more."

David staggered. "Now see here, young lady. I know that you're a competent driver. I know that you have driven sports cars in novice races, but by the lord Harry, you aren't going to drive any Ferrari at one hundred and ——"

"Father," Sally said wearily, "I am not an idiot."

David went along with that. "Then be sure you don't drive like one."

The next day, Horace Charlton spent the day with David. They tramped all over the building site and then went back to Horace's office. Horace gave David a copy of a memorandum which he had dictated. "Just a few things which came to mind last night," he said. "You might go over them this evening, and tomorrow come up with some ideas."

When David got home that night he felt as if he had been brainwashed. When he walked in the door, as limp as wilted lettuce, Edith handed him a martini before he got his coat off. He sipped it gratefully and kissed his wife.

"Where's Sally?" he said.

"Dale Manners—the sports-car man—is taking her to Ernie's for dinner. I thought we might have a bite somewhere. Oh, and Lydia Charlton dropped in. I think she was casing the joint. She called this morning and said she was going to be in the neighborhood."

"What's she like?"

Edith frowned. "I think she could be a nice gal."

"Could be?"

"Uh-huh. At first she acted somewhat like the great lady making a duty call on the peasants. I tried to make a decent impression, David. I even lied a little."

"About what?"

Edith waved her hand. "This apartment. She was being so veddy, veddy Social Register that I'm afraid that I told her we keep this flat just so we'll have a place to stay when we come to the city."

"You what!" David screamed.

"Now don't start shouting and waving your arms. It's done, and I don't see what the harm is."

"The harm," David said calmly enough for a man who felt as if he were coming unglued, "is that the Charltons will find out, we'll be labeled phonies, and they don't do business with phonies." He started pacing the floor. "We'll just have to say that she misunderstood. We'll just have to make them understand ——"

"We'll do nothing of the kind," Edith said. "I already wrote Jennifer an air-mail letter, telling her what happened. If I know her, she'll get a kick out of it. If she ever meets the Charltons, she'll back us up; don't worry about it."

"But it will be obvious to Horace Charlton that I can't maintain a place like this just to use a few times a year."

"Why?" Edith said. "You said that you're in the big leagues. Let's start acting like it."

"I would," David said, "if I had the bank roll."

"Who knows that you haven't if you don't tell them?"

"I know," David said.

"And she wants us for cocktails Friday. She's having a few people in, she said, but ——"

"I know," David said. "You haven't a thing to wear."

"I'll manage," Edith said loftily.

In the next two days David began to feel like a man who has hooked a fish, has it almost into the net, and then sees the fish throw the hook and disappear. Horace Charlton began going over the same items; he became vague and almost preoccupied. He could find no objections to David's planning that David could not justify. Still, the man seemed to be dragging his feet on making a definite commitment to giving Newhouse, Fletcher and Smith the job.

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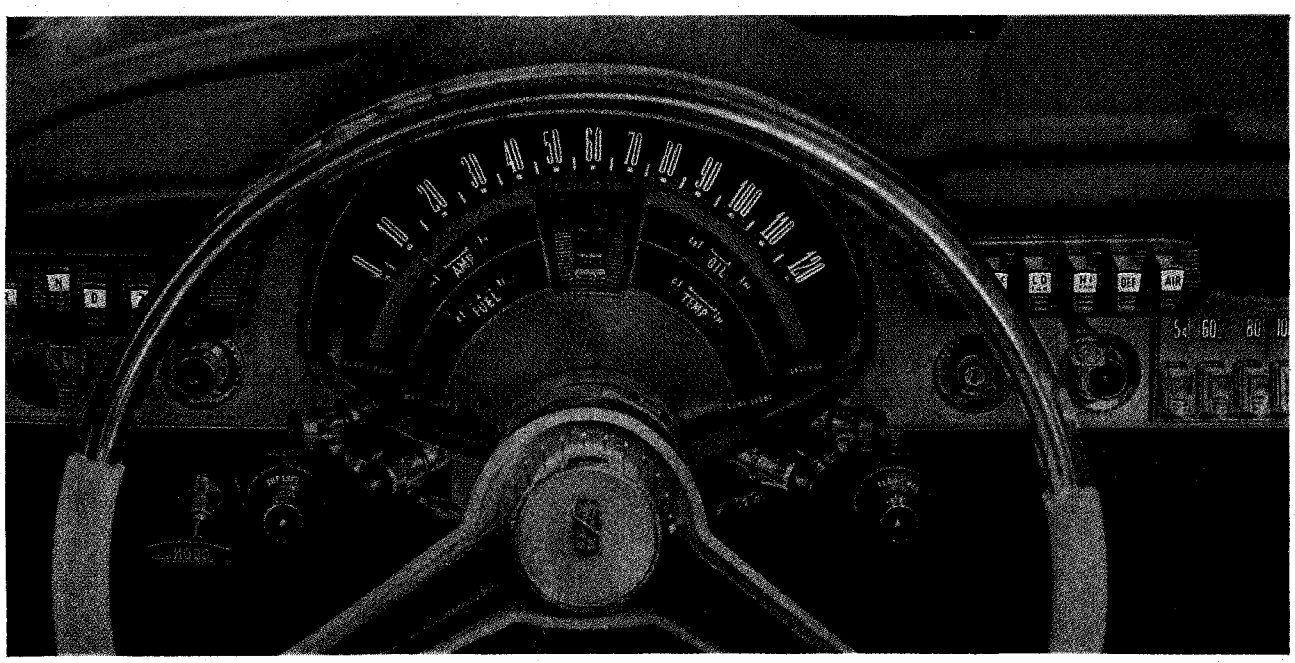

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There was nothing he could put his finger on. Maybe, David thought, he thinks I'm a hayseed. Still, he's buying brains. He's buying the Newhouse experience, the Fletcher knowledge of construction, the Smith brilliance. What does he want with it—the Social Register?

David did not want to bring matters to a head by asking for a decision. He supposed that he could ask, but a man does not nudge a laying hen—not if he wants the egg.

But by Friday David said, "Horace, I've got to start thinking about getting back. If there's any ground we haven't covered, let's mull it over this weekend and see how things shape up Monday."

"All right," Horace said. "I'll give some thought to it."

By the time they finished, it was almost time to leave for the party. "You might as well drive out with me," Horace said. "Can your wife and daughter find my place?"

"I'm sure they can," David said. He got the address from Horace, called Edith, and told her that he'd see her at the Charltons.

"All right, dear," Edith said. "And David, please don't be surprised at anything, and don't give us away."

"Edith," David said severely.

"You want us to be in the big leagues, don't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

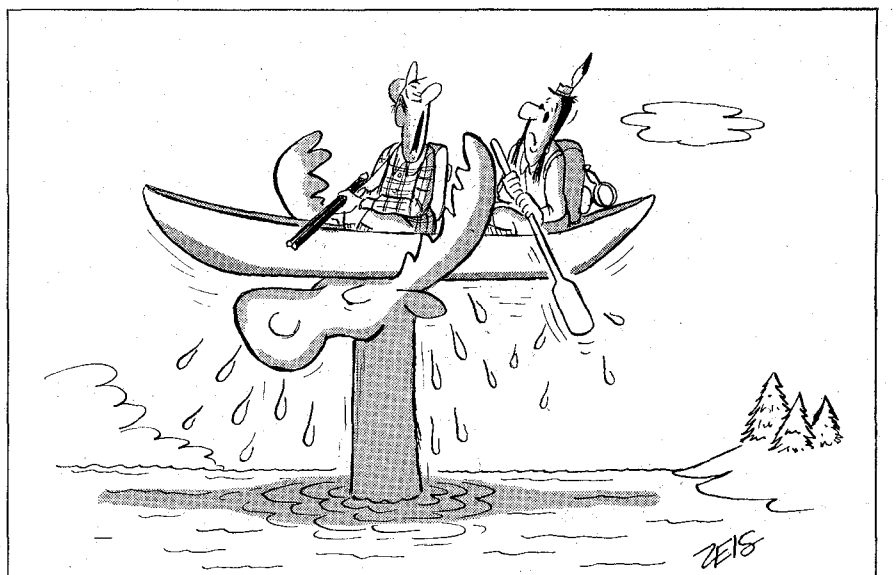
"Good-by, dear." She hung up.

David hung up and frowned at the instrument.

"Everything all right?" Horace said.

Everything was far from all right, David was certain of that. Edith had some fantastic, feminine scheme dreamed up, but there was nothing he could do about it now except wait for the explosion.

"They'll be there," he said. *And that, he thought, is what I'm frowning about.*



"Any suggestions?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Horace Charlton's home was not far from their apartment. It sat on top of the hill, looking over the Golden Gate. It was two stories high, built of fieldstone, beautifully landscaped, with a long, curving driveway leading up to a porch running the length of the house. When they arrived, there were already eight or ten guests. Horace led David into a downstairs den, took his coat and showed him where to wash up. David peered at himself in the mirror, found a hairbrush and tried to do something about his cowlick. He made a noble effort to straighten his tie and went into the front room. Lydia Charlton took him in tow, and led him around the room. He was handed a drink, and then stood with a group who were discussing the latest fox hunt on the lower peninsula. David got as much out of the conversation as if they were speaking Chinese.

Suddenly he was aware of a break in the conversation, and then someone said, "Wow! Look at that Ferrari!"

David looked out one of the sliding glass doors leading to the porch. A low sports car, red and glistening, with wire wheels shining like jewels, rolled haughtily up the driveway, and stopped in front of the door.

"Who is it?" someone said.

"Can't imagine."

The car doors opened. David hung onto his drink with both hands. He reminded himself to keep calm. *Just relax, Fletcher. Roll with the punch. It will be all over before long, and there'll be a logical explanation for this—or at least an explanation.*

With something akin to horror he watched his dear wife, Edith, and his dear daughter, Sally, get out of the Ferrari and walk toward the house.

Edith was strolling toward the door, wearing a three-quarter-length mink coat over a dress which was indubitably not hers. David knew. And Sally also was wearing mink over another stranger to the Fletcher wardrobe.

Horace Charlton said, beside David, "That must be your wife and daughter."

David nodded. He didn't trust himself to speak.

"Isn't that a Ferrari they're driving?"

"Yes, I guess so," David said vaguely.

"You guess so!"

"I don't know much about cars," David said.

"I see," Horace said, looking at David queerly. "Any idea what they cost?"

"Around twelve thousand, I think," David said. "Somewhere in that neighborhood."

"Yeah," Horace said. "Somewhere around there. I don't suppose you know how much mink is worth these days either, do you?"

"Well, not exactly," David said.

"H'm," Horace said. "You know, David, I was thinking that you're a hayseed, but you're far from that. I want to meet your family."

Moving like a sleepwalker, David followed Horace, introduced him to Edith and Sally. Then Edith took his arm. "Hi, darling. We didn't have a bit of trouble finding the house."

"Fine," David said. "Great."

After that, the party started throbbing. David throbbed right along with it. He heard Lydia Charlton say, indicating Edith's dress, "Isn't that an original Marusa, Edith?"

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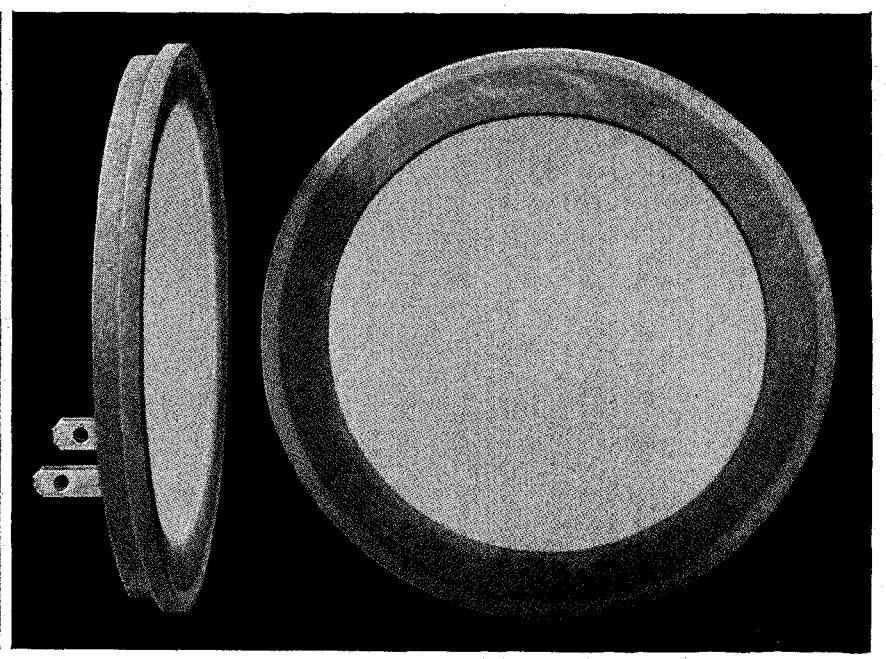

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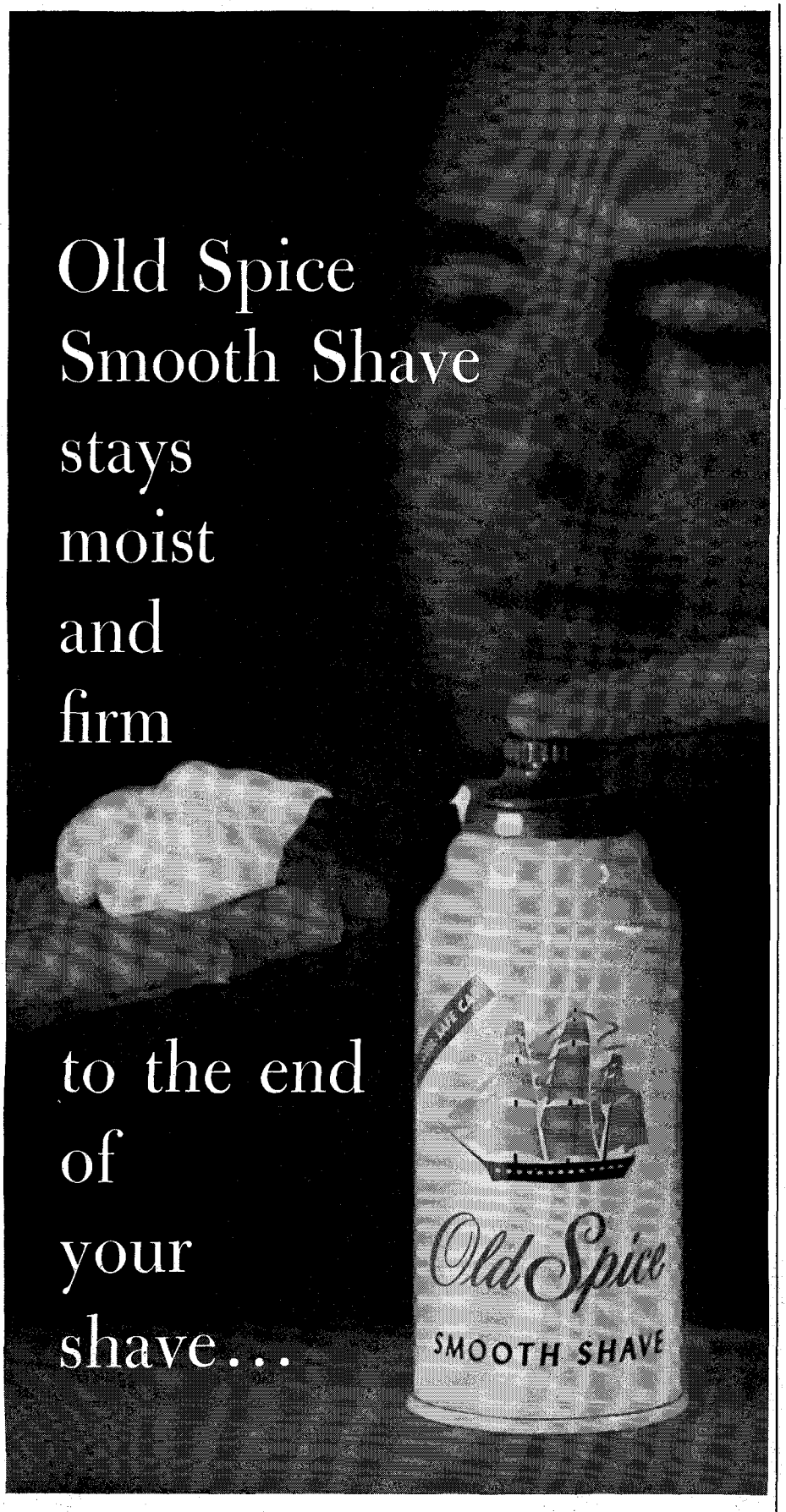

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SHULTON

Edith looked vaguely down at the dress. "Yes, I think so. I really can't remember."

"Well, I thought of strangling Horace for his insurance to get one last year, but I finally gave up. Frankly, I'd give an outer layer of skin for one."

Several men were quizzing Sally about the Ferrari. She gave them performance data like a mechanic.

David heard a man say to Horace, "Say, that Fletcher is quite an operator, isn't he?"

"Yes," Horace said. "Quite an operator."

The cocktail party eventually died a natural death. Edith and Sally got into their mink. The three of them got into the Ferrari. Sally started the engine and they rolled out of the driveway, the exhausts barking expensively at the guests.

Then David turned and said, "Now!"

"David," Edith said, "we were trying to be helpful. We wanted to make a good impression. We arrived down here with hardly any clothes because you said not to take everything we owned."

"You didn't buy those things!" David shrieked, horrified.

Edith shook her head. "Jennifer told me to help myself to everything. Well, she's the same size as Sally and I. And you know where we got the Ferrari. Dale Manners let Sally borrow it. We wanted to arrive looking big league. Think we did?"

"You did," David said. "And now, young lady, let's drop off this pumpkin coach, pick up our station wagon and get back down to earth." He let out a deep breath. "If the Charltons ever find out about this, I'm a dead duck."

"How could they find out?" Edith said. "There's no possible way."

"There's one way."

"What's that?"

"I could tell them," David said.

"You wouldn't!" Edith said.

David shook his head. "No, I don't suppose I would. Horace said, after you got there, that he had thought I was a hayseed, but that I'm far from that. But he was right. I really am a hayseed."

"You are what people think you are," Edith said.

"No," David said. "You are what you know you are."

That night David lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. Now he knew why Horace had been dragging his feet about giving them the job. He had thought that David was a hick from Oregon. He had thought that David wasn't big enough for the job. But of course, any man who could drive a Ferrari, who draped his wife and daughter in mink and original Marusas, was an operator. Horace had practically said so. By this time, Lydia Charlton had told him the nature of the flat which they kept in the city just for occasional visits.

Well, Fletcher, what's wrong with it? What's wrong with a little harmless deception in a matter of business? It's done every day, and who's to know?

A match flared in the twin bed next to his. Edith lighted a cigarette. "Can't you sleep?" David said.

The match went out. The tip of the cigarette glowed. "No," Edith said. Then presently, "David, you'll get the job now, won't you?"

"It looks that way," David said.

"You aren't going to say anything, are you?"

"No," David said, "I don't think so."

The glow of the cigarette disappeared as Edith stubbed it out in an ash tray. "Good night, David," she said.

"Good night."

David left the apartment on Monday morning before Edith and Sally were awake. He didn't even bother to try doing anything about his cowlick, and he merely tied his necktie and let it go at that. He was glad that Edith wasn't awake. He had a cup of coffee in a restaurant near Charlton's office, and at ten o'clock pushed open the door to Horace's office.

"Morning, David," Horace said. "Right on time. Well, this won't take long. I've decided ——"

"It will take a little longer than you think, Horace," David said. "There are a few things I have to tell you." He took a deep breath and started. He told Horace about the apartment, he told him about the Ferrari, and he told him where the mink came from, and the expensive dresses. Horace Charlton's deeply set blue eyes squinted at him as he talked. "I'm not an operator, Horace," David finished. "I'm an architect, that's all. Now"—he stood up—"we'll be getting back, Horace. I just wanted you to know."

"Sit down, David," Horace said. "I already knew."

David sat down and stared at Horace Charlton.

"I knew the day that Lydia visited your wife. Charley and Jennifer Eaton are two of our best friends. We've been in that flat many times."

"I might have known," David said.

"That Ferrari had California plates. Only one agency in town handles that car. After you left the house on Friday, I called Dale Manners."

The Sunday driver we fear the most is the one who started on Saturday night.

HAROLD COFFIN

David smiled. "You know him too?"

Horace nodded. He leaned back in his chair. "David, one time, years ago, I was trying to promote some money from a man to build a cemetery. It was a good, legitimate deal, but that wasn't good enough for me. I tried to be an operator. I won't go into details, but I did substantially the same thing that you have done. But I didn't have the courage to confess. The deal fell through because my man saw through my entire deception. It set me back two years. I believe that a hungry fighter is the best fighter. I believe that a hungry golfer will win money on the tournament trail if he has the ability. And I believe in a hungry architect. Particularly an honest one."

Four hours later, a somewhat stunned David Fletcher took a cab back to the apartment. In his pocket were signed contracts. He ascended the stairs, opened the glass door. Edith met him, threw her arms around him, and started to weep.

David stood there, held her, and patted her shoulder. Presently Edith backed off, wiped her eyes, and said, "David, I'm afraid I've ruined everything for you."

"Oh, I don't know," David said.

"But I do. I lay awake last night, thinking. I'm not a phony. I never have been. And today I called Lydia Charlton and went over to her house. I told her the whole story. I told her about this flat, and about the car, and about the mink coat and cape, and that dress of Jennifer's, and I . . ." She started bawling again.

David took her chin in his hands. He looked at her, and his eyes filled with tears. He said, "Do you know what you are?"

She shook her head.

"You're a hayseed. And you know something else?"

She shook her head again, biting her lip.

David kissed his wife, and he said, "I love you." THE END

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Ordeal on Blood River

(Continued from Page 35)

When he had said it, she closed her eyes tightly for a moment, the tip of her tongue pressed between her lips. In that moment there was a desperate shadow of helplessness upon her face—as of a wound gone too deep for words. Then mechanically from another time and another manner of living, she touched his arm again with the tip of her folded fan. Fending him off lightly, but with slight pressure at the same time that carried the faint suggestion of knife-point warning. "You could be a very disturbing man, sir," she said softly, but he knew beyond any question that were they alone, he could have reached in that moment and taken her blindly in his arms and she would have clung to him in sobbing desperation. So sure was the knowledge upon him that he was trembling with it.

"You would do me great honor if you would dine with me tomorrow evening."

"That," she said coldly, "is quite impossible. I am restricted to the *Clan Cameron*—except for the arrangements I have made for Turk here at the Presidio."

"I don't understand. How restricted? By what?"

"When I married in Europe, I lost my citizenship. I am an alien in my own country—not allowed to land because my husband fought against the Government of Mexico." And then she added, most unnecessarily, "You would do well, sir, to seek the companionship of some woman less encumbered."

All through dinner under the shrill clack of tongues of the Misses Duncommun, Cohill found himself more deeply committed to his words to the girl. This was the last thing in the world to do under his present orders—entangle himself personally in any way. But as he watched Athena covertly, he knew that he was powerless not to; he knew, that he already had committed himself in some deep, honest core of his being, for as he listened to the dominating pomposity of Bentinck, all animal jealousy drained out of him—because it became utterly impossible for him to accept Bentinck in the garments in which rumor draped him.

When the ladies withdrew, Bentinck's voice carried heavily on over the brandy and the cigars while Cohill sat lost in his own thinking. "I am going into that vast and neglected Colorado country, as appointive territorial governor on a sacred mission to colonize and develop its rich resources and to bring competent civil government to it, sir." The senator's voice rose arrogantly. "Two ships are barely enough for my purpose as it is. With your supplies and your detachment added ——"

"Forgive my bluntness," Colonel Alshard interrupted, "but unless telegraphic orders come through from Washington expressly forbidding it, Mr. Cohill's relief detachment will go with you, under my right to commandeer space for it. And it will go as soon as you possibly can sail—now that the Second Cavalry is no longer an effective force in the territory."

Senator Bentinck thrust his chin up angrily. "Normally," he said, "the Department of California is commanded by a brigadier general, is it not?" He waited for no answer. "If, then," the senator said coldly, "your promotion does not materialize, colonel, don't be unduly surprised."

Cohill whipped around angrily and stared at Bentinck. Colonel Alshard kept his eyes steadily on the senator's eyes, his own veiled in contempt. Dead silence fell across the candle-lighted table, and under its echoing impact Cohill knew the full implication of his orders for the first time. With the power that this popinjay held through his contacts in distant Washington, any frustrating move against his ego could undoubtedly cost an officer his career—by the political knife in the back, the power of the whispered word at three thousand miles of distance.

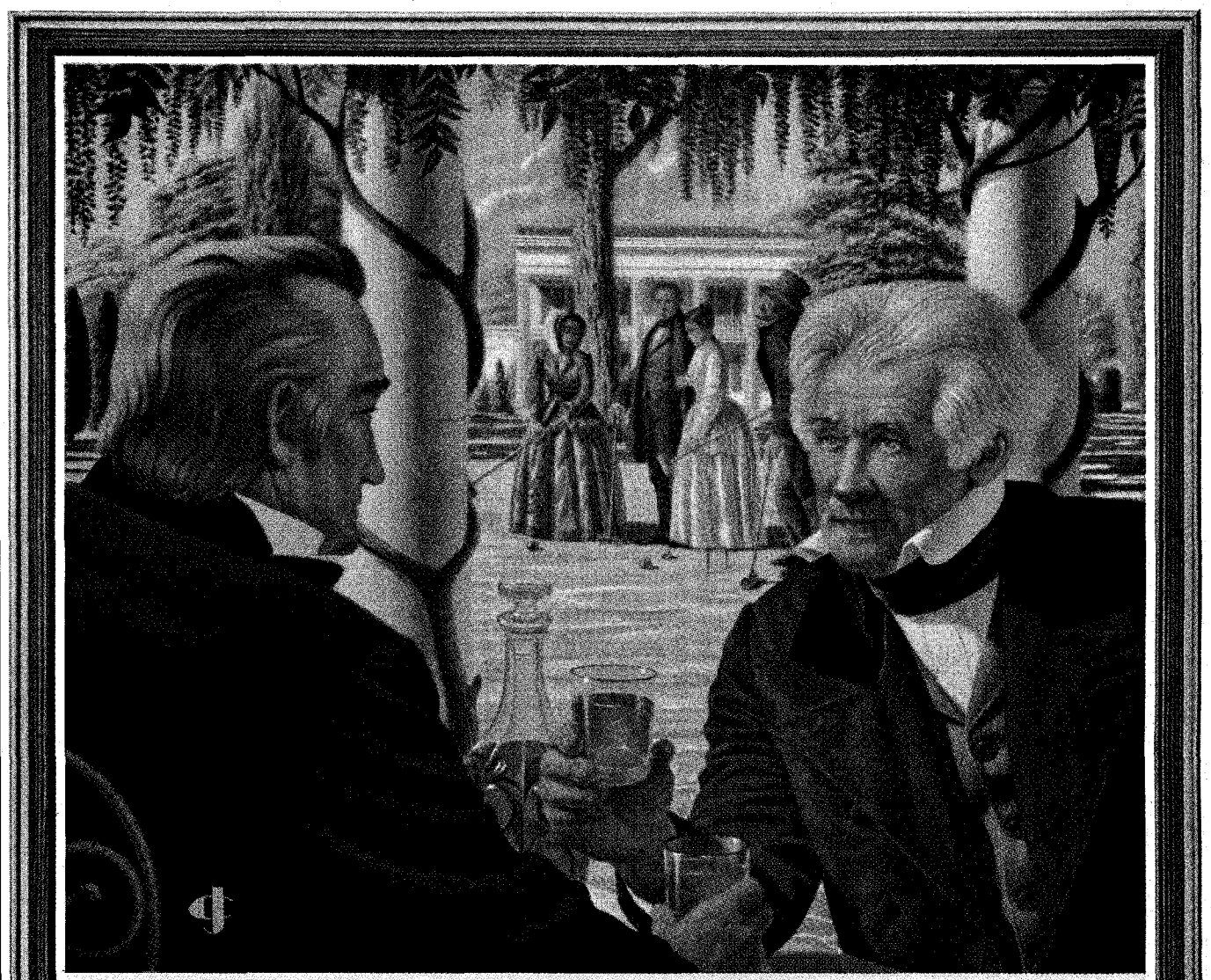
A loathing for the position in which this placed the colonel and himself rose like bile within Cohill, and he was incapable of not giving it voice. "As the junior officer present," he said clearly, "with infinitely less to lose—I consider your remark contemptible."

For a moment fury blinded Bentinck, then he turned slowly and said, "You will live to regret that you said that, lieutenant."

Cohill was in the stable area at five the next morning against the Presidio's five-thirty reveille, looking over the platoon horses in stall by lantern light.

There were twenty-seven men in his relief platoon. Three squads, the two sergeants and the trumpeter. The three squad leaders were eight-year corporals, which provided solid disciplinary structure. Platoon Sergeant Satterlee was a long-service noncom, but Ohms, the guide sergeant, was comparatively young for his stripes. Musician Lance Corporal Weigandt was an adolescent with pimples, but he could lip the C trumpet like Gabriel. All but eleven of the troopers had been in garrison at Yuma and Fort Mojave on tours of duty before, and had made the sea trip down to the port of entry in the gulf and the Blood River trip up to the

(*Continued on Page 72*)



Andrew Jackson advises his friend, James K. Polk

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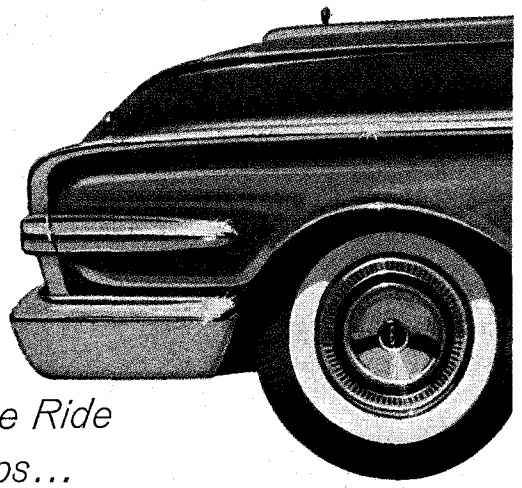

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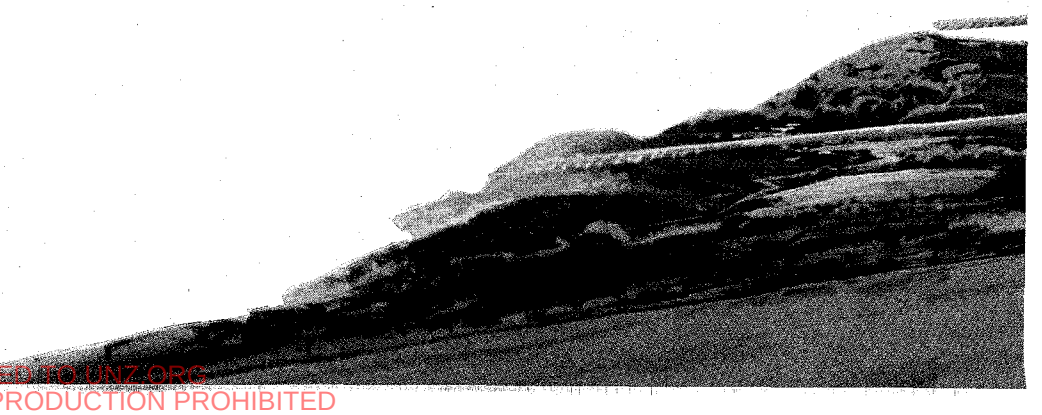

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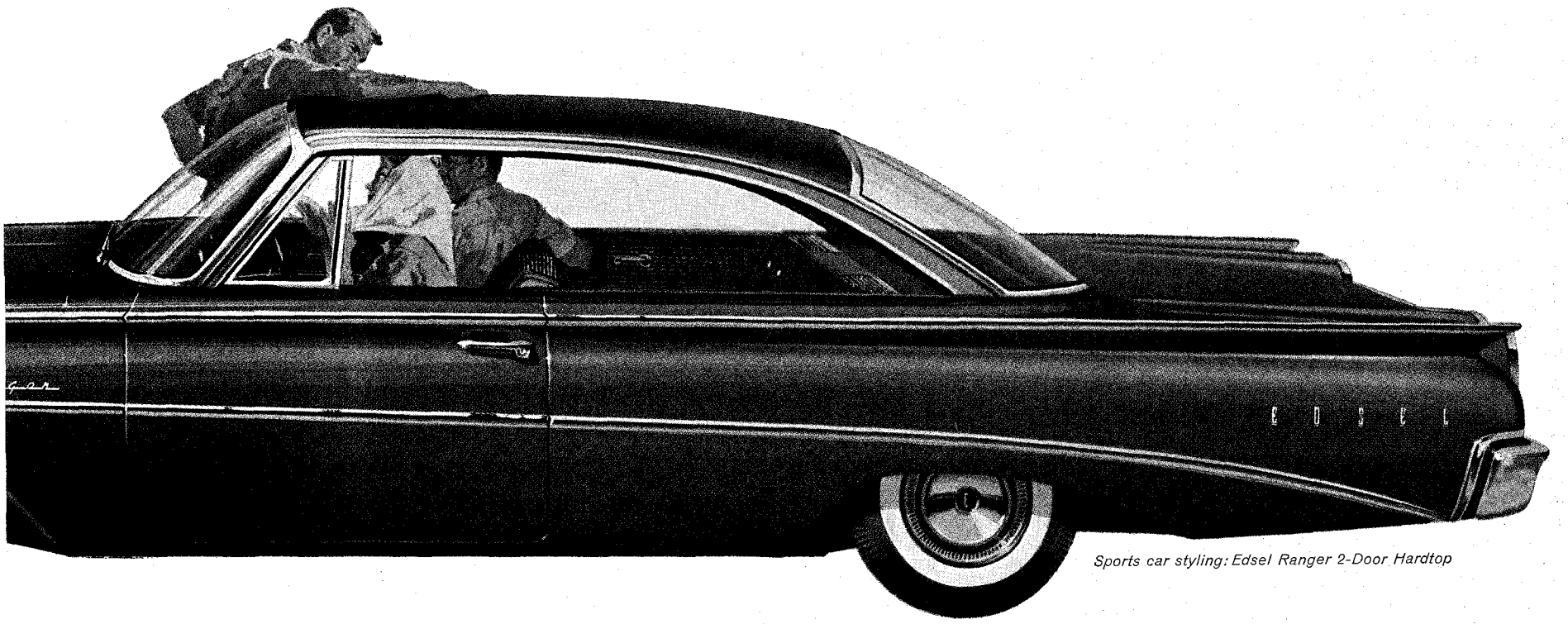

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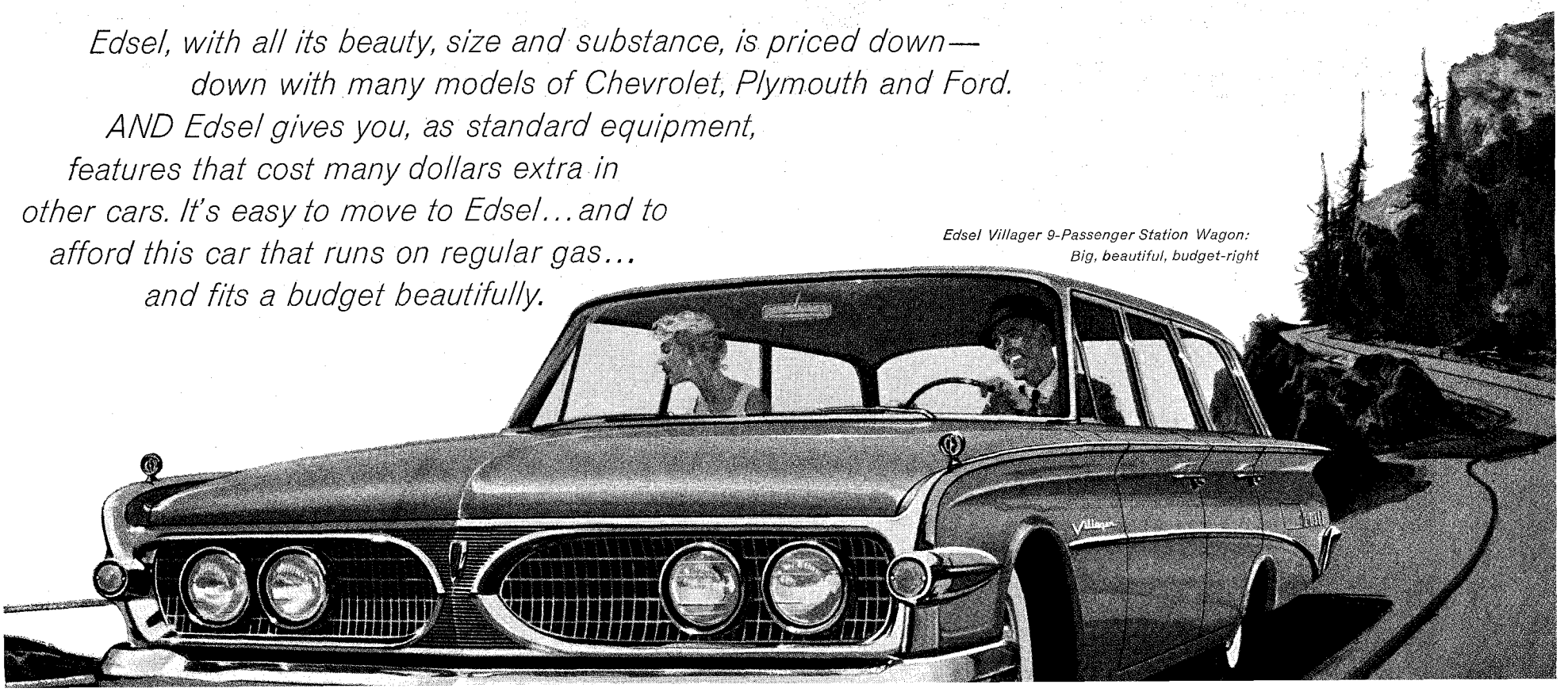

Edsel Villager 9-Passenger Station Wagon:
Big, beautiful, budget-right

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(*Continued from Page 69*) isolated posts—and loathed it like dysentery. But there was more than that wrong with the men in the sullen, early-morning feel of them as they stood to. The line twanged with deep-cut anger.

"What's wrong with the men, Sergeant Satterlee?"

Old Satterlee looked sideways at Cohill; he knew it useless to lie, so he straddled the fence. "Wrong, sir?"

"Yes, wrong," Cohill said. "That's what I said—wrong. Do you want to tell me, Satterlee—or keep it slow boiling inside? We have a long trip to the rio. Shall we get to know each other or play it blind?"

"I dunno, lieutenant." Satterlee shook his head vaguely. "We was all below decks when it happened, but the word says Lieutenant Haight was knifed. And these men don't take knives from nobody. The civilian gang boss Boldoni carries a stiletto blade. That's been seen plenty by all of us. But when the U. S. marshal's men came to the dock and made a search, Boldoni's got a red neck rag but he don't have no knife. So they let him go. Couldn't do else. No evidence."

Cohill moved the platoon out with the first convoy of supplies for Meiggs Wharf, studying them closely. The usual lot of regulars—lost men except for a bright-eyed youngster or two. Cut a cross section and you would have every degree of outside failure—jailbirds, rum pots, wife-beaters and plain pernicious misfits. But hammer them firmly into the system, and they were home. Put them together in disciplined unity, and a protective self-respect came back to them, a respect that no one among them did not feel. The Army was their one hope of redemption, if they ever thought of it that way, for enlistment is the only contract in life that gives back personal honor to a lost man.

The convoy got to Meiggs Wharf shortly after seven o'clock, before any loading had started on the two ships. They unloaded the first supply convoy and sent the wagons back for the next load. Below decks Satterlee read Cohill into the work already done on the stalls.

"Tailboards." Sergeant Satterlee lifted one on its hinges. "That's the secret. If a horse can back up and sit himself down to brace against weather, he'll ride through a hurricane. And for exercise—we got to prance 'em in place, stir 'em up at least once a day."

As he said it there was a hollow rumble above decks, then booted feet stamped across the well deck. Cohill stepped back under the open hatch and saw some of Boldoni's civilian gang breaking out hoisting lines, spreading a cargo net at the hatch above. He heard a voice shout, "Come on soldier—you're blocking"; heard Sergeant Ohms' voice yell back sharply, "Hold that, guinea nose!" Cohill sprang up the hatch ladder fast. When he reached the well deck, he saw Ohms and Boldoni squared off to each other.

"Pull a knife, yella belly," Ohms jeered. "Pull it!" The sergeant walked toward Boldoni slowly, his whole young body braced forward, the muscles corded tense under his faded blue shirt—the three buck stripes bright yellow on his arms. "Naw," Ohms shook his head in contempt, "not you—where a man can see ya! What'd you do yesterday—throw it overside after you kilt the lootenant? Look"—Ohms pointed a rigid finger up at the fogged-in cross yards and the maze of rigging—"that's where they're gonna find you, wop nose, jiggin' on air, like the book says," and he made the rope gesture to his own throat in vibrant, taunting anger, "by the neck until you're bug-eyed dead!"

"Break it up—both of you!" Cohill stepped between them. Boldoni hulked over him, topping him by three or four inches. "I run things when Carracoe's drunk!" he shouted.

"You run nothing with my men," Cohill told him. Boldoni took a step toward him. "The new officer, eh," and he reached slowly to finger-dust Cohill's left shoulder strap in contempt. Cohill knew he had to take him, and he knew he didn't have the strength in his damaged hands to do it. So he shot a lightning hand heel to the man's throat and caught a spur rowel to Boldoni's right ankle. Boldoni crashed to the deck with the breath torn out of him. "Get up now," Cohill told him, "and show me to Major Carracoe's quarters."

Under the troop's laughter and his own men's snickering, Boldoni's eyes wavered—then he got up, hesitated for a moment and jerked his head toward the afterhouse.

Major Carracoe lay face up in his fouled berth, the drink in him ebbed full to blank-eyed enervation; he was conscious but clouded deep in his mind, parched raw with alcohol. "Burned hands!" he muttered. "The curse of Druon Antigone! Cut the hands off!"

In Cohill's mind there was no thought of covering for this degradation of rank—nothing beyond his own necessity to force the immediate issue. There might be questions raised as to legality under the right of commandeer, but there would be no question in fact once he established what he deemed to be necessary for the exercise of duties of his own detachment in transit. And he intended to establish the fact on the basis that, the civilians and Bentinck's raw militiamen notwithstanding, United States troops would take what was essential to the accomplishment of their mission, and they would take it in reasonable personal comfort.

For a moment Cohill stood at the foot of the berth, watching the man's eyes for recognition and reaction. Carracoe's arm dropped from the berth edge, the hand fumbling for the neck of the demijohn on the deck. Cohill kicked at the hand, kneed the arm to the bunk and smashed the jug on the brass port rim. Then he threw open all the lockers and drawers and shattered the five bottles of de Kuyper that he found. He pocketed six boxes of cartridges and emptied the major's two hand guns. He wrenched the key from the inside of the door lock and stood grasping it in his gloved hand. "We'll discuss that militia major's leaf of yours when you're sober enough to grace it," he said and he went out and locked Carracoe in.

The fog smoked in thick all day, but the platoon handled seven wagon convoys in spite of it; by late afternoon they had the back of the supply loading broken and the stalls padded to take the horse herd aboard. About four o'clock, when the first convoy of ammunition wagons turned into the dock from the Presidio, three officers in frogged overcoats and side arms got off the first of them—the board of inquiry on Lieutenant Haight's death. There was old Captain Duncommun, sideburned Captain Oettinger, the post quartermaster, and the sixty-year-old 1st Lieutenant Grattan, topographical engineers—with a scrabbly white beard so long that it covered the collar of his overcoat and the first two frogs. At their request Cohill showed the board the approximate spot where from offshore in the *Lucy's* longboat he had seen young Haight go down under the first blow—visualizing for them the cargo heap, now almost entirely loaded off the dock to the two ships for the Colorado, and the bollard that Haight's head had struck when he was leg-flung into it. The

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quartermaster captain stooped to what was left of the supply dump, examining the Government markings. "Has the expedition loaded any field pieces, Cohill?"

"No, sir. Not that I have seen."

Captain Oettinger snorted. "What do they need modified Whitworth field-artillery ammunition for then, without guns? Culpable waste! This stuff's been stored since Appomattox—dead surplus—but could we get it across the Mississippi for Army use? No indeed! It takes political influence for that!"

As Cohill went up the forward gangplank, Wertenbacker—one of the men of Corporal Clegg's squad—pointed to the three overcoated officers on the dock. "Whitewash board on Lootenant Haight," he growled in disgust, and the man next to him grunted, "Line of duty at the hands of person or persons, unknown like hell!" Then their eyes wiped Cohill's as if they had been caught in something blameful.

Cohill felt their constriction so strongly that he made a quick visual check as a netload of small-arms ammunition swung up from the Presidio wagons. Wertenbacker, Oelrichs, Font, Gilholie were on the well deck, with Corporal Clegg himself on the boom whip hoist. Cohill stepped over to the forward hatch and looked down. All three hatches below him were open—straight down in the wavering lantern light to the loaded bottom hold. Foley and Dressler of Clegg's squad were just below on the open hatch lip of the stall deck, swung slightly out, one hand each to a stanchion, looking upward in the yellow glare of a lantern, waiting to hook in the loaded net of ammunition.

There was loose cargo cluttering the hatchhead—a limp net of barreled flour, dropped where the hoist had swung it, crated saddles and four ordnance cases of carbines, one topping the other and standing high in a second limp net loosely hooked in. Coiled hoist rope fouled all of it with lines leading up to booms in the thick, lantern-washed fog above and snarled lines snaking down into the lower holds.

As Cohill stood there, the heavy ammunition boxes swung over the deck on Clegg's boom whip and smashed into the carbine cases. "Look out below!" and then everybody was falling back, scrambling out of the way. The four carbine cases tottered over, buckled one on the other inside their net like a crushed accordion and shot into the open hatch—plummeting below like chain shot.

For a breath, the fog-curtained hatch was empty—an open pit yellowed by lantern light, fumed in swirling mist with the thunder of the splintering ordnance cases echoing up hollowly through it. Then on the lash of the smoking downhaul rope a man's body vomited up out of the hatchway, twisting in frantic agony, neck and body snarled in the soaring lines. The body shot up neck-hung to the block, snapping double as the counterbalance of the carbines struck into the lower hold and slacked the line. The ensnared legs drew back at the knees, drew up at the hips with the anguished reflex of the groin muscles—then thrust down on the empty air and hung limp.

There was dead silence until someone shouted, "Boldoni!" Then the civilian work gang broke as cattle break in blind trampling fear, and the deck thundered with the staccato of their boots clattering to get away.

Sergeant Ohms sprang out of the hatch and faced the fear-whipped crowd as soon as Boldoni's body stopped thrashing, scurrying a few feet after the panicked civilian gang like an animal, half crouched at the knees, his arms flailing the air, his voice a strident snarl. "Go on—look at him, you chicken-gutted sock heads!" and Ohms flung an arm back, his finger pointing rigidly at the hanging body. "I told him he'd hang—so he's hanging!"

Ohms turned from them then—and saw Cohill. At the same time the faces of the other men of the platoon's deck detail turned toward Cohill in a unified movement, distorted by fog and lantern light.

Just as surely as he stood there, Cohill knew that Ohms had set the trap—rigged the counterweight of carbines, lured Boldoni below decks to truss and gag him for the noose when opportunity offered. As Cohill faced Ohms now, a whipstring of a man and a horse soldier to the gudgeons, he knew that Ohms knew he knew. Just for a second then there was the light of cold-blooded murder in Ohms' eyes before he went on the defensive.

"Remember you ain't got a knife in your ribs, too, sir!" Then animal fury took the sergeant again, and he whipped half around toward the civilians—"And you gutter bums ain't forgettin' either that a knife in a blue shirt pays off with

"Just how big an edge do you intend to take off your appetite?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

perfect for every occasion

Sunshine KRISPY Saltine CRACKERS

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a hangin' as long as I wear one to m'own stinkin' back!"

"Cut him down, Ohms!" Cohill shouted the man to silence.

The ship's captain, Houget, was pushing through, with his mate, Moxley. Captain Duncommun and Captain Oettinger had come up the after gangplank. Boldoni's men were still crowded well back of the hatchhead, muttering openly now as the starch began to stiffen back into them.

Moxley knelt to the body, pulling at the strands of the rope caught about it. "He ain't rightly tied, captain—he's just looped and snarled up." Moxley looked up at Captain Houget. "Seen a cargo hoist fling a man oncet clear over the main yardarm thataway—when he got caught up in the downhaul."

Captain Duncommun said, "How did it happen, Cohill?"

"You saw all that I saw, sir." Cohill met the board president's eye. "It's the gang boss, Boldoni," he said. "I can't add any details to it, but if he killed Haight, he sure hanged for it, sir!" Then he looked over the captain's shoulder, straight at Ohms. He held the sergeant's eyes for a cold moment until Ohms' eyes wavered. "Get on with the work, Ohms," he said.

Cohill watched Ohms narrowly as he pushed the loading hard up to the breakoff for late-evening mess. Alone with Boldoni in the lower hold, Ohms could have kicked the gang boss to death, bale-hooked him or throttled him with his bare hands—but not Sergeant Ohms. He was a killer with three cavalry stripes on his arms that gave him a respect for the saving grace of the book. And for murder the book specified the rope.

As he watched the sergeant, Cohill was aware that Ohms was watching him and he knew that sooner or later Ohms would have to speak to him. He made a point of working over close to Cohill and then standing for a moment, looking at him.

"Well, Ohms?"

"The lieutenant knows I done it. I seen it in your face."

"Put it in writing and sign it," Cohill said, "and I'll see you tried for it. What is it? Bad conscience?"

Ohms' mouth dropped open in surprise, then a sly shadow crossed his eyes, and Cohill realized that the man thought he meant it—he thought Cohill was stupid enough to be asking for a statement. Ohms' voice vibrated with fury. "They got fifty militia soldiers on this bucket alone, sir—and fifty in the civilian gang! Four to one against us. Count the fifty more on the *Amos Orr* makes six to one. Them's odds. But they seen what the price of a knife is. They know now!"

Boldoni's gang had knocked off work and were pouring up from below to go off into town. The decks were suddenly full of them—white-blobbed faces in the fog, staring at the platoon's work detail, ringing them in, with the sloppy uniforms of the territorial militiamen interspersed among them. Somebody shouted, "Yellow-legged hangmen!" But before the threat could spread into action, Ohms took over again. He flailed his way from Cohill's side to the starboard rail and sprang up on it, his brass rowels spinning in the lantern light. "All right, you scum! Step up! Who's next? There's plenty of rope!" Cohill shouted, "Hold it, Ohms!... You, Clegg—put a fixed sentry on this forward gangplank." Then Cohill walked slowly toward the angry crowd that Ohms had driven back—his arms outspread to herd them back until he reached the forward corner of the afterhouse. "Up to here," he told them, "is United States Government property. Keep off it. Keep away from that forward hatch at all times. Use the after gangplank. Clegg—put a sentry here where I'm standing."

"Yeh?" somebody shouted. "What'll ya do if we don't?"

Corporal Clegg posted Wertenbacker at the gangplank head, buckling on his belt and hand gun. He was crossing the deck with Gilholie to post him at the afterhouse.

"What'll they do—shoot, mister?"

Cohill whipped around and faced the gang again. "If they don't," he said clearly, "I will."

There was a long moment then, until the men on the outer edge of the crowd shuffled sullenly and began to file down the after gangplank. Only then did Cohill turn to Ohms. "You start anything more with these people, and I'll have those stripes off your sleeve so fast they'll smoke!"

Ohms' eyes wavered slightly and then flamed full with the man's innate viciousness. Softly out of the side of his mouth he snarled, "You better get along with me, lieutenant! You're gonna need me."

Cohill stepped up to him fast, forcing Ohms to give a pace. He watched the man's eyes closely, until the brute glaze faded. "You want that official, Ohms? You want me to hear it full voice? Does it stand—for your stripes?"

"No, sir." Ohms' eyes wavered again. "It—don't—stand."

Cohill bought the evening paper and read it by lantern light riding an empty wagon up to the Presidio.

SUICIDE OF INIGO BARRAS
CONNECTED WITH
2ND CAVALRY MASSACRE

Late yesterday afternoon the notorious "General" Inigo Barras killed himself in his cabin aboard the *Clan Cameron*, loading for the Colorado at Meiggs Wharf. He was wanted on a Justice Department warrant for violation of the Neutrality Treaty with Mexico and unauthorized negotiation with the Mescalero and Jicarilla head men in the Arizona country of New Mexico Territory. The United States marshal in San Francisco has had information since January that Barras was making illegal tribal contacts in the central Arizona country and could be expected to work his way north across the Colorado into California. Informed sources blame Barras' grandiose promises to the tribes for the present general uprising and the resulting massacre of the 2nd Cavalry column on the Gila River as reported day before yesterday.

Until the Neutrality Commission stopped him two years ago, Inigo Barras commanded the Legion of Liberation, a marauding force of freebooters that controlled most of northern Mexico, a brigade of which is, from time to time, still reported as operating in Sonora State.

In the agreement then made with the Republic of Mexico, Barras was given safe conduct to Tampa. He was suspected of taking most of his military loot with him, abandoning ten of his legion's officers to be executed at Guadalajara by the Mexican authorities, among them the luckless Count Paul of Württemberg, whose attractive widow is also a passenger on the *Clan Cameron*.

When questioned as to the circumstances of the suicide, Senator Rutherford Bentinck, who heads the Colorado Expedition, stated that he had found Barras destitute and in broken health in Mazatlán when the *Clan Cameron* put in at that port on its way north from Panama and that he had given him asylum aboard under the name of H. Docher to protect Barras from possible assassination at the hands of his disgruntled followers. This was the name carried on the *Clan Cameron's* passenger lists, and it was unknown until yesterday even to Captain Houget of the *Clan* that the ship carried Inigo Barras, as Barras had made no attempt to land, and the port authorities, therefore, had not examined his papers.

Cohill folded the paper. It was patent to him that the reporter who had written the account was not satisfied in some way and was telling his readers that he wasn't, but the point of dissatisfaction was as nebulous as Cohill's reaction to the shooting had been yesterday—suspicion, not fact.

Fog and darkness drowned the entire post in damp salt rime. When the empty wagons drew in at the stable area, Sergeant Satterlee took Cohill inside and indicated the platoon's division of troop organizational equipment, farrier's tools, saddlery spare parts, vet medicines, stable gear and kegged horse shoes. "In here, sir, along this wall. In the lean-to and the separate shed behind, where the lady keeps the trick stallion."

"Where what?"

"Post commander's orders, sir. She exercises the stallion up here."

"March the detail to mess, sergeant. Get the guard squad's gullion in pannikins to take down to the ship."

The shed was twenty feet behind, with lantern light yellowing its one high window. He went quickly across and pulled open the door; he heard Athena's voice in the gloom beyond. "Steady, Turk!" and the throat whistle of the stallion.

"Cohill," he announced to her. "Are you quite mad? We don't let females even cross the parade ground after nightfall on Army posts—unless they are under officer escort. Do you want to be found at reveille stripped and pegged out stiff—with a hoof knife in your throat?"

She came out of the stall, her divided riding skirt whipping in annoyance, horse brush in hand. Her hair was wisped slightly under her tricorne—damp from her exertion.

"I'll have a trooper detailed to groom your mount." He jerked his head to the stall.

The stallion went up on its halter at sound of Cohill's unaccustomed voice, snorting viciously.

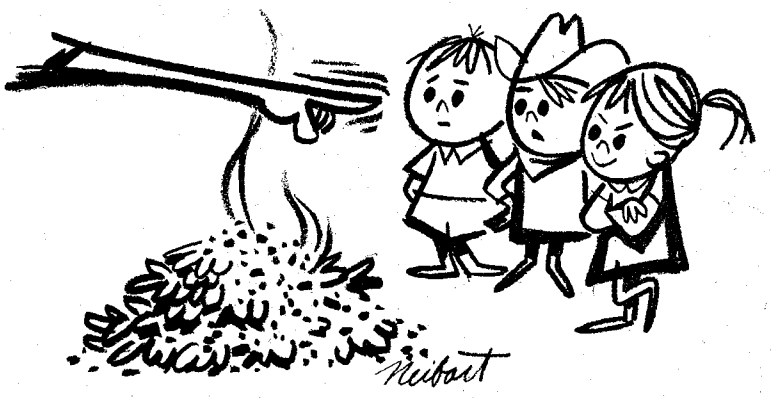
"And have your trooper maimed?" she asked. "Yor, boy—yor," she called softly as the Arab high-stepped, veering left to swing its off eye to see, jerking its head around with wet nostrils flaring.

"If you're the horsewoman you appear to be, you ought to know a woman has no business trying to handle a stallion. I mean ——"

"I know quite well what you mean," she said evenly. "Shall we drop the discussion? I've handled Turk since he was foaled."

He felt the blood beat in his cheekbones; he watched her toss the brush to a bench and step into the stall to the oat chute.

"I'll do that!" he told her and brushed by her but she clamped a quick hand to his sleeve. "Get out of this stall. He doesn't know you!" She stamped her booted foot in anger. The stallion straining up again, screaming, threw itself savagely toward them. Crouched, Cohill shielded her with his own body as the hoof-shattered splinters showered them. Then as the Arab tugged upon the halter to strike again, Cohill dragged the girl out by one wrist and flung her from the stall headlong, diving after her as the stallion's iron (*Continued on Page 77*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

When Ira lighted a big pile of leaves near the curb outside his home, the neighborhood children gathered around to watch. After the flames died down, Ira warned the youngsters that the ashes were still hot—stay away. Then he went inside. Five-year-old Peggy, poking in the ashes with a stick, lost her balance. She fell and was so badly singed that she had to be hospitalized. Her parents later sued Ira for her medical expenses.

"He knew children are attracted to a fire," they argued. "Yet instead of keeping guard until it was entirely burned out, he walked away. Therefore he is to blame for Peggy's getting burned, and he should pay."

"If Peggy's parents think so little of their child that they permit her to run loose and poke around fires, they themselves are at fault," Ira retorted. "Parents who don't look after their children have no right to expect the neighbors to take care of them."

If you were the judge, would you make Ira pay?

• •

Ira lost. The court ruled that parents cannot be expected to keep constant watch over children at play unless they know the children are playing with something dangerous. As Peggy's parents did not know of the fire, they were not at fault.

Based upon a 1958 Washington State decision.

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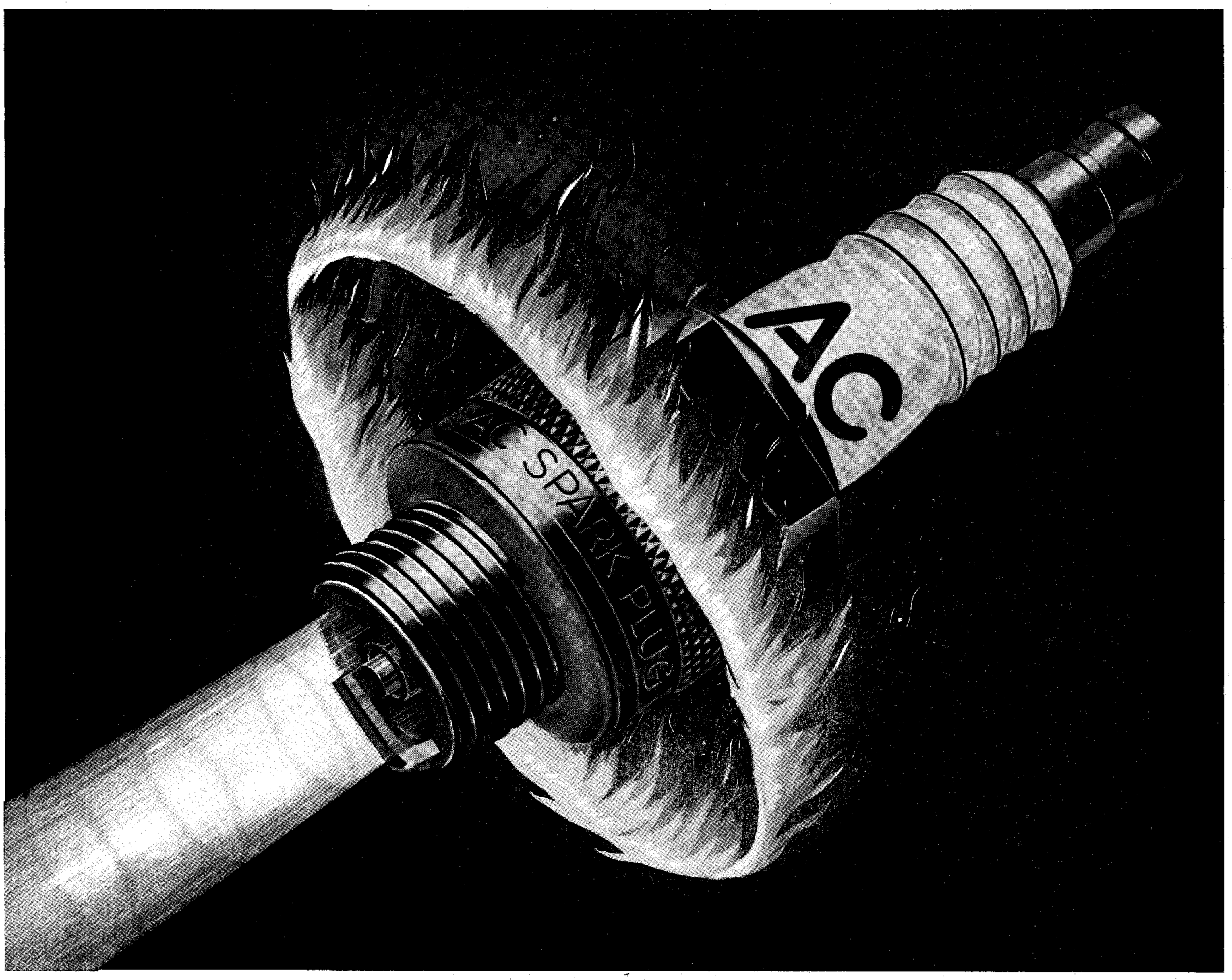

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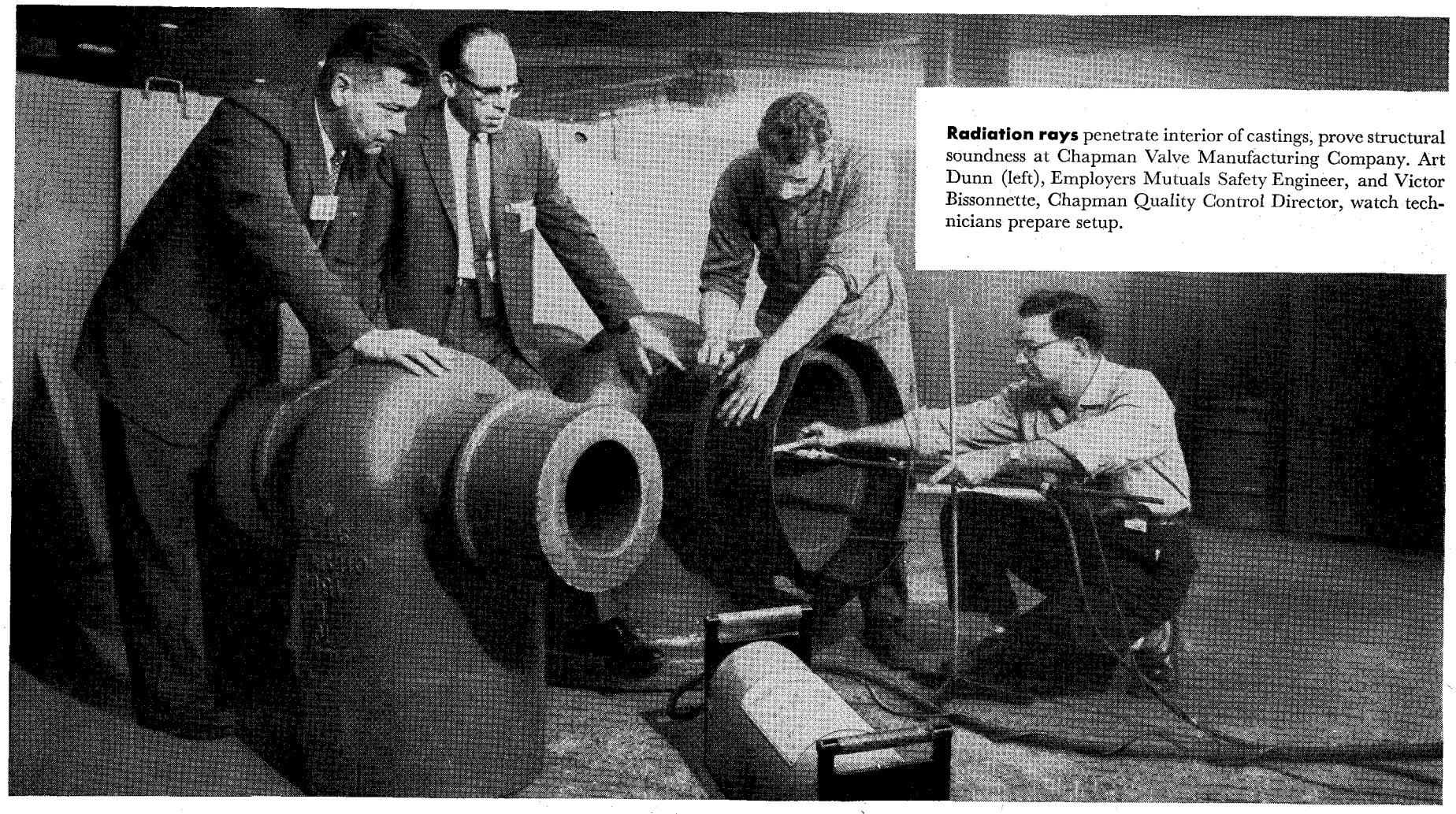
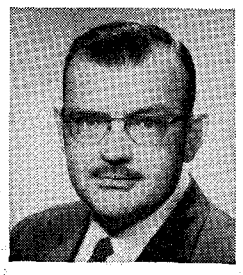


Radiation rays penetrate interior of castings, prove structural soundness at Chapman Valve Manufacturing Company. Art Dunn (left), Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer, and Victor Bissonnette, Chapman Quality Control Director, watch technicians prepare setup.

INDUSTRY FACES NEW SAFETY PROBLEMS WHEN THE "CIVILIAN ATOM" IS PUT TO WORK...

Wausau Story



by **WILLIAM UBER**
Radiation Specialist for Employers Mutuals of Wausau

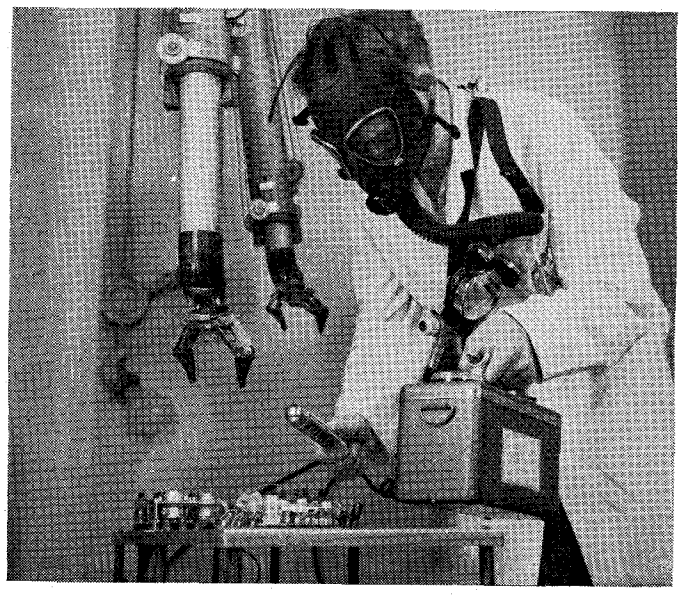
"You've read that nuclear power now propels ships, produces electric power. And an estimated 1,600 companies are authorized to use radioisotopes for everything from measuring the thickness of paper to tagging different kinds of petroleum pumped through the same pipeline.

"Chapman Valve Manufacturing Company at Indian Orchard, Mass., pioneered in using radioisotopes as part of their quality control program. Valves they cast might have openings up to ten feet, weigh as much as 3500 pounds. To test the casting without repositioning the big and heavy valve, a gamma source is placed in the center of the valve and a film is strapped around the outside. The full picture is taken all at one time.

"Then, too, industries use nuclear energy for research. The Admiral Corporation in Chicago, another Employers Mutuals policyholder, studies the effects of radiation on electronic equipment. The parts to be studied are put into an irradiation chamber containing Cobalt 60. A project engineer watches the work through a 42-inch lead glass window . . . arranges the parts, even makes delicate connections with remote control manipulators. Chamber walls are 41 inches of magnetite ore, providing shielding equal to 7 feet of ordinary concrete.

"Guarding the safety of the men where radioactive materials are used requires special knowledge, special techniques, special instruments. The overall programs involve medical and monitoring procedures as well as mechanical protection. Employers Mutuals safety men work closely with the policyholders' health physicists and supervisors, exchange information and help watch all the details with the care radiation hazards demand.

"Sum it up by saying Employers Mutuals' chief concern is safety—reducing hazards and reducing accidents. In the field of radioactive materials, we serve progressive industry in the traditional 'Wausau Way'."



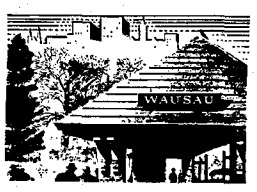
Radiation chambers at the Admiral Corporation Laboratory are surveyed by a health physicist after tests are completed. Facilities and procedures at this laboratory are models for radiological research and safety.

. . . . .

One way Employers Mutuals keeps pace with progressive industry is to provide specialists like Mr. Uber. In all fields, qualified men work with our policyholders to help solve their problems.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 74*) heels bit close into the sideboards behind.

Athena, half hurdling, tipped the bench with her boot heel, knocking it across Cohill's shins, throwing him full over it. They went down heavily in the straw—with Cohill twisting desperately in mid-air in an attempt to keep the full weight of his body from smashing down onto hers. For a moment they lay sprawled breathless in the warm silence of the dimly lighted shed, unable to move until reflex female panic tore frantically through her in a desperate spasm to be free of his inert weight. He caught at her thrashing shoulders to steady her—and he was stark with the sudden turmoil of their bodies writhing together. She whipped her head furiously from side to side, lashing his face with the warm damp of her hair, her throat bubbling softly with a half-fearful whimper, and he saw terror in her eyes. "For heaven's sake, don't hold onto me!" she cried and tore free of him, struggling to her knees, her hands clutching the rip in her blouse. Then she laughed—in a short, barking fury of laughter.

"Stop that!" Cohill told her, and he twisted on his own knees and clapped a gloved hand over her half-opened mouth to smother the sound. Above his hand her eyes stared at him with the humiliation of embarrassment. Then she crinkled them tightly shut as if a spasm of pain had torn through her. She braced to the overturned bench and stood up. There was the ridiculous sound of the Arab unconcernedly munching oats.

"Could you have any faint conception of what actually happened in Guadalajara two years ago"—the soft whisper of her voice was wet with unshed tears—"I would not have to excuse myself to you for playing the hysterical girl. I loathe myself, but I cannot help it. Forgive me for my stupidity," she begged him earnestly, "but I cannot bear to be touched ——"

She backed to the shed door—stopped against it, her hands behind her, her eyes bleakly on Cohill's. Suddenly she flicked the latch and turned as if from evil, flinging the door open to its opaque plug of smoking fog, fleeing into it.

Cohill snatched for the lantern, followed her out on the run; he lost all orientation as soon as the fog closed about him—until, halting, he forced his mind to visualize the area from memory. He held the lantern high, so that its glow drenched his head and shoulders in golden light. "'Theena!"

Then abruptly, melting the shroud of fog, there was the sudden wash of lantern light under the guard-house ramada, and Cohill saw the lamp of a hackney carriage with a long-coated jehu standing at the horses' heads. Cohill then saw the girl running ahead of him, saw the sheen of light on the damp-beaded nap of Bentinck's stovepipe hat, on the hilt of the officer of the guard's saber—old white-bearded Lieutenant Grattan.

"Ah," Bentinck said heavily, "we've just sent an orderly to the stables to look for you, Athena." He took her hands in both of his—but she withdrew them at once. "You're frozen, my dear," and he handed her into the rig. Not handed actually, for the senator's hands were merely outstretched toward her as she flung herself into the carriage—as it seemed to Cohill—in a blind effort to get away.

With the word passed by Moxley that the *Clan Cameron* would sail when the fog lifted, Cohill worked his detail until midnight and slept aboard on the stall deck with the guard detachment. With the bay waters of the Pacific lazily cradling the moored ship under Cohill, he could see the disastrous Gila River fight starkly in his mind's eye as only a frontier officer can ever see it: the final, desperate lines in the predawn half light of Apache reveille, with the dead bunkered out stiff around the last circle of living resistance, dirty-handed and clutching; the heavy breathing of the wounded holding on in agony as they always did with the ghastly will to live against all hope of life; one man begging the eternal night through to be shot by his bunkie—until he had to be.

Then he realized what he was actually doing—blanketing out his mind from its desire. And he realized that all evening he had kept himself nose-close to the job in

"Sneakers."

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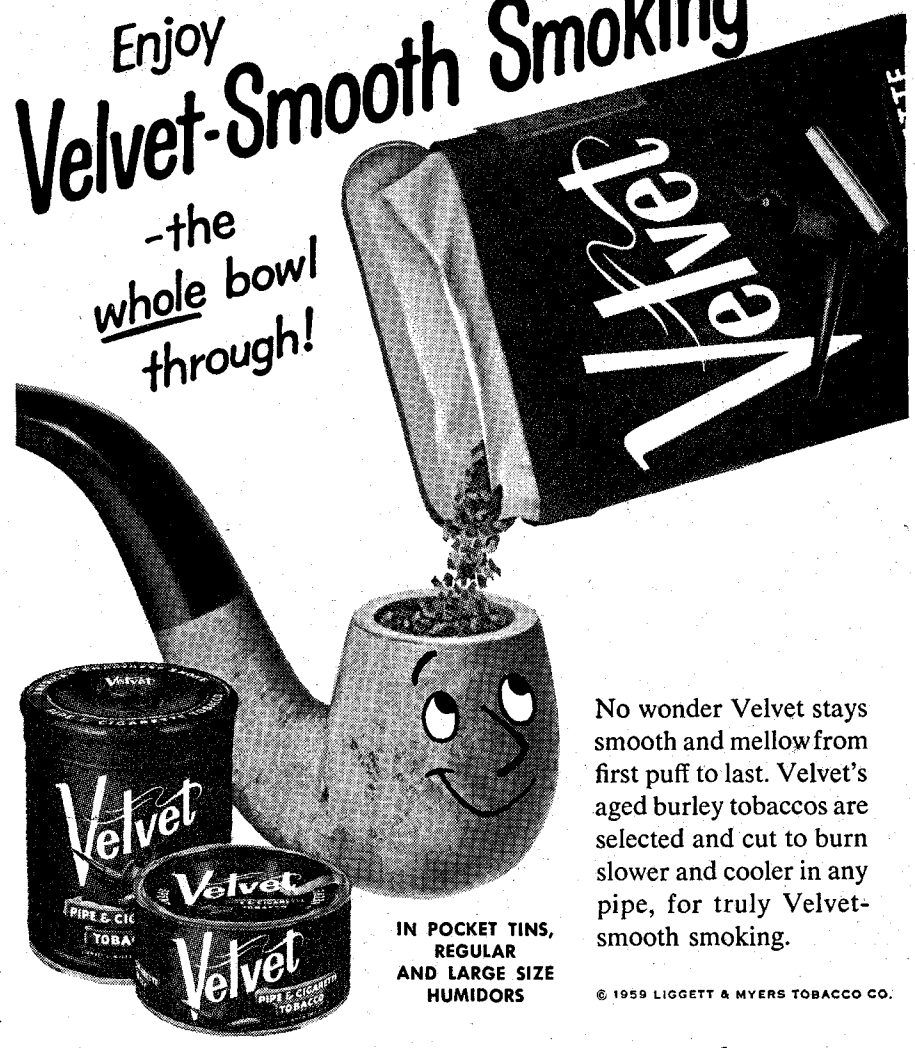

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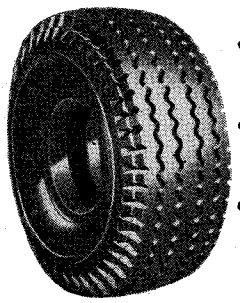

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hand like an anchorite in enforced effort to thrust 'Theena out of his consciousness. She came back to him now like the soft hand of tenderness, and he lay stark and sweating with her presence full upon him. In that moment he could not tolerate his aloneness, for the abysmal knowledge of the fundamental incompleteness of all men without women echoed in his soul. And to blazes with what happened in Guadalajara!

With the fog still down at dawn, Satterlee's detail led the horse herd down to Meiggs Wharf, and by seven o'clock they started to load the animals. To mount himself, Cohill got a carryall to take him and his horse gear up to Bustanoboys Auction Stables after noon mess, and he bought a three-year-old.

Cohill rode the animal at a close-held, skittering walk through the cluttered hill streets, schooling the horse to his own control—to Montgomery Street. He tied the animal at the hitch rail in front of Wells Fargo's Bank, and he went in. To the clerk he said, "I'm leaving town unexpectedly. I want a sight draft for my deposit of two days ago."

The clerk opened one of the board-covered account books and fingered the columns until he came to Cohill's name. "For all of it, sir? For the entire amount? That's a lot of money. In one draft did you say, sir?"

"In one draft," Cohill nodded. There was a panic shout in the street outside. Cohill turned his head to the windows and saw his horse lashing its hoofs murderously at the sidewalk crowd. "Draw the draft—I'll be back," and he ran out. He reached the animal and swung it by the bridle into the center of the narrow street. "Steady—ho! Down, boy—ho!" And because there was no other sure way, he flung himself into the saddle and gathered the mount in close hand. The horse went up on its hind legs as the shrieks of the scampering crowd tore at its sensitive ears. The beast pirouetted twice and came down braced and trembling to Cohill's hand, to Cohill's insistent voice.

Cohill saw the bank's clerk in the doorway and signaled to him. The man stepped out warily with the draft, handed it up, and Cohill stuffed it in his pocket. Then he gave the horse its head, and the beast broke full down the open street to satiate its strung nerves.

In the lower town Cohill walked the horse across the flats and through the shore gates of Meiggs Wharf. Up at the end, alongside the *Clan Cameron*, Sergeant Satterlee was waiting for him.

"Commanding officer is come aboard, sir. Inspecting the stall deck. Fog's breaking at the Gate. Ship's sailing with the evening tide, sir."

Cohill dismounted and gave Satterlee the bridle. "Load him aboard—but watch him, he can be a prima donna."

"Not no more'n the lady's trick stallion, sir. We just got him aboard."

Colonel Alshard met Cohill at the hatchhead, walked him apart, forward. He stood looking at him closely for a moment. "I'm worried about ventilation in the stable deck," he said. "You'll have to watch that closely if you strike heavy weather and they have to batten down."

"Yes, sir," Cohill said because he knew the colonel's remark was superficial and there was no answer expected to it. Then MacClendon Alshard said, "Cohill, I don't like any of this. I've had another long session with the United States marshal. Just as it was his theory that young Haight was killed to deprive your detachment of its officer, so it is his theory now that Inigo Barras was never aboard this ship; that the man listed as Docher—was actually Docher; that whatever happened, he was presented to be Barras in order to draw a red herring across that Justice Department warrant. You can't arrest a dead man—but if a wanted man is believed to be dead, the chase falls off and gives him complete freedom of operation." The colonel reached to an inner pocket and produced an envelope. "If the marshal is right, you may have Barras in your hair yet."

Cohill read:

First Lieutenant F. Cohill 2d Cav will proceed from this headquarters on temporary duty via *Clan Cameron* and Colorado River steamers in command of troops allocated and will effect the relief of the garrisons at Fort Yuma and Fort Mojave in accordance with standing orders this headquarters, attached hereto. As senior officer present on the Colorado, he will exercise all administrative duties, including court-martial jurisdiction, and will take command of all United States troops in the area until the relief is effected. This temporary duty in transit being discharged, subject officer will rejoin 2d Cav in pursuance of original orders.

"Are there any questions, Cohill?"

"No, sir."

"I want you to understand fully what it is that I am being forced to do to you, Cohill," the colonel said carefully. "I am untying you from all command, control and communication from all higher authority for an indefinite period of time—against a hostile situation of which I have very sketchy intelligence and against other conditions that are at best highly questionable." He made a slight involuntary gesture to include the ship.

"Yes, sir."

"I would not relish being placed in such a situation myself—for in a sense," Alshard said, "I am placing in your hands the nebulous will of the people of the United States. But I want you to know that I have complete personal confidence in you in doing it; and that whatever the outcome is I shall back you to the fullest, insofar as your acts adhere strictly to legality. Under no circumstances will you be justified in taking the law into your own hands—in any action not covered by the Articles of War. You will be the senior United States Army officer in a quarter of a million square miles of territory for you rank both Lieutenant Ames at Fort Mojave and Lieutenant Golightly at Fort Yuma. What your relationship will be to any declared civil authority that Senator Bentinck may impose must be left entirely in your hands to decide. Politicos have always been able to break the best of us—from Fitz-John Porter even eventually to poor old Grant. That's the price of serving a republic. So however close you are forced to whittle it, go by the book. For if you do," Alshard smiled wanly, "we have a chance of saving you if it comes to court-martial—and it very well may!"

"I think I understand you fully, sir."

Colonel Alshard removed his right glove slowly and he held out his hand. "Good luck to you, Flint."

"Thank you, sir, for that."

With the bay swept clear of fog, the *Amos Orr* across the wharf from the *Clan Cameron* was already casting off her lines as Colonel Alshard went down the *Clan's* gangplank. With her headsails bellying lazily in the offshore breeze, the *Orr's* bow swung out slowly. Cohill walked toward the after gangplank of the *Clan* and stood against the rail, with one elbow on it, a sense of deep loneliness full upon him.

Old Captain Houget, his coat turned high to his ears, took the quarter-deck a moment or two later, his voice trumpet crooked under arm, standing spare and white against the evening sky. The duty quartermaster came aft and stood by the wheel. "Single up," Houget called. Then he bellowed forward for his headsails—and a moment later, "Cast off fore and aft!" Cohill sank his hand in his pocket for his pipe. His gloved fingers crinkled paper. The Wells Fargo sight draft for his $2057 of back pay and allowances. He took the draft out, smoothed it and, in the fading light, drew out his pocketbook to fold the draft away for safekeeping. He checked the figure. The draft read for $52,057. His lips pursed at thought of the completely paralyzed reaction of the clerk when he discovered his mistake. In the excitement of the horse incident, he must have drawn the draft's face figure from an account column in the ledger adjacent to Cohill's modest balance—and the man would sweat for months now in fear and trepidation until his mistake could be rectified. Then every nerve in Cohill's body pulled taut, for it was not the clerk's mistake. "*That's a lot of money. In one draft did you say, sir?*" The money had been in his account, and the books would show it just as the sight draft showed his acceptance of it. Bought and paid for, much more neatly than by a knife in the ribs. There could be no other explanation.

The *Clan* was swinging slowly out. Her tightened headsails took the sharp bite of the freshening wind, and the ship stood sluggishly off on the tide on a slow beat toward the upper end of Alcatraz. As the vessel turned stern to the head of Meiggs Wharf, a soft thump of air seemed to strike the ship and ease it on its way; then the full throat of the Presidio's retreat gun echoed across the ship to the opposite shores of the bay. Looking back toward Fort Point, Cohill saw the colors ease down the staff slowly. In that moment he also saw 'Theena. She was standing just within the after end of the starboard gangway by her open cabin door staring at him, the wind in her skirts and hair. Then she stepped into her cabin at once, and the closing door left the passage empty again.

TO BE CONTINUED

... ...

Lady With a Tomahawk

By Ethel Jacobson

These are Indian Summer days
And I feel like a wild young Sioux,
And I want to put my war paint on
And go whooping after you.

I'll wear my brightest feathers and shells
And my beaded buckskin suit.
You'll never know what hit you
When I aim my bow and shoot!

And soon these ancient hunting grounds
Will hear my silvery laughter,
For these are Indian Summer days
And your scalp is what I'm after!

... ...

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The year-old Brownlee power dam on the Snake River between Idaho and Oregon, built by the local independent electric company, the Idaho Power Company. The project embraces the Oxbow dam and the Hells Canyon dam down river from Brownlee.

How to save taxpayers a half-billion dollars

This big electric power dam offers a clear example of the difference between federal government electricity and electricity developed by independent electric light and power companies.

Brownlee dam is *saving* money for you and other U.S. taxpayers, because it was built by an independent power company instead of by the federal government. Brownlee and its two companion dams, in fact, will pay about $150,000,000 in federal taxes over a 25-year period, *plus* about $100,000,000 in taxes to states and local communities.

But this power project *almost* cost taxpayers a half-billion dollars because of the pressure groups that constantly promote federal government electricity. They tried for eight years to make the government build this project with a half-billion dollars of taxpayers' money.

This time, every taxpayer in the country got a break because the independent company built the dam. But sometimes the pressure groups win, and you and everybody else pay hidden taxes for their victory.

Remember this difference the next time you hear somebody beating the drums for more federal government power systems. When they win—*you* lose.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

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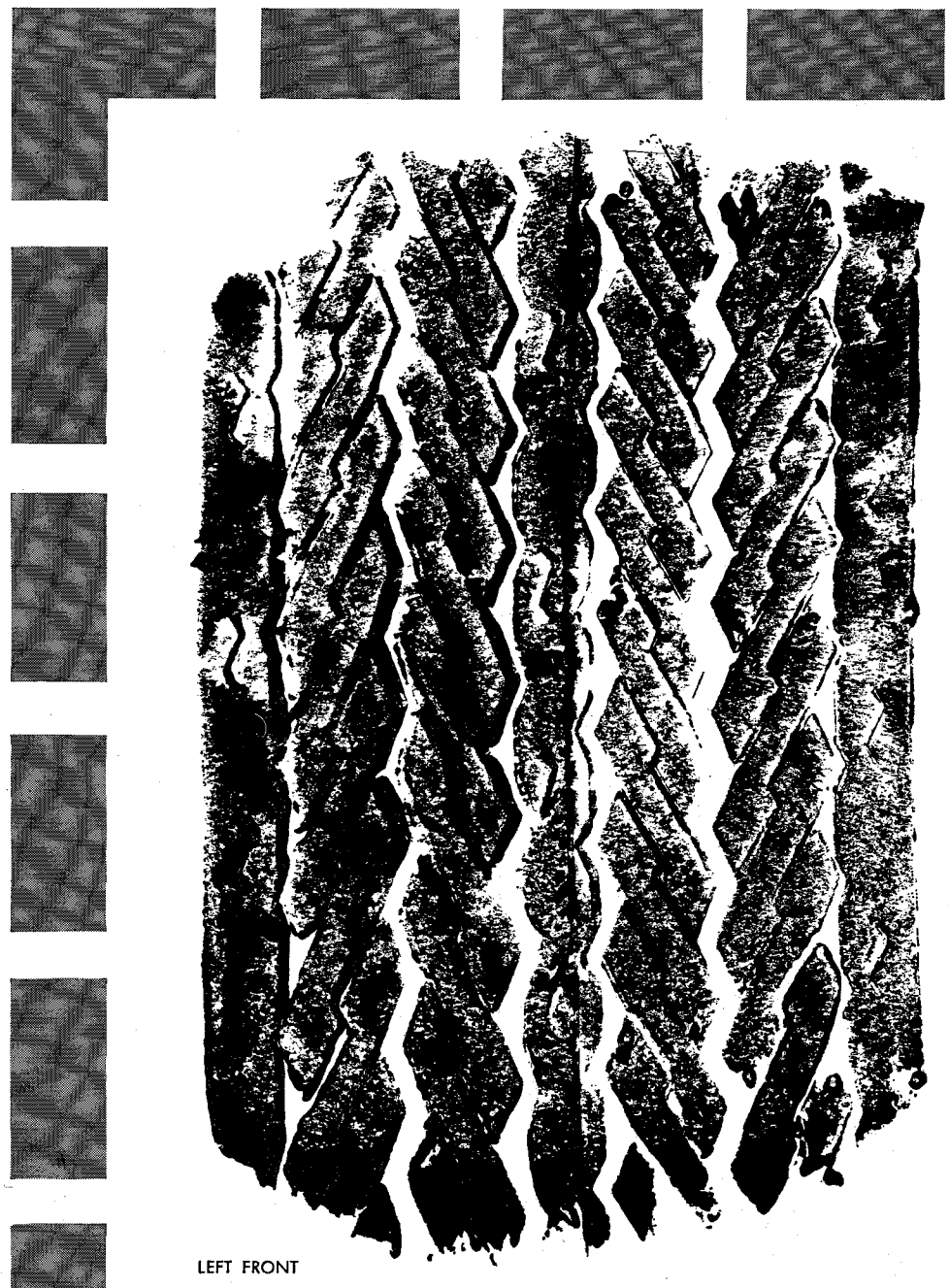

LEFT FRONT

LEFT REAR

18 inches

Safety's small

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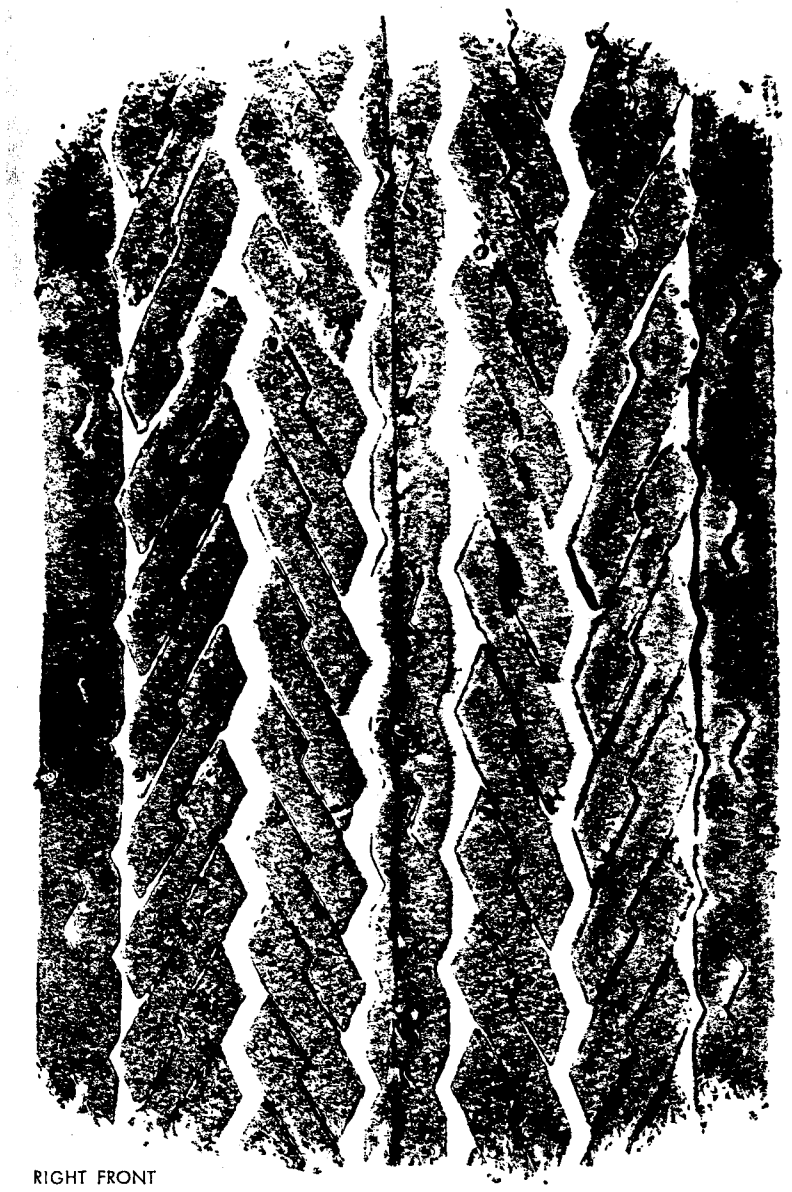

RIGHT FRONT

RIGHT REAR

7 inches

Actual prints of four Firestone 7.50 x 14 tires inflated to recommended 30 lbs. for highway cruising.

"footprints"

These prints were made by inking the tires of an ordinary passenger car and then lowering the car's full weight onto sheets of paper. It was done to dramatize the fact that your safety, your comfort and your total car investment ride the road on little more area than is covered by your own two feet. Obviously, then, you have real reason to be concerned about the *strength* of your tires.

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We know Tyrex's superiority because, as a major world supplier of chemical cellulose (nature's basic material from which Tyrex tire cord is made) we played a substantial role in its development. May we suggest you do as the professional auto makers do — specify Tyrex when you buy tires.

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The Myths About the Oakes Murder

(Continued from Page 21)

his vast island properties; through Sir Harry, Christie made a fortune. As his client's house guest on the night of the murder, Christie was the last person known to have seen him alive, and the first person to have seen him dead.

Yet, as Stevenson later conceded when pressed, no new evidence exists to connect Christie or anybody else with the murder. Stevenson has none. Detective Schindler had none. Unless the murderer confesses, it is unlikely, after sixteen years, that he will ever be caught. What, then, emboldened the P.L.P. to raise the issue?

On the highway between Windsor Field Airport and Nassau stands a white stone shaft bearing the epitaph: IN MEMORY OF SIR HARRY OAKES, BT. 1874–1943. A GREAT FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR OF THE BAHAMAS. To that sentiment the common people of the islands subscribe. They have never forgotten the work and the wages Sir Harry provided during lean years. The Bay Streeters, too, have cause for gratitude: the gigantic Oakes enterprises—the land reclamation, the new roads, the bus system, the Bahamas Airways—started the colony towards its present prosperity, with beach lots once worth a few hundred dollars now selling for thousands. Thus a good many working-class voters would tend to support any party that promised to avenge their murdered benefactor.

They have never forgotten either how officials grossly bungled the original investigation, how evidence disappeared and the most elementary safeguards were neglected, and how a crucial clue implicating Freddy de Marigny turned out to be spurious. Immediately after de Marigny's acquittal, when competent investigators might still have managed to crack the case, when both Scotland Yard and the FBI, if asked, would have lent a hand, the Bahamian government made no further move. As a result, the belief persists that whoever killed Sir Harry was, and still is, powerful enough to stifle inquiry—a belief to which Stevenson and Schindler have given wider currency. Shortly before he died Schindler cautioned a reporter bound for Nassau, "Better watch yourself."

Anybody dropping dead in the Bahamas from causes not immediately apparent, rumor is apt to link to the Oakes mystery: he stumbled on dangerous information, and so, as the native euphemism goes, "dey put 'im down." Shortly after the murder of Sir Harry, the body of a night watchman he employed was found in a fishing boat anchored off Lyford Cay. More recently, another former Oakes' employee turned up dead in Nassau. Both men were elderly and in failing health. Autopsies uncovered no signs of foul play. But Stevenson insists, "They were murdered because they knew too much."

On April 8, 1950, two young American women, Betty Renner and Alice MacDonald, journeyed to Nassau together for a short vacation, and shared a room at Loft House, a modest hotel near the center of town. Miss Renner, a tall, handsome blonde of thirty-eight, was a lawyer associated with a Washington, D.C., firm. Previously she had served as an assistant prosecutor in the Japanese war-crimes trials, then as a Department of Justice attorney. Owing to this background, it was inevitable that what happened to her would enrich the Oakes mythology.

Early in the morning of April seventeenth she set out alone from Loft House, wearing red slacks and a halter, to tour the island by bicycle. Around noon a gas-station attendant noticed her cycling towards a desolate pine barren. She was then accompanied by a "very dark, respectable-looking, hotel-waiter type," evidently acting as a guide. This man never reappeared. Next evening some Negro field hands went into the pine barren to draw water from a rain-filled pothole. At the bottom of the hole lay Betty Renner's body, the head bruised and cut. Her red slacks had been ripped off, suggesting attempted rape. Murder by a person or persons unknown was the coroner's verdict. The person or persons are still unknown.

Although Betty Renner's family, her employers and her close friend, Alice MacDonald, all testified that her only purpose in Nassau was touristic, the fiction, repeated as fact in newspaper and magazine accounts and in the polemics of the Progressive Liberals, survives that she went there to investigate the Oakes murder. A Washington newspaper editor, according to the version propagated by Schindler, assigned her to that mission. Schindler even claimed to have talked to the editor. "She was warned," said the famous detective in a radio broadcast a few months ago, his last public utterance. "She wrote her family and her newspaper in Washington, told them of the threats. They begged her to get out." No such letters, no such newspaper, no such editor exist.

In 1951 the then governor of the Bahamas, Sir George Sandford, succumbed to a coronary thrombosis the morning after a cocktail party. The Nassau grapevine promptly transmitted a different story: the canapés His Excellency ate were poisoned. The motive? He planned to reopen the Oakes case.

Yet, stripped of all such apocrypha, the fact remains that over the entire proceedings before and after de Marigny's trial there hung a distinct odor of corruption. In this fact lies the sting of Stevenson's sniping at the Bay Street Pirates.

Sir Harry Oakes was, to borrow a term from a British criminologist, a natural "murderee." Autocratic, ruthless, bull-tempered, yet capable of dazzling generosity, he left behind, in his roughshod ride from penury to wealth, a formidable array of enemies. His birthplace was Sangerville, Maine; his father a surveyor. Stocky and big-boned, with arms and legs like steel cables, he earned part of his tuition at Bowdoin College playing semi-pro baseball. Bowdoin later awarded Oakes an honorary doctorate in recognition of his commercial and industrial achievements. For four years after graduation he endured the monotony of a clerical job in a New York pulp-paper plant. He quit upon reading the news in 1896 of the Klondike gold rush, sank every cent he could scrape together in prospecting tools and headed north.

For the next two years Oakes roamed the glacial Alaskan wilds. But of gold he failed to find a nugget. Then came word of another strike in the Philippines, and he worked his way there as a galley cook aboard a freighter. He arrived too late to stake a claim. Now consumed by gold fever, he searched far afield—New Zealand, Australia, West Africa, back to America and Death Valley. At the age of thirty-seven, after thirteen years of frustration, he was riding a train across northern Ontario toward Kirkland Lake where, so he had heard, gold abounded. The conductor, as Oakes told the story later, obligingly made an unscheduled stop and deposited him near the lake at a trading village named Swastika. However, the legend persists that the conductor threw Oakes off the train because he was too broke to pay the full fare.

In Swastika a Chinese restaurant owner, one Charley Lee, befriended the rugged stranger and invested in his first claim. The adjacent claim was being worked by two brothers with the auspicious name of Tough, and the three men joined forces. At their first digging they hit pay dirt.

The lode was rich, but not rich enough to quench Oakes' passion. Determined to bring in a record bonanza, he dissolved the partnership, retaining $300,000 as his share, and staked a new claim. Later famous the world over as the Lake Shore Mine, it yielded him more than $200,000,000, the largest personal fortune in Canada.

With his first profits Oakes squared two debts in characteristic Oakes fashion. To the train conductor who had let him out in that remote Eldorado, he made a handsome gift. Next, he asked Charley Lee what he craved most in the world. A movie theater, said Lee. So Oakes gave him a plot of land on which to build one.

In 1923 on a steamship between Australia and Africa, Oakes met a pretty, blue-eyed girl named Eunice Myrtle McIntyre, the daughter of an Australian civil servant. They were married the same year and moved into a mansion at the site of Lake Shore Mines, Ltd., known as the Chateau. Not long after, Oakes bought his bride a second, many-chambered residence, costing $500,000, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls.

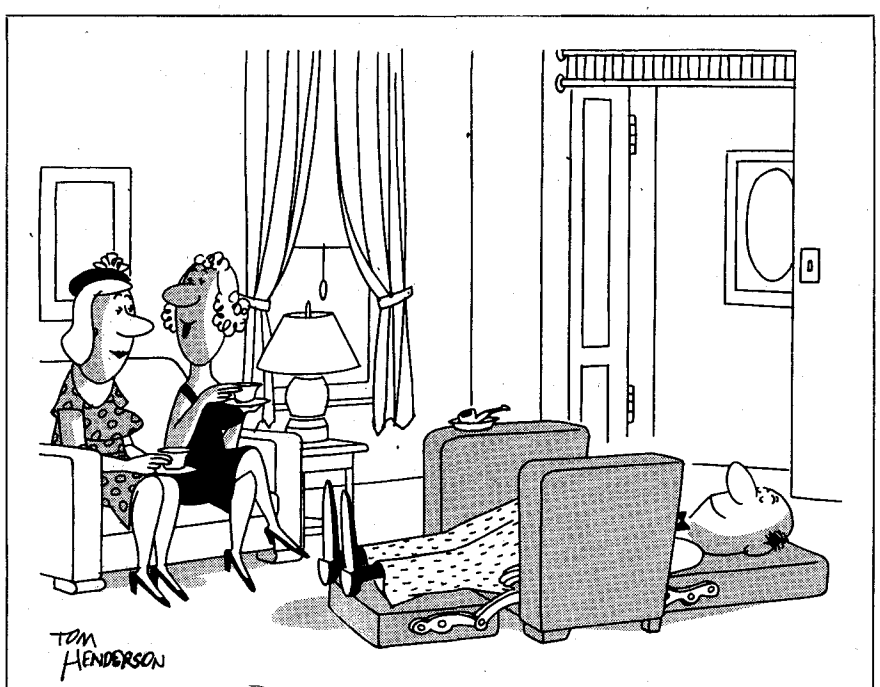
Scandalmongers to the contrary, people who knew Oakes well describe him as an exemplar of marital fidelity. The point is relevant because it shakes the theory that an amatory adventure led to his murder. "The idea of Oakes' chasing women," says de Marigny, who bore his father-in-law no love, "is almost blasphemous. In matters of sex the old boy was positively puritanical. Why, that's the very thing we were always scrapping about—what he considered my loose morals."

Oakes became a Canadian citizen, but he spent most of his time outside the Dominion. He acquired a town house in London, a country estate in Sussex, a shooting box in Scotland, seasonal retreats in Bar Harbor and Palm Beach, and eventually three different Bahamian residences. Of his island properties his favorite remained "Westbourne"—a fifteen-room beachside villa formerly occupied by the celebrated American actress, Maxine Elliott. The price was around $250,000. At Westbourne Oakes put up the Duke and Duchess of Windsor while their quarters in Government House were being refurbished.

For Oakes' philanthropies, among them a donation of $400,000 to London's St. George's Hospital, the king conferred upon him a hereditary baronetcy. But Sir Harry, the multimillionaire nobleman, retained the manner of Harry, the horny-handed prospector. Though he moved at the loftiest levels of international society, his language lost none of its hair-raising profanity. He liked to wear miner's boots and a floppy, broad-brimmed hat. Thus garbed, he once took a party to Nassau's posh British Colonial Hotel for dinner, and demanded a table by a window. All the window tables, the headwaiter informed him, were reserved, and in any event decorum required more formal attire. Sir Harry departed in a sulphurous fury. A few nights later he confronted the headwaiter again. "Now then," said he, "I'll take that table. And you're fired. I own the place." He did, too, having looked up the New York corporation operating it, and bought it over the telephone for $1,000,000.

What originally attracted Oakes to the Bahamas, as it has many another inventor plagued by the problems of capital gains, was the tax rate—nothing on income and only a trifling levy on improved property. Harold Christie, the ubiquitous realtor, welcomed the newcomer with open arms. A man after Oakes' heart, bluff, hard-bitten, and combative, he became his boon companion as well as business agent. Lady Oakes still speaks of him as a member of the family.

Since the early eighteenth century, when the Bahamas were constituted a self-governing colony—self-governing to the extent that though the Crown appoints the executive officers, the colonists enact their own laws—the islands had enjoyed three major waves of prosperity, all of them involving dark dealings. At the outset they served as a base of operations for pirates like Edward (Blackbeard) Teach. The first royal governor had Teach shot, and adopted as the colony's motto: *Expulsis Piratis Restituta Commercia* (Pirates Expelled, Commerce Restored). During the Civil War the Bahamians ran the Union blockade with arms for the South. During Prohibition it was rumrunning. When Oakes settled in Nassau the Bay Streeters were beginning to develop a real-estate-and-tourism industry in a spirit which, according to their detractors, smacked of piracy. To this (*Continued on Page 84*)



"The minute he gets in that chair he's completely relaxed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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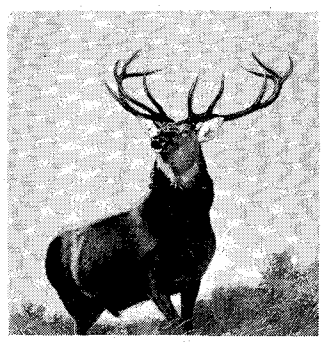

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(*Continued from Page 82*) economic resurgence the Oakes-Christie operations gave a mighty impetus. Both men won seats in the Assembly. That body reached few decisions without their support.

Every two years, during the first ten years of marriage, Lady Eunice had borne Sir Harry a child—a total of three boys and two girls. The first-born, Nancy, demure, frail and auburn-haired, remained her father's favorite. Only a paragon of virtue could have hoped to earn Sir Harry's approval as a suitor for her hand. The man Nancy fell in love with at the age of seventeen scarcely qualified. A native of Mauritius, a British island in the Indian Ocean, originally French and still French-speaking, Count de Marigny was a lean, dark, athletic adventurer whom women seemed powerless to resist. No standard *Who's Who* of nobility lists the title. He says that his French mother, whose maiden name he took, inherited it. Fifteen years older than Nancy Oakes, he had been married twice, both times to heiresses. His first wife was a Parisian named Lucie-Alice Cahen. After four months she decided to divorce him, according to Lucie because he neglected her, according to de Marigny because she preferred his equally dashing friend and fellow Mauritian, Marquis Georges de Visdelou-Guimbeau. But first all three crossed the Atlantic together aboard the *Normandie*.

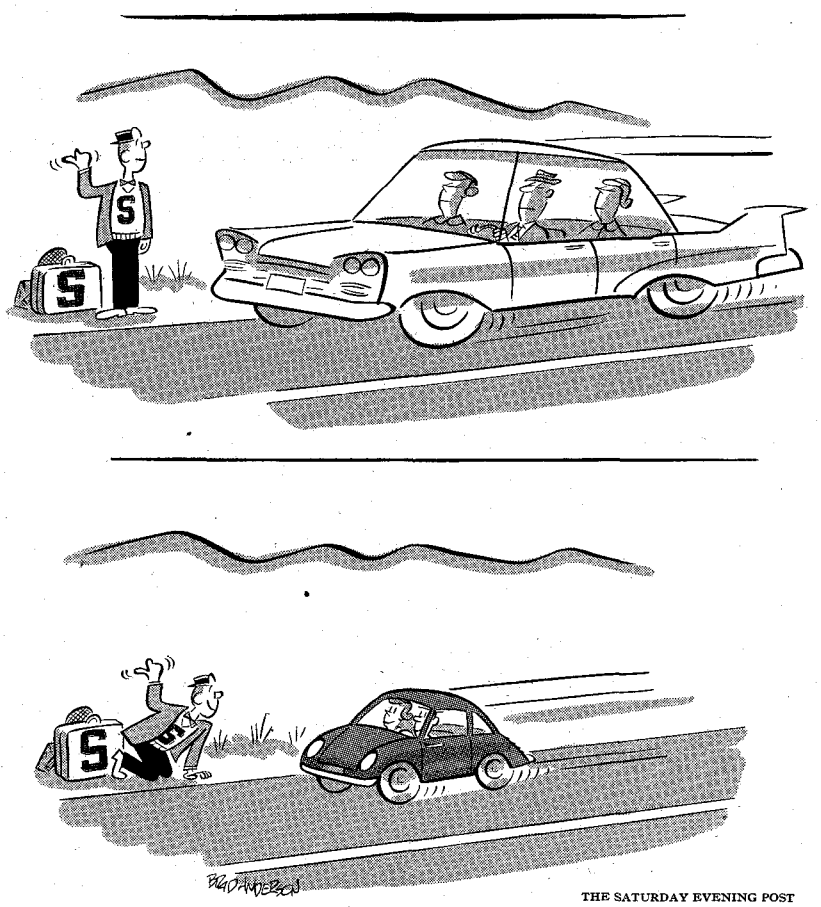
"What a trip it was!" de Marigny airily recalled in his memoirs, entitled *More Devil Than Saint*. "I had been reading a play called *Design for Living* [by Noel Coward, about a husband, wife, and lover living under the same roof] and, having got over the first shock of the breakup of my marriage, found the parallel most amusing."

Not long after, Mrs. Ruth Fahnestock Schermerhorn, the wife of a New York broker, got a divorce and married de Marigny. In the Bahamas, where they bought an apartment and later a beach house, Freddy's Gallic charm devastated the women, his prowess at sports impressed the men. The Star Class yacht in which he won enough cups to salt a silver mine, he christened the *Concubine*. His amusing friend, Georges de Visdelou-Guimbeau, turned up, and life resumed *à trois*. The marriage collapsed in 1940. At the time Nancy Oakes succumbed to de Marigny, his second wife was trying to recover from him $125,000 she claimed to have given him, but she never filed suit.

Horrendous to behold was Sir Harry's wrath when, a few days before her eighteenth birthday, Nancy decamped with Freddy and, following a jaunt to California lightly chaperoned by a friend of her own age, married him. Yet Sir Harry did not, as he threatened, cut her off without a cent. She still stood to inherit almost $2,000,000. When she became pregnant, miscarried, and fell seriously ill, Sir Harry reconciled himself to the marriage. The runaways returned to Nassau, and peace prevailed—briefly. "Fortune hunter," "gigolo," "sex maniac" were among the milder invectives Sir Harry hurled at his son-in-law. Freddy told Sir Harry he must be drunk or insane. By the summer of 1943 they were neither speaking nor seeing each other. The newlyweds moved into a cottage five miles from Westbourne. Friend Georges moved in too. For a time Freddy dabbled in real estate and chicken farming.

On July 7, 1943, the eve of his departure for Bar Harbor, where Lady Oakes and all five children were spending the hot months, Sir Harry gave a small farewell dinner party at Westbourne. His guests included Christie, then a bachelor, whom he urged to stay the night, and two other prominent Nassauvians, Charles Hubbard and Mrs. Dulcibel Effie Henneage. After dinner they played Chinese checkers. As usual Oakes won. The party broke up around eleven. Oakes and Christie chatted awhile, drank a nightcap and retired—Oakes to a master bedroom on the second floor, Christie to a guest room eighteen feet away, separated by a bathroom and dressing room. All four rooms connected. The two bedrooms also opened on a wide balcony where Oakes customarily breakfasted. The servants, who slept out, had left. Few Bahamians bother to lock their doors or windows. During the night a storm blew up.

A somewhat gayer party enlivened the de Marigny cottage. Freddy, who had not accompanied Nancy to Maine, and Georges entertained some young guests at dinner. The war, then in its fourth year,



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had failed to dampen the playboys' high spirits. Among the merrymakers were the wives of two R.A.F. officers absent on active duty, and Betty Roberts, a movie-theater cashier. Shortly after one A.M. Freddy drove the officers' wives to their quarters, a stone's throw from Westbourne. When he got back to the cottage, he found Georges and Betty Roberts dozing in an upstairs room. Georges presently drove her home.

At seven o'clock in the morning Christie stepped out on the balcony and called to Sir Harry. Getting no reply, he went into the master bedroom. Sir Harry was sprawled diagonally across the bed, dried blood trailing from wounds by his left ear. Blood drenched the sheets. The bed had been set afire, and the mattress still smoldered. The air reeked of fuel oil. But evidently an electric fan that was still blowing near the bed had extinguished the blaze. The body was charred, the genitals badly burned and feathers covered part of the chest and torso. It is in these bizarre details that some historians of the crime profess to see the vengeful hand of a practitioner of black magic. More likely the murderer meant simply to obliterate all clues by fire; the flames burned through the pillows, releasing the feathers, and the fan scattered them over the body.

Twice during the night, Christie was to testify in court, he awakened—first when mosquitoes bit him, then when the storm broke. Yet, to the court's puzzlement, he denied hearing any unusual sounds from Sir Harry's room or smelling smoke, even though he slept only eighteen feet away with the windows open and never left the premises. But did Christie really sleep at Westbourne that night? One witness who doubted it was Capt. Edward Sears, assistant superintendent of police. Sears testified that he happened to be driving through town after midnight, driving slowly and under bright street lights, when he recognized Christie behind the wheel of his station wagon. Why then did Christie conceal a fact that would have averted suspicion from himself? The reason, as he has since admitted privately, was to protect the reputation of a married woman with whom he spent the night, not returning to Westbourne until shortly before he found Sir Harry's body.

Within half an hour of the discovery the Oakes' family physician, Dr. Hugh Arnley Quackenbush, arrived, followed by the commissioner of police, Lt. Col. R. A. Erskine-Lindop, and the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, Maj. Herbert Pemberton. The wounds, four of them close together, the doctor saw to be deep and rectangular in shape, such as a steel bar wielded by a powerful assailant might inflict; the skull had been fractured. The weapon was never established. Quackenbush placed the time of death at between 2:30 and five A.M. Next morning, after performing an autopsy, the chief medical officer of the Bahamas brought the time nearer to one-thirty—when de Marigny was in the vicinity of Westbourne.

What looked like hand prints, bloody and smoke-smudged, spread along the north wall of the bedroom, the hallway outside and the stair railing. But the surfaces were still too damp from the night's storm to raise prints, and the commissioner made a mental note to attempt this when they dried.

Almost three hours elapsed before Government House received a report of the murder. Under the Duke of Windsor's guidance the investigation then took off in a cloud of confusion from which it never entirely emerged. The duke chose to entrust it not to the local police, not even to Scotland Yard, but to a Miami cop, Capt. Edward Melchen, who had acted as his bodyguard during his visits to that city. Melchen now headed the Miami Homicide Bureau. The duke tried to telephone him and got a wrong number. When finally connected with Melchen, he told him Sir Harry Oakes had committed suicide.

Because of this inexplicable misdirection, Melchen failed to pack the appropriate technical equipment. With him, by the noon plane, went Capt. James Otto Barker, supervisor of the criminal laboratories, who carried a small fingerprint-dusting kit, but no fingerprint camera. An injury sustained in a motorcycle crack-up had left Barker with a spinal curvature and a shortened leg, a misfortune that caused him to become a drug addict. His treatment of prisoners was sometimes overaggressive, and his methods of seeking evidence unorthodox.

A glance at the corpse sufficed to convince the Miami detectives that Sir Harry could not possibly have killed himself, and with the unhappy co-operation of the superseded Bahamas police they set to work. The Duke of Windsor, meanwhile, put an embargo on all news emanating from Nassau, thus giving rise to frantic speculation throughout the world press.

The fire in Sir Harry's room, Melchen and Barker theorized, might have singed the murderer's hair. Accordingly they subjected Christie to a microscopic examination. It proved negative. They then turned their attention to de Marigny, whose quarrels with his father-in-law were common knowledge. At Col. Erskine-Lindop's instructions he had already been summoned to Westbourne and was awaiting interrogation downstairs. (*Continued on Page 88*)

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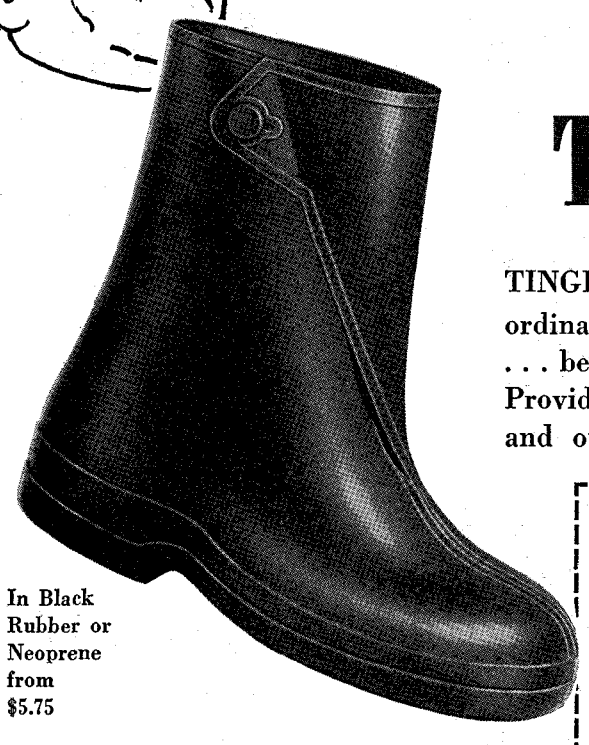

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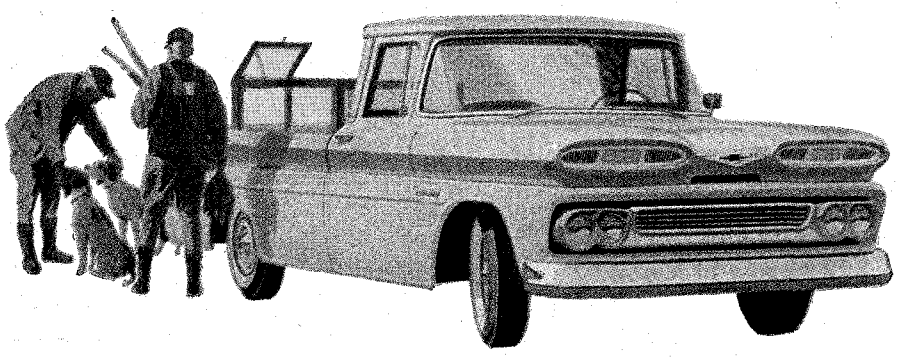

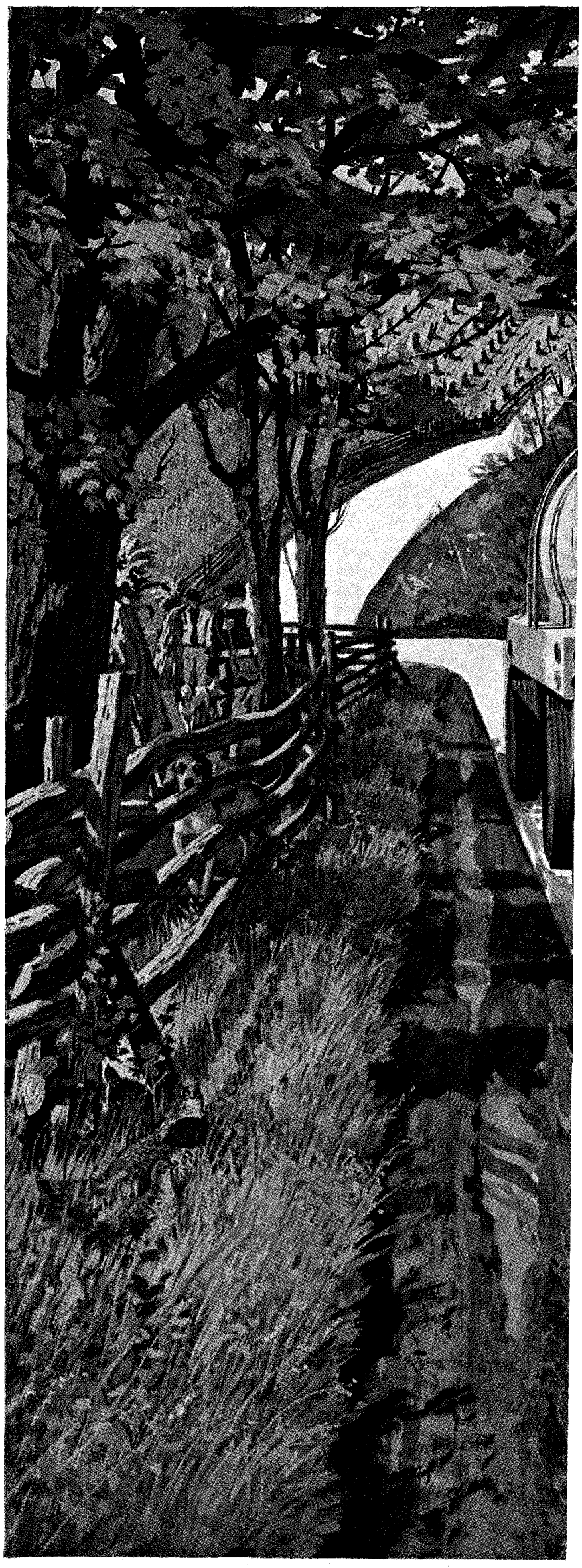

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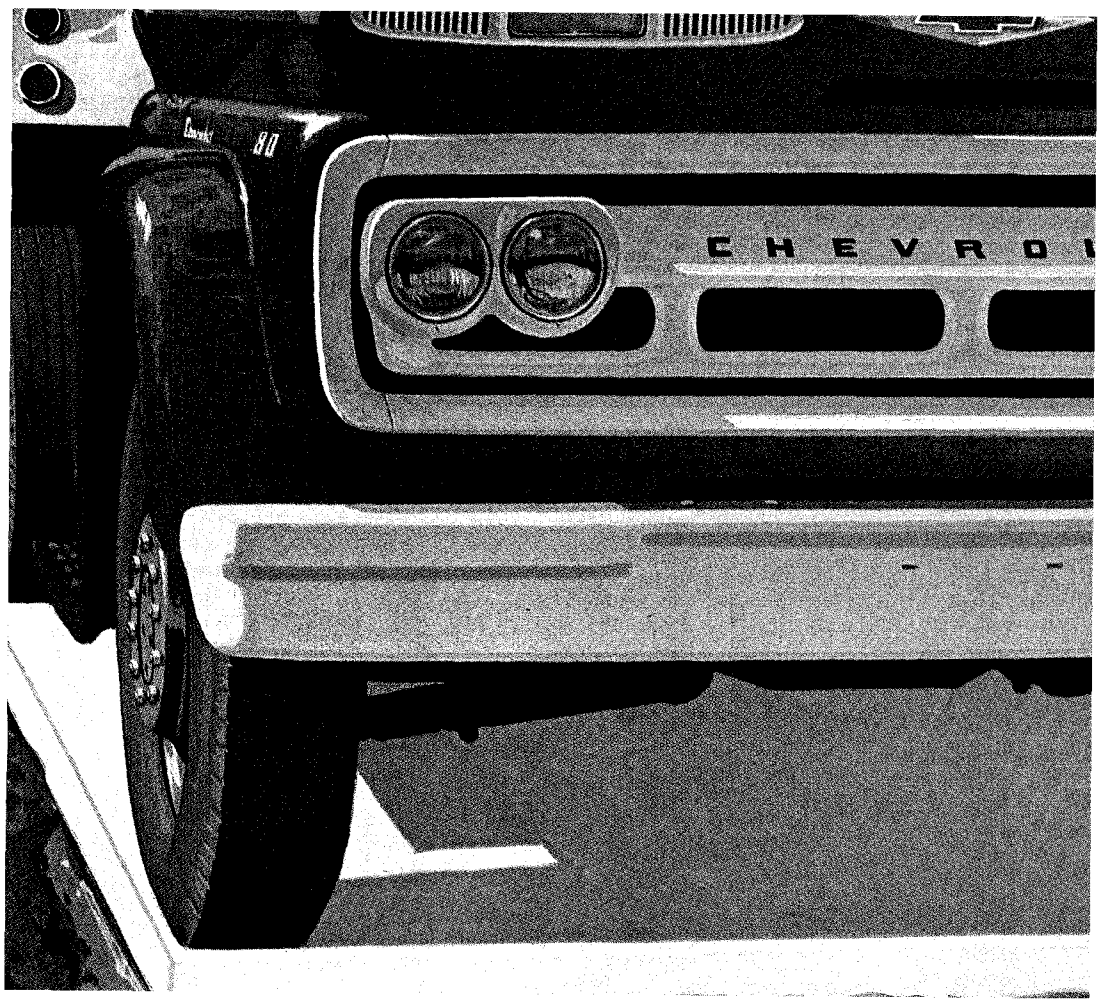

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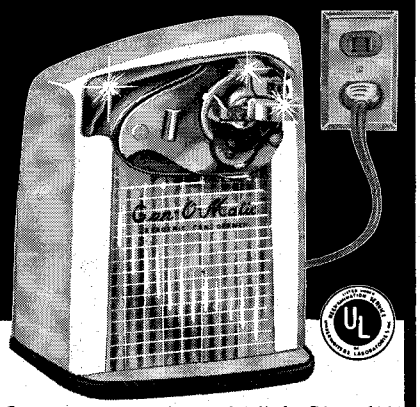

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(*Continued from Page 85*) De Marigny's behavior the day after the murder did nothing to allay suspicion. At 7:30 A.M he burst into the Central Police Station—"His eyes were wild and his lips protruding," the constable on duty remembered—to inquire about a license for his farm pickup. But the constable got the impression that some curiosity more pressing had brought him to the station so early in the morning. He hung around expectantly for a while.

A police lieutenant by the name of Douglas testified that later in the day, after being apprised of the murder, de Marigny remarked, "That guy, Sir Harry, the old bastard, should have been killed anyhow." The questions he then plied Douglas with struck the officer as peculiar. "Can they convict you of murder if they don't find the weapon?" Did de Marigny know, at that point, Douglas wondered, that the weapon was missing and, if so, how? "Can they convict you just on circumstantial evidence?"

He was then sporting a mustache and full beard. When Barker examined him, he detected burnt hairs in both as well as in his eyebrows and among the hairs of his head. De Marigny offered four different alibis: he had singed them lighting a cigar, lighting candles for his party guests, scalding chickens; a barber singed them while trimming his beard. Freddy and Georges, the police shortly learned, had obtained four drums of gasoline from R.A.F. supplies, and the morning following the murder de Marigny got a colored truck driver to haul them away. The two friends were later fined £100 each for violating the wartime-gas-rationing regulations; the sentencing magistrate intimated that they filched the drums. Asked to show the police the clothes he wore the night Sir Harry died, de Marigny produced shoes and a suit, but could not find the shirt or necktie.

The deadliest clue was a fingerprint. A screen stood beside the murdered man's bed. De Marigny swore he had not set foot inside Westbourne for almost three years. But Barker claimed to have lifted from the top panel of the screen, with transparent adhesive tape, a print of de Marigny's No. 5 right digit, among some seventy unidentifiable ones.

Evidently the police, the attorney general's office, and Sir Harry's Bay Street cronies had already settled on de Marigny, that upstart foreigner with his Bohemian ways, as the guilty man, for they discarded all other possibilities. The smoke-smudged, bloody marks on the upper floor of Westbourne were washed off without being analyzed. At the request of Lady Oakes, Sir Harry's body was put aboard a chartered plane for Bar Harbor. It had been aloft an hour when the police realized that the photographs made of the body were inadequate, and by radiotelephone they ordered the pilot to turn back. The only police official beside Barker who closely scrutinized the fingerprint, was Erskine-Lindop. But he never testified. Before the trial he was transferred to Trinidad. As for the Duke of Windsor, he absented himself during the trial, returning afterward to announce his intention of appointing a committee to reorganize the Bahamas' police force and introduce modern methods of crime detection.

There was one person, however, who believed de Marigny innocent—his wife. She retained as defense counsel two of the ablest members of the Bahamas Bar, Godfrey Higgs and William Callender, and to assist them, Raymond Schindler. For a woman of Nancy de Marigny's social orientation the choice of Schindler was inevitable. His showmanship, his knack of appearing in the right places at the right times, his natural bonhomie, endeared him to the rich, the fashionable and the celebrated. He was the Rolls-Royce of private detectives.

Schindler arrived in Nassau amid a fanfare of publicity, and shortly assembled a criminological team that included Capt. Maurice B. O'Neill, chief of the New Orleans Bureau of Identification, and Prof. Leonarde B. Keeler, fingerprint expert and inventor of the Keeler Polygraph, a type of lie detector. Their combined fees ran to $600 a day for almost three months.

The trial, lasting twenty-two days, opened before the chief justice of the Bahamas, Sir Oscar B. Daly, and an all-white jury. The attorney general, Eric Hallinan, was assisted by a brilliant Negro Cambridge University LL.D., Albert Francis Adderley. Until the twelfth day nobody in the courtroom, including the defendant, would have taken any odds that he could escape the gallows. Then Melchen mounted the witness stand, followed by Barker.

Higgs demolished their credibility. Barker, he elicited, lifted the print on July ninth, but said nothing about it for ten days. Why? Because, replied Barker, he didn't realize until then what he had. Lifting a fingerprint with adhesive tape, Higgs then established, was a highly unorthodox procedure, one for which he himself could find no precedent in criminological practice. The approved method was to raise the print by powdering it, photograph it without disturbing it and introduce the object bearing it in evidence. Barker protested that he had left Miami too quickly to bring the special camera required. Could he not, Justice Daly interposed, have telephoned for it to be flown after him? Yes, Barker supposed he could have, but he didn't.

The screen, moreover, had a wavy pattern—and this was the Schindler team's chief contribution to the defense—that should have appeared on the "lift." Instead the adhesive tape showed circles. These could have come from a drinking glass or other object de Marigny touched after his arrest.

"I suggest," said Higgs at length, "that you and Captain Melchen deliberately planned to get the accused alone in order to get his fingerprint. And I suggest that in your desire for personal gain and notoriety you have swept away the truth and substituted fabricated evidence."

"I emphatically deny that," said the hapless witness.

Nine of the twelve jurors believed Higgs, and voted to acquit his client. To their verdict, however, they appended a recommendation reflecting their moral disapproval of Freddy and Georges. Both, they declared, should be deported. In this they exceeded their authority. The government nevertheless acted on the recommendation. Georges flew to Haiti. Freddy and Nancy chartered a yacht and sailed to Cuba.

But first the de Marignys attended a victory celebration staged by their gayest friends. At the height of the festivities Professor Keeler hauled out his lie detector apparatus—under British law inadmissible as a method of procuring evidence—and Freddy insisted on taking the test for all to witness. The professor pronounced Freddy's reactions to be those of an innocent man, such as no guilty man could simulate.

As to who committed the murder if de Marigny didn't, Bahamian officialdom seemed to evince little interest. Schindler wrote to the Duke of Windsor:

It is my considered opinion that the murderer of Sir Harry Oakes can be brought to justice. During the incarceration and trial of Alfred de Marigny no adequate investigation was possible. Statements which failed to point toward the defendant were ignored. It goes without saying that I and my associate, Leonarde Keeler, would welcome an opportunity to work on the case. We would be willing to offer our services without compensation.

His royal highness curtly rejected the offer. The rebuff rankled, and to Schindler's dying day, in interviews, lectures, and broadcasts, he heaped opprobrium upon the island authorities and the Bay Street Pirates, especially Christie, though he never publicly identified him by name. Certain aspects of the case, already damning to the original investigators, he embroidered, and so the Oakes myth grew.

"It was some hours after the body was found," he recounted on a Canadian Broadcasting Company TV show last spring, "that the police were finally called in." Actually, half an hour elapsed.

"There was a loaded revolver on Oakes' bureau. Nassau (*Continued on Page 90*)

What's Going On Here?

A soldier in a gaudy uniform, descending a flight of hotel stairs, is about to become the first Civil War winner of the treasured Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's highest award for valor. He receives the medal for killing a civilian. Who is the soldier, and what are the circumstances?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answers on Page 90*)

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(*Continued from Page 88*) police disposed of the weapon on the grounds that Oakes hadn't been shot, and it would only confuse the issue." If so, only Schindler knew of it. De Marigny's lawyers never mentioned it during the trial.

"I knew then, as I know now, that there was one man in the Bahamas who wanted Oakes out of the way, and that this man could be exposed, proven guilty and punished. He is the real power in the Bahamas. He runs the islands today, as he did then, just like Mussolini ran Italy.

"The night of the murder he claimed that he didn't leave the house. Yet he was seen out driving by a Nassau police officer. Before we could get to this officer he was transferred." Erskine-Lindop, not Sears, was the officer transferred, and Sears was easily to be got at.

"I was warned to lay off. My phone was tapped, and finally I was told that if I persisted in my investigations I would be deported. Someone else got too close to the truth. Her body was stuffed down a well."

At the time of the trial Cyril Stevenson was employed in the press room of the Nassau *Guardian*, which later became the voice of Bay Street. His fortunes changed with the rise of the Progressive Liberals. When they entered the political arena in 1953, he took over the Nassau *Herald* as a party organ. Three years later he won his House seat. "I made up my mind from the beginning," he has since admitted, "that if I could find a pretext, I would revive the Oakes case." Schindler's Canadian telecast provided the pretext.

Not long after, Stevenson consulted Schindler in a Miami motel where the detective was recuperating from a heart attack. Two versions of the conversation reached the newspapers. According to Stevenson's, Schindler said he had new evidence that could hang Sir Harry's murderer. Schindler repudiated this. He had ferreted out nothing new, is what he said he said, though if certain persons submitted to a lie-detector test, the results might dispel the mystery.

A week later, trumpeting his own version, Stevenson presented his resolution "that immediate steps be taken by the Bahamas government to reopen the Oakes murder case and that Scotland Yard be requested to send investigators." To Stevenson's chagrin, the House unanimously voted aye, with Christie himself vigorously approving. The United Bahamians had shrewdly understood that to vote otherwise would be to furnish the Progressive Liberals with ammunition from then till next elections.

A series of melodramatic incidents, possibly fortuitous, but more likely contrived, preceded and followed Stevenson's address to the assembly. The *Miami Herald* and *Time* magazine received anonymous messages bidding the editors to a secret rendezvous "if you want the murderer of Sir Harry Oakes." None of the editors bit, but the messages served to focus their attention on Nassau. A P.L.P. faithful left a note in the Nassau *Herald* office, to which Stevenson gave wide circulation—"There is a plot going to eliminate you." In a deposition Stevenson filed with the police he described three telephone calls threatening his life. A gullible Canadian correspondent reported that Stevenson traveled through the Bahamas under armed guard, that the single-engine plane in which he flew to and from his out-island constituents was always surrounded by guards at take-off and landing. "I lock my bedroom door at night," says Stevenson, "and I keep iron screens on my windows in case they try to toss a stick of dynamite." Not long ago somebody fired three pistol shots through his office window. The office was empty at the time.

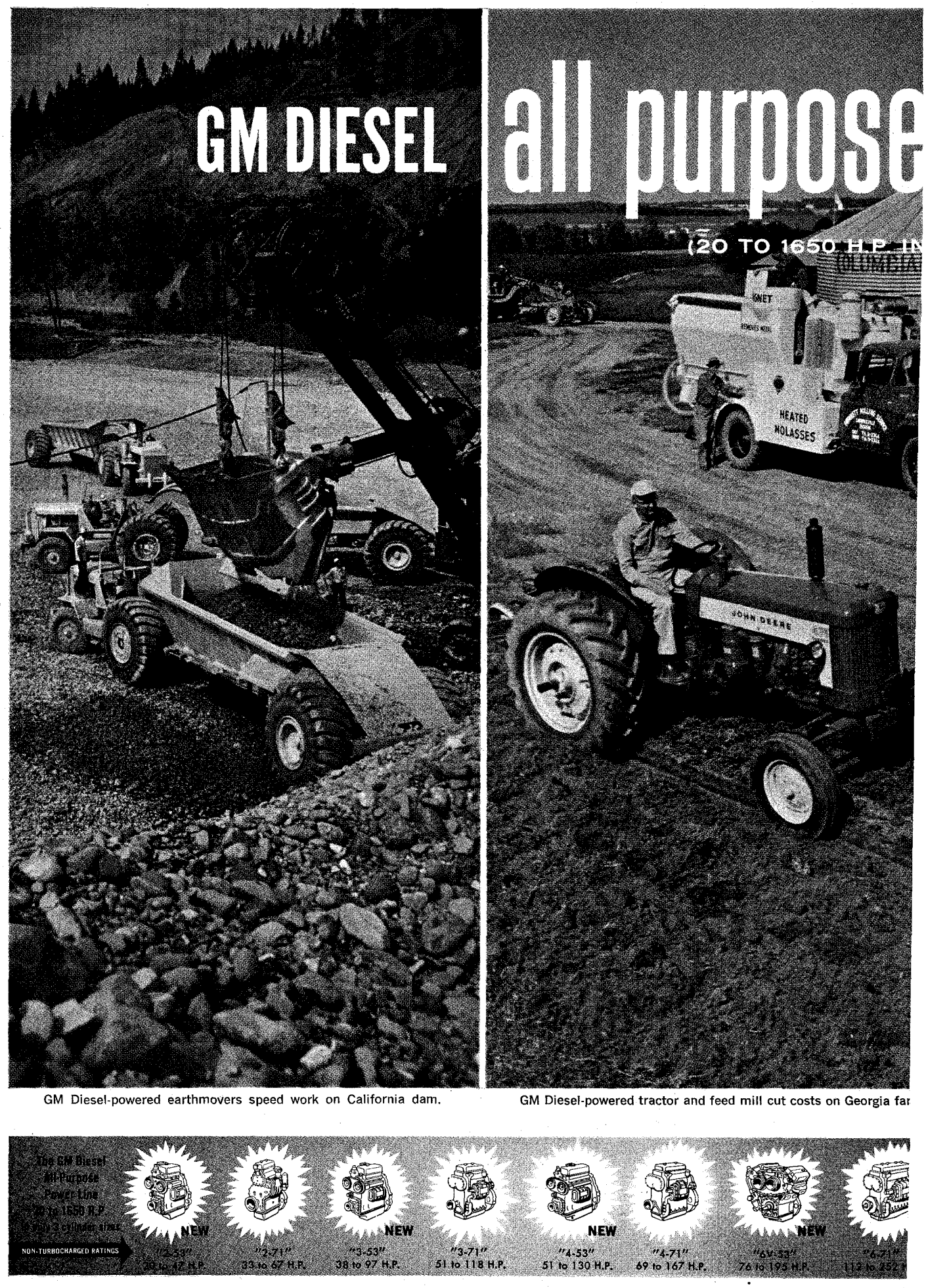
Back into the limelight, some eagerly, others reluctantly, stepped the surviving actors of the de Marigny trial. Nancy de Marigny had her marriage annulled in 1949, three years later married the German Baron Ernst Lyssard von Hoyningen-

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 88)

Francis E. Brownell, a private in the fancily dressed Ellsworth Zouaves of New York, assisted Col. E. E. Ellsworth in hauling down a huge Confederate flag which floated over an Alexandria, Virginia, hotel in May, 1861, early in the Civil War. As they started downstairs with the flag, the hotel proprietor, James W. Jackson, leveled a double-barreled shotgun at them. Brownell tried to knock down the gun, but one shot killed Ellsworth. The other shot missed Brownell, who shot and bayoneted Jackson. The Medal of Honor authorized for Brownell was not actually awarded to him until 1877.



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Huene, and has since divided her time between Mexico and England. In a London hospital, where she was recovering from surgery, she declared, "For sixteen years nobody has ever asked me if I have any information. I have lots of things that might be of value. I would place all the knowledge at my disposal before any proper inquiry."

De Marigny lives in Havana, happily married to the former Mary Taylor, niece of the late Myron C. Taylor, President Roosevelt's emissary to the Vatican. Not a vestige of the giddy rake remains. Graying and jowly at forty-nine, he is the father of three children, runs a small lithographing plant, and leads an existence of serene respectability. But for a time, after his banishment from the Bahamas, he came close to starvation. Before landing on his feet again, he sold shoes in New York, jalousies in Florida, peddled his memoirs, operated a marriage agency in Los Angeles.

De Marigny propounds a brand-new theory of the murder. "Simple robbery was the motive, I believe," he says. "Oakes very likely cashed a large check for his trip to Maine. Somebody probably saw the transaction, broke into Westbourne during the night, bludgeoned Oakes to death, and tried to burn down the house to cover his tracks."

What most Bay Streeters think, the Nassau *Guardian* echoed in an editorial:

De Marigny was acquitted because a 'reasonable doubt' was established in the minds of the majority of the jury. Nevertheless, his acquittal was not unanimous. Three jurors at least were convinced of his guilt. It is not generally appreciated that if de Marigny had been tried in England his jury would have been classified as 'disagreeing.' There, a majority vote for conviction or acquittal is not enough. The jury must reach unanimity one way or the other. If they persistently fail to reach agreement they are discharged and a new trial, before a new jury, is ordered.

Captain Barker, to whose excessive zeal de Marigny probably owed his life, was not available for comment. In 1952 he was shot to death by his son, whom a coroner's court promptly freed on the grounds of justifiable homicide.

Harold Christie, who recently took a hand in the sale of Axel Wenner-Gren's Hog Island to Huntington Hartford, the A. and P. heir—an entire island for $14,000,000—shrinks from discussing any theory. Of Stevenson's onslaught he says, "What can I do? How can I fight that kind of thing? It gets tiresome, you know, being pointed out wherever you go—'That's the man, that's the one who did it.'"

By passing Stevenson's resolution his fellow legislators neatly side-stepped a trap. But in doing so they landed the governor, Sir Oswald Raynor Arthur, and the attorney general, Lionel Alexander William Orr, in a painful dilemma. Scotland Yard was unlikely to assign men to a trail so cold; some faint shadow of new evidence would have had to beckon. Yet if the Bahamian officials did not at least go through the motions of reopening the case, accusations of protecting the powerful would continue to plague them.

The attorney general wrote to Schindler challenging him to substantiate his allegations. The detective replied evasively. A few days later he died. Orr confronted Stevenson, who proved no more enlightening. He communicated with the Baroness Hoyningen-Huene. She now protested that she could muster not a single helpful recollection.

In the British House of Commons, meanwhile, the colonial secretary of state was asked what measures he might prescribe to assist the beleaguered Bahamian officials. He specified none. And in banner headlines Stevenson's Nassau *Herald* proclaimed: GOVERNOR FAILS TO ACT.

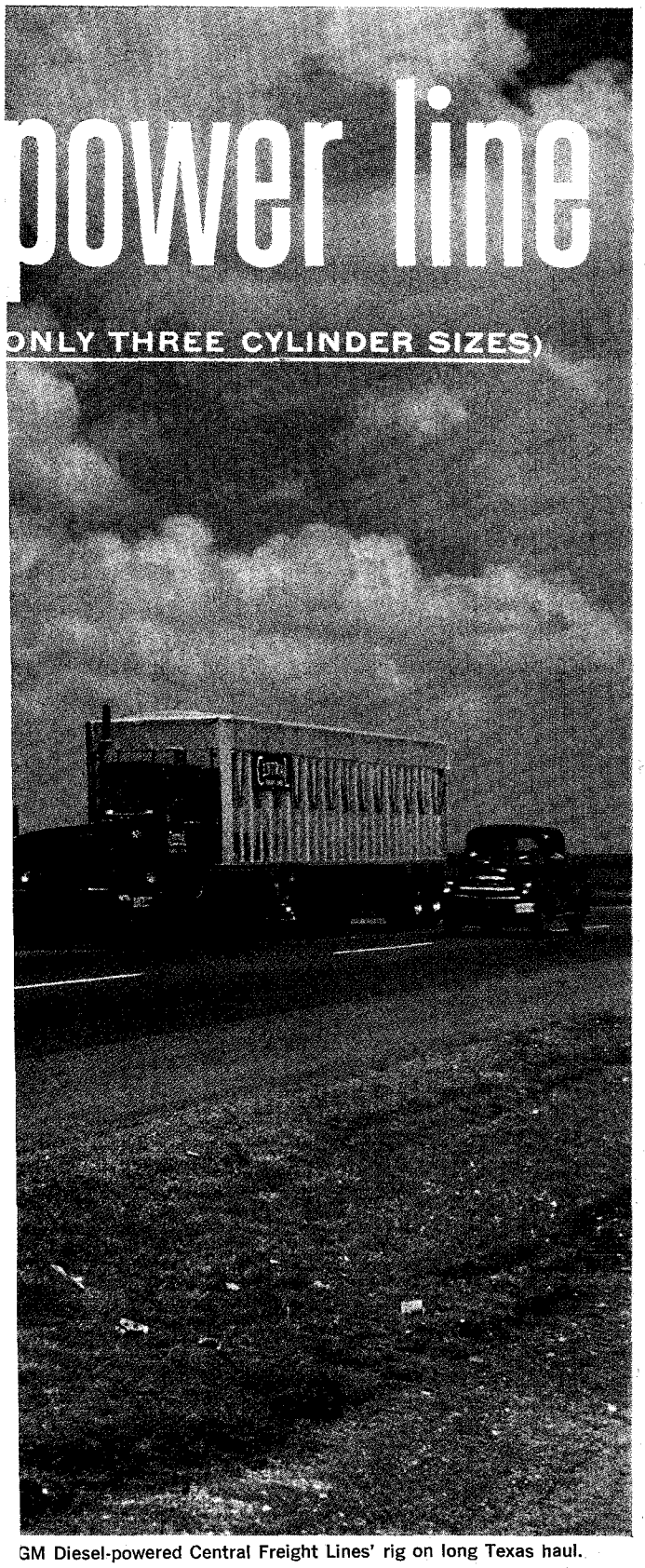
Finally, the governor dropped a small bombshell of his own. In a message to the legislature last August, he disclosed that in 1947, four years after the Oakes murder, Scotland Yard reviewed the existing evidence. "The department spared no pains," read the governor's message, "and came to the conclusion that there were no grounds for a reinvestigation at that time. Recent correspondence bearing on the case has also been referred to Scotland Yard, but nothing came to light which would in their opinion justify any variation of the conclusion reached in 1947."

The statement failed to silence Representative Stevenson. "A stunning blow to British justice in the Colony!" cried he. "The governor's decision to shut the door has been influenced by persons closely connected with him." And he repeated the old charge: "A brutal killer is at large in this community, protected by a government that lacks the courage to strip him of his respectability." THE END

When Is Bedtime?

According to the facts compiled
By this investigator
The simplest time to get a child
To go to bed is—later.

Ruth Chadwick



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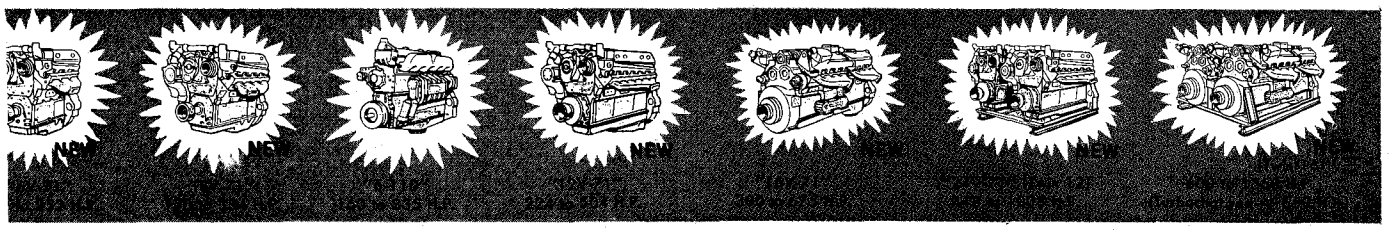

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Don Juan of the Pentagon

(Continued from Page 30)

He was a lanky officer with a shock of unruly red hair and a homely face onto which he could paste a vacant expression, verging on stupidity, when it suited him to do so. It suited him now. Those who had played poker with Dooncan, however, knew that it was well to play their cards close to their chest when he assumed that look.

"Birthday, eh?" the major asked, beaming. "How nice. It just happens I have a birthday present for you—you'll love it."

"I'll just bet," Dooncan retorted glumly.

The other's smile became more benevolent. *The fat louse is fixing to slap me in the puss with a dead fish*, Dooncan decided. *The last time he smiled at me like that was just before he switched orders and landed me in the glue at the maneuvers last year.* Major Wiltshire was shoving a six-inch slab of documents across the desk.

"Project X-forty-five-T, McNab," he purred, patting the stack of papers fondly. "These are field reports that have been sent to us for review. They are—ah—comprehensive."

"What the devil is Project X-forty-five-T?" Dooncan wanted to know.

"The Scannerscope," the major purred. "It enables people to see in the dark. General Tingle will want a report on the project without delay. Shall we say by oh eight hundred tomorrow?"

Dooncan looked outraged. "I couldn't even read that pile of garbage by then," he said flatly. "Let alone ——"

"We are not unreasonable here in the front office, McNab," the major said, his joviality increasing. "Since you're new in the branch, we'll extend the time to eleven hundred tomorrow, shall we?"

"That's real bighearted of you," Dooncan growled. "I ought to poke you in the nose like I poked you in the nose after you peddled those phony orders to me back in the battle group."

Dooncan's forebears had been men with violent tempers accustomed to resolving their little differences with claymores. That temper hadn't been noticeably diluted as it had come down through the generations to Dooncan. He was starting purposefully around the desk when a crusty voice stopped him. Dooncan knew that voice.

"What the hell goes on here, hey?"

Brig. Gen. Lucillius Tingle stood in the doorway of the inner office, glaring at the two from beneath grizzled brows. He had been Dooncan's regimental commander in Korea, and it had been the consensus in the regiment that, if the powers that be would just let go of the Old Man's coat tails, old Lucillius would have chased the Chinese out of Korea singlehanded.

"Captain McNab was just telling me that he'll have a report on Project X-forty-five-T ready for you by eleven hundred tomorrow, general," Jovial George said guilefully. "A complete report."

"What's Project X-forty-five-T? Never heard of it."

"The Scannerscope, sir," Jovial George said.

"Humph!" old Lucillius growled. "Another nitwitted contraption, eh? I've seen enough of 'em to drive a man to drink since I've had the bad luck to be in charge of this collection of crystal-ball readers, séance sitters and table tappers that they call an Evaluation Branch!" He swiveled his frosty gaze onto Dooncan. "Where have I seen you before?"

"Korea, sir," Dooncan said. "I was in the colonel's—I mean the general's—regiment up on the Chongchon River."

"You should have stayed there," the general snapped. "Well, just which school of second sight do you belong to?"

"Medicine-man type, sir," Dooncan said, the mournful look deepening in his face. "I wish I *was* back on the Chongchon."

He thought, for a fleeting instant, that he caught a gleam of sympathy in the general's eyes as the latter wheeled back into his own office. Couldn't be sure. Major Wiltshire's good humor had evaporated as he shoved Project X-forty-five-T across the desk.

"See that you meet that eleven hundred deadline!" he snapped.

"You'll get your report," Dooncan said coldly.

He had reached the door when Jovial George's voice halted him again. "Another thing, McNab—your regular secretary will not be available for work tonight. If you need secretarial help on the report, you can get it from the pool."

"And just why won't Miss Pope be available?" Dooncan demanded.

Jovial George smirked. "I'm quite sure she'll change her mi—— She'll be otherwise engaged. Now let's run along and be about it, captain. Shall we?"

Dooncan stamped on out and turned in the direction of C Ring, where he shared an office with a Maj. Jeremiah Moss and a Miss Penelope Pope, a very photogenic secretary. *So the fat bum has a date with Penny*, he was thinking bleakly. The idea made him sick to his stomach. The louse had doubtless pulled the wool over Penny's eyes in the same way he had pulled that orders switcheroo back in Georgia.

In a thoroughly bad humor Dooncan entered the cubbyhole of an office, scaled his cap toward a rack and dumped Project X-forty-five-T down on a table. Major Moss was not at his desk; neither was Miss Penelope Pope at hers—she came in from the adjoining records room now. Penny was about as big as a minute and, in Dooncan's book, cuter than a bug's ear. Not, of course, that he'd mentioned any such thing to her. Dooncan was shy where women were concerned.

"Good morning, captain," Penny said, giving him a quick smile—she was wearing something that set her figure off nicely here and there. "Happy birthday."

"How'd you know it was my birthday?" Dooncan asked, blinking.

"Word gets around," Penny said. "What in the world have you got there?"

"Project X-forty-five-T," Dooncan said, coming back to earth. "The front office wants a report on it by eleven hundred tomorrow. Where's Jerry Moss? I've got to have help on this."

"He left for California last night," Penny said.

Dooncan groaned. "Now, isn't that just ducky! What the devil did he go to California for?"

"To watch some rocket firings, I believe."

Dooncan began peeling rubber bands from Project X-forty-five-T. "Five will get you ten he's gone to Hollywood to see some blond babe he's got out there," he countered darkly.

Penny gave him a veiled look. "Major Moss is very happily married," she said a little tartly. "Of course, if *you* went to California, I suppose that that's what you'd be doing."

"M'm'm'm," Dooncan said absently, strewing pages of Project X-forty-five-T haphazardly over the table—enough waste paper here to stock a city dump, he decided. "I'd be doing what, Miss Pope?"

"You can call me Penny," Miss Pope said crossly. "Everybody else does. You'd be chasing some blond babe."

Dooncan's face settled into its mournful idiot's expression as he thought of Penny going out with that greaseball, Wiltshire. Well, he wouldn't let her see that he was shocked—hurt. "I am the faithful type, Miss Pope," he said stiffly. "I am true to a girl in Michigan."

Penny's face froze. "I see," she said coldly.

Dooncan decided he'd said the wrong thing, particularly as the girl in Michigan was one he'd gone with when he'd been a freshman in high school. He hadn't seen her since he'd been graduated from West Point and he'd heard she had married a shoe salesman.

"Uh," he said, floundering a little, "I shall have to work late tonight, Miss Pope. You—er—wouldn't happen to know of a typist who'd like some overtime, I don't sup——"

"If you mean, would I like to stay tonight," Penny cut in tartly, "the answer is no, Captain McNab!"

She gave Dooncan a withering look and disappeared into the adjoining office. There, Mary Gillis looked up from the papers on her desk. Mary was Penny's roommate—a lanky girl from Texas with auburn hair and a barbed tongue. She lifted inquiring eyebrows. "Trouble, pal?" she inquired. "You and the young laird feuding, perhaps? A lover's spat, it could be?"

"If you are referring to Captain McNab," Penny said violently, "I want no part of him! You can make a note of that!"

Mary's eyebrows went higher. "Hm'm'm," she said skeptically, "that ain't exactly the way I heerd it, chum."

Mary was remembering a conversation ten days ago just after Dooncan had arrived for duty. Across a lunch table in one of the cafeterias she had supplied Penny with certain statistics on Capt. Dooncan McNab—extracted from the files at Penny's request.

"Age—twenty-six next week. Two years' combat service in Korea. Silver Star. Purple Heart," Mary had recited. "Not handsome. But has charm—definitely has charm. That last is my own observation, pal. I've always been a great hand for observing ——"

"Come to the point!" Penny had snapped.

"Unmarried," Mary had answered, leering across the table. "You aimin' to set yore sunbonnet for the young laird, dearie? Jovial George ain't goin' to like it—he's been making eyes at you of late."

"Jovial George can jump in the lake," Penny had said acidly.

"Look, toots," Mary had said practically, "you give that fat pirate in the front office the idea he's getting a brush-off for young Dooncan, and said braw laddie is liable to be going around here without a head. You see what I mean?"

Penny hadn't been interested. "Is his name really Dooncan?" she had asked.

"Yup," Mary had agreed cheerfully. "I asked him. The shy lamb got all blushed up, but he told me. He's named for some bawdy old Scot who was known as Dooncan o' the Border in the old country. He got strung up to a tree for rustlin' cattle across the line—learned the custom from Texas, I betcha. Well, you got my blessing."

"Your blessing for what?"

"Ropin' and tyin' him," Mary said. "He's a verra canny lad, I think. It'll take fast footwork to put a loop on anybody descended from that auld cow thief, Dooncan o' the Border, lass."

Penny had grinned back. "Watch my smoke," she'd said.

It hadn't been quite that easy. A dozen times Penny had been sure that Dooncan was about to ask her for a date. Then, at the last moment, he'd shy away again. Now she knew the reason why—that hussy up in Michigan! She yanked angrily at the drawer of a filing cabinet while Mary watched her.

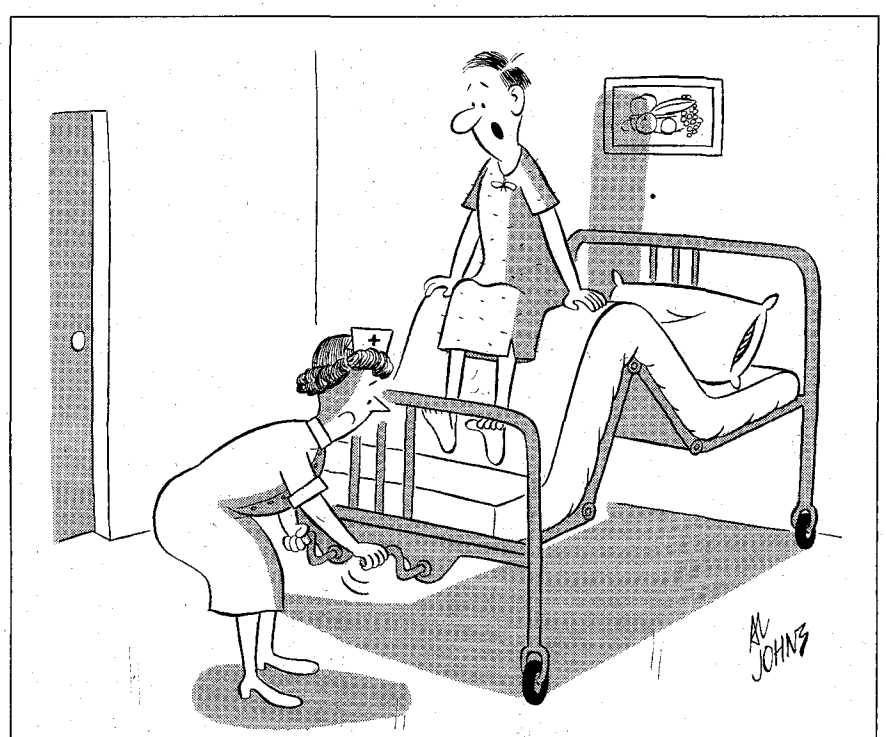
"What gives, pet?" the latter asked finally. "When we come to work this A.M., everything is moonlight and roses. Even when we meet Jovial George in the corridor and he asks you to dinner, you don't get mad, but just give him the brush-off sweet as pie. Now everything is blah. Want to tell ole Aunt Mary?"

"He's got a girl in Michigan," Penny said glumly.

"So what?" Mary asked in a practical voice. "Give the young laird a few more weeks of the rat race we got here and he won't even know where Michigan is—let alone remember a dame back there."

Penny wasn't mollified. She slammed the file drawer shut and stalked moodily out into the corridor, almost to be run down by Jovial George. He gave her his toothy smile.

"Ah, Miss Pope," he said benignly. "Sure you won't change your mind about dinner tonight? (*Continued on Page 96*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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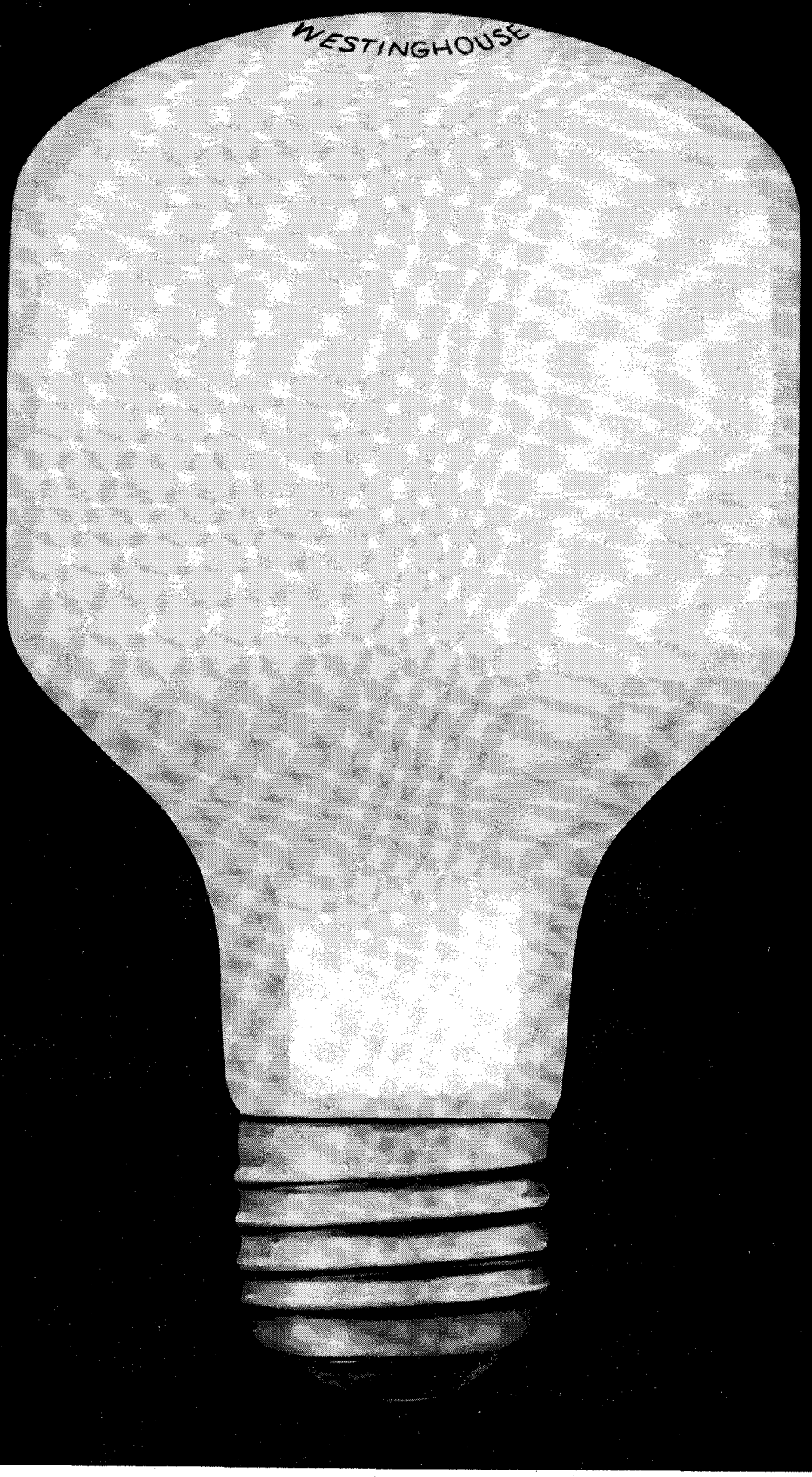

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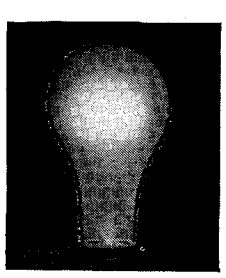

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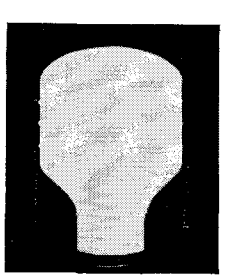

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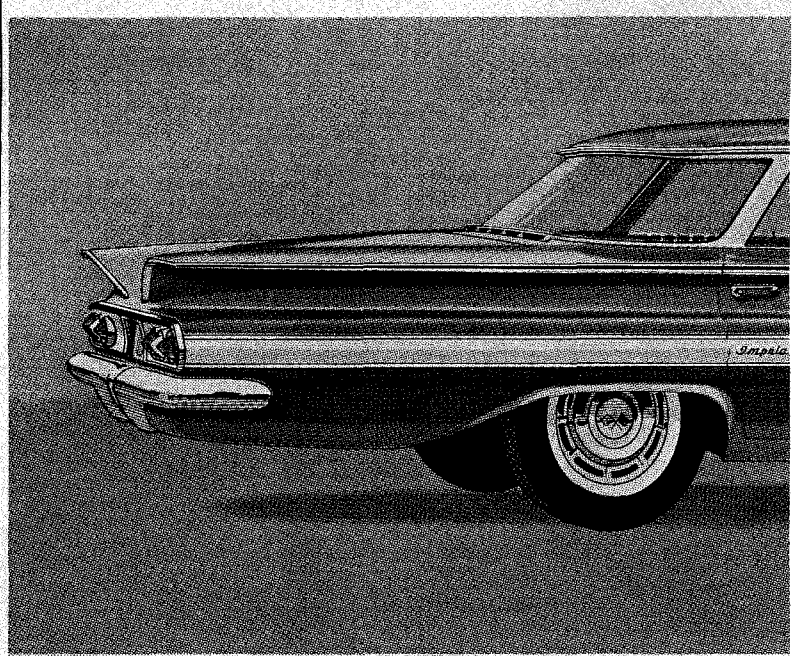

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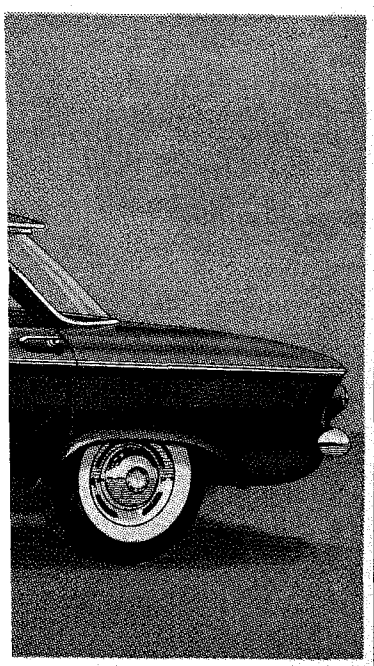

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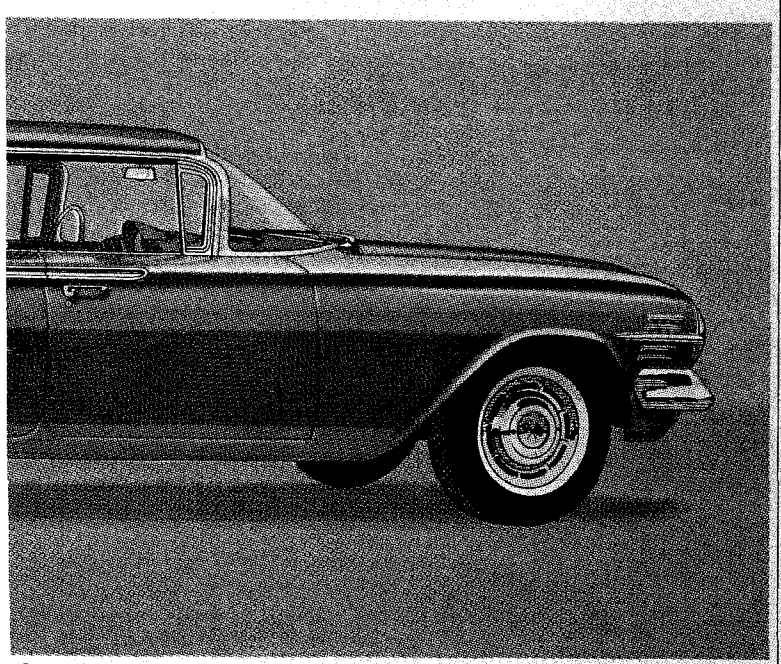

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(*Continued from Page 92*) There's a lovely place down the river toward Mount Vernon—we could go dancing afterward perhaps?"

Penny was about to give him the flat "no" he'd had earlier, but she didn't. "As a matter of fact, I have changed my mind, major," she said. "I'll be glad to go."

"Splendid," Jovial George said. "Shall I call for you at seven?"

"Do," Penny cooed acidly.

She whirled back toward the office. *All right, Captain Dooncan McNab*, she was thinking vindictively. *Two can play at that game. You keep your Michigan hussy—I'll take Major George Holloway Wiltshire, executive of the branch, and we'll see who comes out ahead!* The office was empty. Even Project X-forty-five-T no longer was strewn over the table as before. Penny went on into the records room.

"Where is everybody?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound casual. "This place looks like a deserted village."

Mary squinted at her. "You mean, quote, where is the young laird, unquote, don't you?" she asked. "He gathered up Project X-forty-five-T and departed for the small conference room, leaving instructions that he is not to be disturbed. Tonight he will write his report on the Scannerscope—he asked me to get him a typist from the pool."

"Oh," Penny said in a small voice.

She went back and sat at her own desk, her fit of temper suddenly collapsing. *Well, you've done it now*, she thought unhappily. *Instead of sitting in a nice, cozy conference room, typing up a report on Project X-forty-five-T, you'll be out in the Virginia boondocks fighting off that Wiltshire wolf, Penelope Pope.*

Noon came. Then one o'clock. Dooncan, tieless and in shirt sleeves in the small conference room, sent a messenger for coffee and sandwiches. Project X-forty-five-T was beginning to make a little sense now—enough sense so that Dooncan was beginning to be enthusiastic about the battlefield possibilities of the gadget. He whistled contentedly—just before he'd left the office Mary Gillis had told him that when Jovial George had asked Penny for a date she turned him down flat.

From the photographs the Scannerscope appeared to be an oversized telescope powered by a battery and with a black box mounted above the barrel. According to the data Dooncan had been laboriously wading through, with the instrument you could spot a man a mile away in the middle of a dark night. See him as plain as though he were standing under an arc light, and pop him with a rifle bullet if you were of a mind to. That latter thought appealed to Dooncan.

He put his feet on the table and chewed thoughtfully at his cheese sandwich. "Maybe, McNab," he said aloud, "you have got something here. Just think how handy this gadget would have been in Korea when those sneaky Chinks used to come pussyfooting up in the middle of the night. With this gadget—kapow!—and they'd have had it."

He finished the sandwich and reached for the phone. A few calls here and there elicited the information that a model of the scope was available, and around midafternoon a sergeant named Bushmeyer delivered it to the small conference room. Dooncan invited the sergeant in—he had a high opinion of sergeants when it came to solving practical problems such as this.

"Looks kind of complicated," he said as Bushmeyer took the thing out of its case. "You know how to work it, sergeant?"

"The guy at the supply depot said it was easy," Bushmeyer answered a little uncertainly. "According to him, all you got to do is hook up the battery to the syllabub. Then you focus the bandersnatch on the gimbelkop and look into the jaxo. At least that's what it sounded like he said, captain."

"Pull up a chair," Dooncan grunted. "We'll figure out how the darn thing works without reference to the jaxo."

It was around four-thirty when the general came into the small conference room—old Lucillius abominated sitting at a desk, preferring to prowl instead. Dooncan remembered that the Old Man had been like that in Korea. You'd figure yourself fat and cozy in a foxhole up in the outpost line—safe from the old buzzard—and the next thing you knew he was breathing down your neck. He always asked the same question. "What the hell goes on here, hey?"

He asked that now as Dooncan and Sergeant Bushmeyer straightened to attention. "We've been checking out Project X-forty-five-T, sir," Dooncan said. "Major Wiltshire said that you wanted a report on it not later than eleven hundred tomorrow."

Old Lucillius was squinting suspiciously at the Scannerscope which was set up on the table. "Wiltshire's got rocks in his head," he grunted. "Why I put up with him I don't know. That the gadget? What's it do?"

"You can see in the dark with it, general," Dooncan explained. "Works with infrared light, sir."

A gleam of interest came into old Lucillius' eyes. "How you know it works? You tried it out at night?"

A sudden inspiration struck Dooncan. "Not yet, sir. I thought that we'd do that tonight—that is, if Sergeant Bushmeyer can bum a jeep somewhere. . . . Can do, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," Sergeant Bushmeyer said.

"Good. We'll mount the Scannerscope on the jeep and take it out for a road run," Dooncan said, and went into the sneaky part of his act. "Would you like to come along, sir?" he asked old Lucillius. "We could leave about twenty-one hundred and you could see for yourself how the scope works. You wouldn't have to be bothered with reading a report."

"Maybe you've got something there, McNab," the general grunted. "Hate reports—always have. You have your confounded contrivance at the river entrance at twenty-one hundred. I'll meet you there."

He departed, and Dooncan, much pleased with himself, said that Sergeant Bushmeyer might as well go get his chow and be back with the jeep at the river entrance at around eight-thirty. Sergeant Bushmeyer likewise departed, and Dooncan sent for more sandwiches and coffee and resumed his fiddling with the Scannerscope. Time went by, and it was a little after seven when the phone rang.

Mary Gillis' voice came at him over the wire. "This is Mary, captain," she snapped. "That little knothead has double-crossed both of us! The first inkling I had of it was when that character with the teeth called for her five minutes ago!"

"Huh?" Dooncan mumbled. "Wha——"

"Penny!" Mary said angrily. "She's gone out with that wolf from the front office after all. Maybe she doesn't know what she's getting herself into, but I do. I went out with him once. I thought I was Eliza, with the bloodhounds chasing me across the ice!"

Dooncan finally got the story. Penny had changed her mind and accepted Jovial George's invitation. If the latter followed his usual pattern, there'd be dinner at a place down the Potomac toward Mount Vernon. After dinner he'd find some sneaky excuse that would end up with the two of them parked in his convertible at a trysting place called Starlight Point overlooking the river.

"It's up to you, chum," Mary concluded grimly.

Dooncan groaned. "How the devil am I going to find one confounded convertible on a pitch-black night?" he asked.

"I don't know," Mary told him. "But you'd better forget about that gal in Michigan and be about it, lad."

"I got no girl in Michigan," Dooncan said miserably.

"That makes it worse," Mary growled and hung up.

Dooncan put his own phone down, glowering at the papers that littered the table. Then his eye lighted on the Scannerscope, and he suddenly looked much the same as his namesake had probably looked getting ready for one of his raids across the border.

"Hah!" he said aloud. "If that gadget will do what it's supposed to do, you'll tie a knot in that fat Lothario's neck before this night is over, Dooncan, my lad!"

He waited impatiently for Sergeant Bushmeyer to check in with the jeep—the situation had changed, and they'd have to get away from the Pentagon before the general showed up. Dooncan would explain that away somehow tomorrow. It was a little after eight-thirty when Bushmeyer came, saying that the jeep was at the river entrance, and the two of them carried gear along corridors and down stairs and out into the October darkness. There was no moon and the night was velvety with an overcast hiding the stars.

"Shake it up," Dooncan growled as they clamped the scope to the bracket Bushmeyer had rigged on the windshield. "We're going to give this thing a try before the general shows up."

That was a pious hope that didn't work out, because just then a car rolled to a stop in the parking space and a crusty voice growled a familiar salutation. "What the hell goes on here, hey?" General Tingle belonged to the Old Army "hurry-up-to-wait" school, and so he'd come almost a half hour early. Dooncan mentioned a few choice McNab oaths under his breath as he saw the Old Man's shadowy figure coming toward him—well, he'd just have to revise his strategy, was all.

"We're all set, sir," he said in a brisk, clipped voice. "If you're ready, we'll shove off, general."

Old Lucillius was—already he was climbing into the jeep's right-hand seat behind the Scannerscope. "Hah!" he said with satisfaction. "Haven't ridden in one of these confounded buckboards since Korea, by gad! Load up and we'll see what this spyglass can do. Where you figure to go, McNab?"

"Down the Memorial Highway toward Mount Vernon, sir," Dooncan said grimly. "I've got a hunch we'll find good hunting there."

He slid behind the wheel and started the engine—tooled the jeep out into the complex of roads that ringed the Pentagon. They negotiated a couple of cloverleafs, went past the airport and left Alexandria behind as they headed down the broad Memorial Highway that led to Mount Vernon.

Maj. George Holloway Wiltshire knew how to entertain a girl when he took her to dinner, Penny had to admit glumly to herself as the open convertible moved at a leisurely pace along the broad highway that paralleled the Potomac. There'd been shrimp cocktail and Chateaubriand with mushroom sauce—if that blasted Scots cattle thief ever asked her out to dinner (which didn't seem likely) he'd probably feed her on hot dogs. With sudden misery Penny knew that with Dooncan hot dogs would beat Chateaubriand with anybody else seven ways from the deuce.

Jovial George had been rambling on in his smug voice, but his words caught Penny's attention now. "Funny thing—I'd gotten the screwy idea that you might be interested in that McNab bird. The one in your office, you know. Weird, eh?"

Penny turned angry eyes on him. There was something in his tone that put a wrinkle of concentration into her forehead—she concentrated so fiercely that she failed to notice that the convertible had smoothly left the main highway and was now rolling slowly toward a wooded point that overlooked the river.

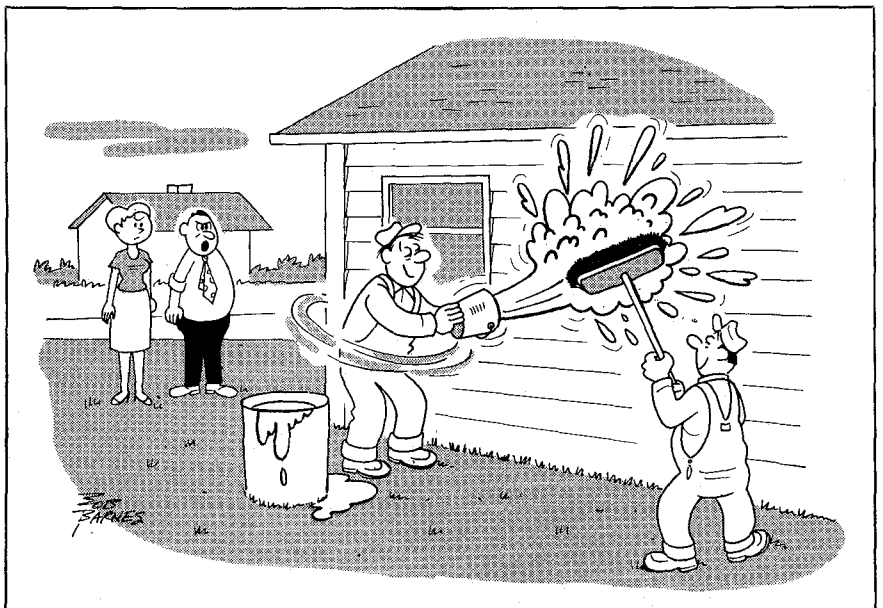
"And just what is weird about that, major?" she demanded.

"Call me George," he said, showing his teeth. "I've known McNab since he was a cadet. He only had one girl in his life. What woman in her right mind would look twice at a face like that?"

"He," Penny said coldly, "has a fiancée in Michigan."

"That's a lot of cat fat, honey," Jovial George said smugly. "That gal in Michigan is one that he went to high school with. She got married to a shoe salesman while McNab was still at West Point. The poor dope hasn't been able to find another girl since."

A new and outrageous thought suddenly struck Penny. "You didn't just happen to (*Continued on Page 98*)



"I thought their estimate was awfully low!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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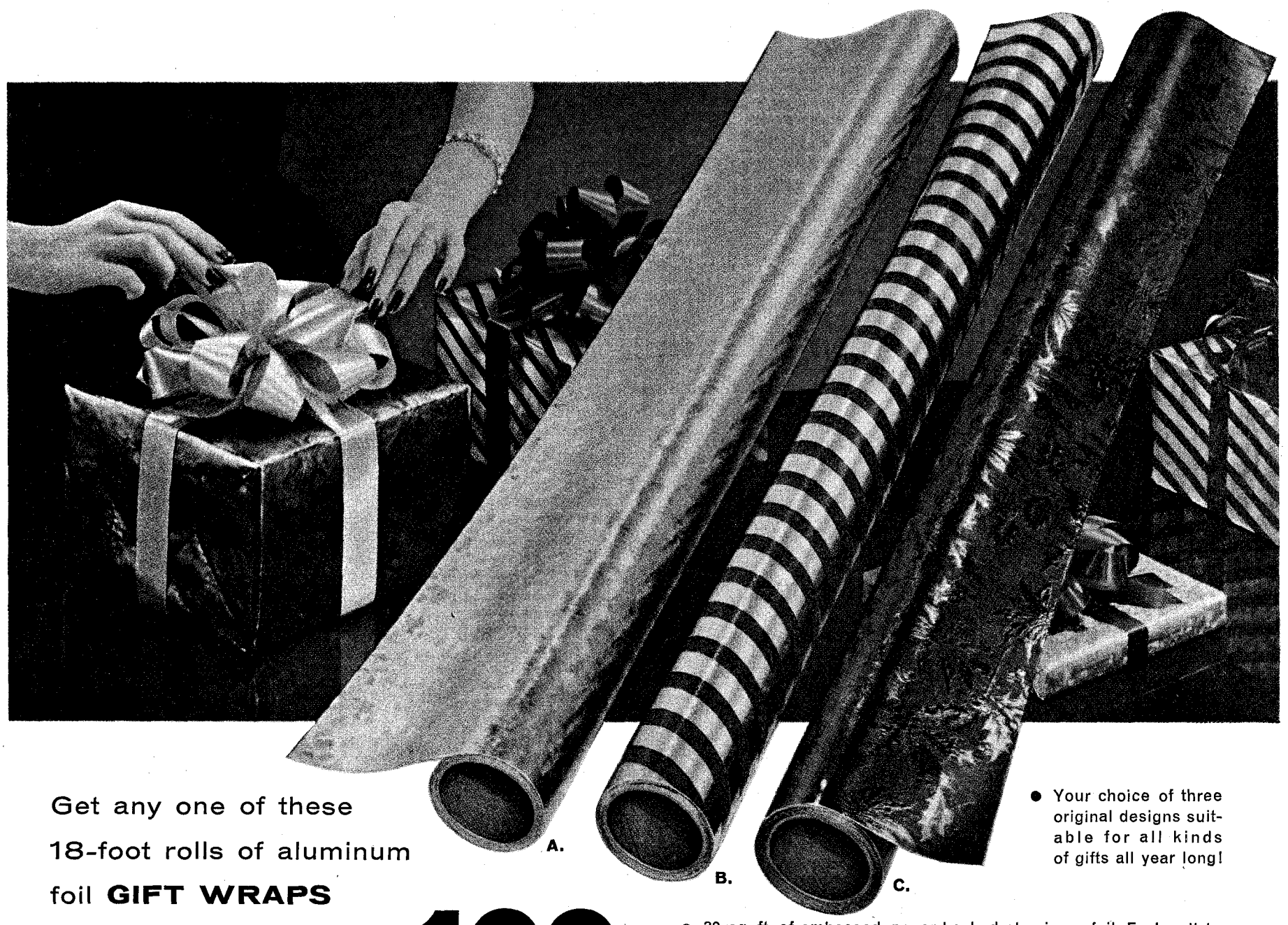
from Armour Star Canned Meats



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(*Continued from Page 96*) give Project X-forty-five-T, with that impossible deadline, to Doo—to Captain McNab because you thought he might ask me for a date, did you—George?"

Jovial George smirked. "Sure," he said—then, too late, saw the hook. "Uh—that is—not exactly. You see, Penny——"

"Miss Pope, to you!" Penny snapped. "Well, of all the miserable tricks! Take me back —— Say, what the devil are we doing *here*, anyway? You get this car back onto the highway!"

"Now, wait," Jovial George protested in alarm. "I thought we were going dancing. You can't do this to me!"

"You mean I've got to pay for my dinner?" Penny asked between her teeth. "Either you start heading back for Washington or I start hoofing it, Major George Holloway Wiltshire!"

Traffic was thin on the highway that stretched ahead in the jeep's headlights. General Tingle was fumbling with the Scannerscope, Sergeant Bushmeyer coaching him from behind.

"Hah!" old Lucillius said triumphantly, pointing the scope at the taillights of a car a quarter of a mile ahead. "Well, I be—you can see in the dark with the confounded thing—bird in a convertible with the top down up there ahead."

"Yes, sir," Dooncan said, his mind on other things.

"Driving with one hand while he takes a belt out of a bottle, huh?" the general growled. "Thinks nobody can see him. Pass him, McNab. I'll make a good Indian out of that character, by gad!"

Dooncan tramped on the throttle, and the jeep leaped ahead and drew even with the convertible. The driver was a distinguished-looking man a little too nattily dressed. He gave the jeep a faintly supercilious look as the other vehicle drew abreast.

"Get rid of that bottle, you!" old Lucillius roared, leaning out from his seat. "I saw you taking a belt at it a minute ago—in this state you can go to jail for that!"

The supercilious look suddenly disappeared from the other driver's face as he pulled the convertible onto the shoulder and stopped. He was sitting there, staring straight ahead with the expression of a man who has just seen a ghost, the last glimpse Dooncan had of him.

... ...

REGARDING THE ASH-TRAY ATTITUDE OF CERTAIN HOSTESSES

They're so meticulous
It's ridiculous.

Arthur Frederic Otis

... ...

The general was already searching for new targets.

Starlight Point was just ahead—Dooncan had looked it up on the map before he'd left the Pentagon. It was time, he thought grimly, to shoot the works. He'd aim the Old Man at Starlight Point like a machine gun, and maybe they'd bag themselves a bird. The jeep swung violently to the left toward a point running out toward the water.

"Where the hell you going?" old Lucillius growled. Then he got his eye back to the scope and added, "Go ahead. Another convertible over there—looks like a fight going on."

"Sir, what kind of a fight?" Dooncan asked tightly.

"Man and a gal yakking at each other," the general said, suspicion in his voice. "Gal's trying to get out. . . . Man don't want her to. . . . I've seen that feller before somewhere —— It's that numskull Wiltshire, by gad! Now, what in the hell is he up to?"

Dooncan said, "Yoicks—away!" between his teeth and hit the throttle with a heavy foot.

The jeep leaped like a scared antelope and went careering across the uneven sod. Old Lucillius yelled and let go of the Scannerscope to start holding on with both hands. So did Sergeant Bushmeyer. Now the jeep's headlights brought the parked convertible rushing toward them. Penny had a door open; Jovial George, oblivious of the approaching headlights, had hold of one of Penny's arms while he gestured passionately with his other hand.

Dooncan didn't know that Maj. George Holloway Wiltshire had no remotest thought of any violence upon the person of Miss Penelope Pope. He didn't know that the major was protesting that that business of Project X-forty-five-T had all been just in the spirit of good clean fun, and wouldn't Penny please change her mind and go dancing after all? Had Dooncan known, he wouldn't have given a darn.

He was seeing the whole thing through a reddish haze as he hit the brakes, skidding the jeep to a jaw-cracking stop. McNab had reverted to the raw and primitive urges of his bawdy ancestor, auld Dooncan o' the Border, as he hit the ground running. His first punch flattened Maj. (temporary) George Holloway Wiltshire's nose. His second caught the major in the right eye; his third would probably have set Jovial George up for a funeral had not old Lucillius caught his arm in the nick of time.

"Leave something for me, damn it," the Old Man growled.

It was 1125 the next morning when Capt. Dooncan McNab returned to his office. He had just finished making his report on Project X-forty-five-T at the front office. Major Wiltshire had not been present; the major, it seemed, was indisposed this morning. Miss Penelope Pope was waiting, her expression a little worried.

"Did it go all right, Dooncan?" she asked.

"Yup," Dooncan said.

He cast a precautionary glance toward the door which led to the other office—Penny had already thoughtfully closed it. Dooncan grinned and reached for his secretary, and gave her a thorough buss that was mutually satisfactory. Finally Penny pulled away.

"Give with the details," she said severely.

"The Old Man was swell," Dooncan told her. "I went on in, saluted and said, 'General, I have come to report the results of the tests of the Scannerscope, if you are ready, sir?'

"'Shoot,' he says.

"'It works, sir,' I tell him.

"'Humph,' says he. 'So I have observed. How'd you like to be exec, McNab? Seems that Major Wiltshire is going to Germany, he has decided. I helped him to decide.'

"'Sir,' I ask, 'can I bring my own secretary?'

"'Why?' he wants to know.

"'General,' I tell him, 'I can't let her go. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't give a Penny for the whole Pentagon.'"

Penny grinned and came back within reaching distance. "You really do say nice things, McNab," she murmured. "It must be the influence of that auld rascal, Dooncan o' the Border." THE END

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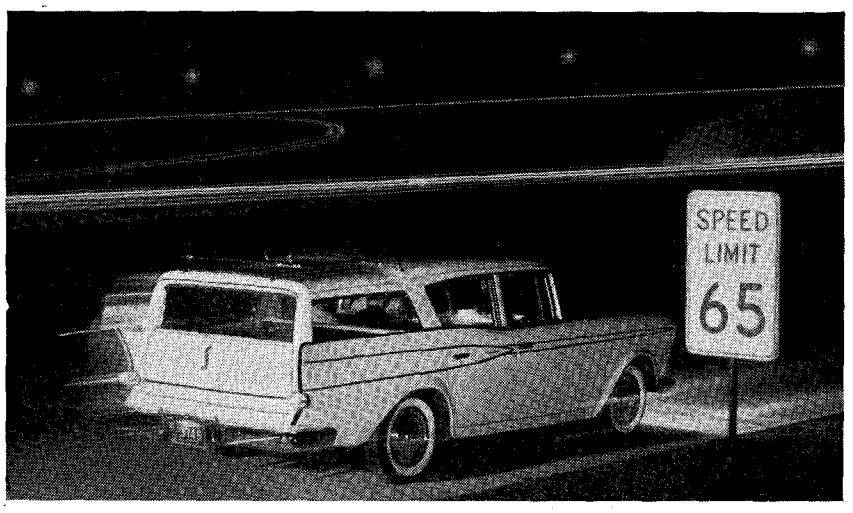

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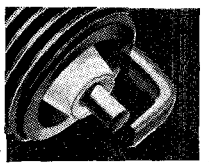

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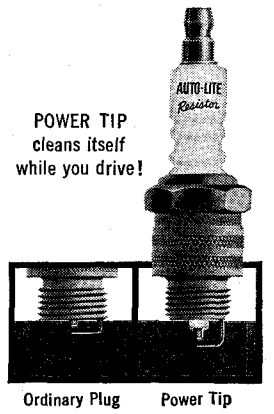

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Beleaguered Boss of the Rams

(Continued from Page 31)

others write the coach personally to express their displeasure with the way he is running the team. They offer suggestions for his starting line-up. Some even diagram plays for him, accompanied by remarks such as, "You may object to help from an outsider, but it's still better than looking for work, which you'll soon be doing if you don't wise up."

At one time things like this bothered Gillman, a stocky 220-pounder who will be forty-eight next Sunday. For a while in Los Angeles he seemed to be battling the whole town singlehanded. He engaged in boisterous arguments at meetings of the Ram Fan Club and also fought with the Los Angeles press.

"Those crazy days are behind me," says Sid. "I think I have learned to live with Los Angeles second-guessing. While coaching here isn't easy, my job is the most exciting in football, and I really love the place. I honestly hope to stay with the Rams the rest of my life."

However, the odds are against such a tenure for any man who coaches the Rams. In the nine years that the club inhabited Los Angeles before Gillman's arrival it employed five head coaches. One of them, Joe Stydahar, was fired less than a year after winning the 1951 league championship. Another, Clark Shaughnessy, was released after winning the 1949 Western Division title.

Gillman, a Midwesterner who had played end at Ohio State in the early 1930's, took a big gamble when he quit a secure post at the University of Cincinnati in 1955 and came to Los Angeles. His record as a college head coach had been outstanding. He never had a losing season. He won fifty, lost thirteen and tied one at Cincinnati. In his other head-coaching berth, at Miami of Ohio, he showed a record of 31–6–1. In between these two jobs he served for a year as Red Blaik's line coach at Army.

At the time the Ram owners approached him, Gillman held a new eight-year contract at Cincinnati. "Several coaching friends advised me not to take the Los Angeles job," admits Sid. "One of them said to me, 'Everything is wild out there. They'll pick you to shreds.'"

None of this was heartening to Gillman, who had a wife and four children to consider. "But there were two things about the job that appealed to me," Sid says. "First, it paid more money than I was earning at Cincinnati. Second—and more important—it was a chance at last for me to prove myself in the toughest competition in sports, the National Football League. There's as much difference between college football and pro as between checkers and chess. I had studied football almost all my life, and had confidence in myself as a chess player." Gillman ultimately signed a contract with Los Angeles for four years at an annual salary of $25,000.

Less than twenty-four hours after his arrival on the West Coast he began to hear hair-raising tales about the departure of his predecessor, Hampton Pool, a quiet, studious man now coaching in Canadian pro football at Toronto. Pool's record in his last year at Los Angeles had been six wins, five losses and a tie, which is acceptable by normal standards in the National Football League.

Bob Oates, who covers the Rams for the *Los Angeles Examiner*, tells of Gillman's unusual introduction to his new home. First, people started telling him about the Ram assistant coaches, who, encouraged by many fans and some newsmen, had revolted against Pool. Then he was told that some of the players had complained to Ram Fan Club members that Pool spoke too harshly one day between the halves. The president of the Ram Fan Club, he heard, had publicly accused quarterback Norm Van Brocklin of refusing to pass to end Elroy Hirsch because of personal jealousy. And fun had been poked at Pool around town when he was found reading *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

Well, Pool released the rebellious coaches—and the management soon released Pool. The Ram president invited him to dinner at Scandia, a fashionable Danish restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The story goes that Pool was fired between the herring and ptarmigan soup.

In the many years he had spent in football Gillman had seen numerous coaches dismissed, but none amid a chain of circumstances quite so zany. Nor was he encouraged when local columnists advised him by all means to rent a home in Los Angeles and not buy.

To introduce Gillman to the press, the Rams arranged an informal cocktail party at a big hotel. "I pegged this as a social function," says Sid, "and came prepared to shake hands and drink a couple of martinis. Before I could get my bearings, the questions came fast. Did I feel it was important to win preseason games? Did I plan to call the plays? Why didn't my teams at Cincinnati throw more passes?"

It was the same, only more so, at a get-acquainted luncheon with the Ram Fan Club, the largest and most rabid booster organization in pro football. "It was only the middle of June, far ahead of the football season," says Gillman, "but the luncheon drew six hundred fifty people. I was amazed by such a crowd at that time of year."

After Gillman spoke briefly, he invited questions. A gentleman stood up and asked, with grave concern, "If Hugh McElhenny"—of the San Francisco Forty-Niners—"caught a screen pass and started to run, how would you defense him downfield?"

Gillman smiled. "I'd probably get a gun and shoot him," he joked.

The fan didn't feel the reply was funny. "Do you mean you're not going to have defensive protection downfield?" he asked.

"Once he catches the pass and gets beyond the scrimmage line," answered Gillman, "there isn't much I can do, is there? I'm going to try and arrange it so he doesn't get beyond the scrimmage line."

Visibly upset, the interrogator sat down. By this time Gillman concedes he was sweating a little and beginning to wonder if maybe he hadn't been hasty in leaving Cincinnati.

The next step in Gillman's indoctrination came a few weeks later when the Rams opened their exhibition schedule at home against the Washington Redskins. He was already somewhat on the spot because he had expressed the opinion that such preseason games should be used chiefly "to condition old talent and appraise new." This is the approach in most N.F.L. cities, where exhibition games stir little interest; but in Los Angeles the games are not taken lightly.

The Rams averaged 48,903 attendance for home exhibitions last year, including kids admitted free. In 1957, when there were no Los Angeles Dodgers to compete for the sports dollar in August and September, the figure was 66,507. For five exhibitions at home this year, the average hit 60,379. Therefore, where other clubs play a majority of their preseason games on the road, the Rams schedule them mostly in Los Angeles and rely on them for a good part of their revenue. They also have found that losses in the early games hurt ticket sales for the regular league games later on.

Anyway, at the time when Gillman and the Rams took the field before 78,000 at Los Angeles Coliseum for that opening 1955 exhibition, there happened to be a hot local controversy over which man he should use as his No. 1 quarterback, Norm Van Brocklin or Bill Wade. Sid recalls, "Van Brocklin had been an established star for many years. It seemed to me that he was my bread-and-butter guy. I decided to go with him."

After exactly twenty-six minutes and fifty seconds of the first half, Gillman's quarterback problems began. A chant of, "We want Wade!" started up in the stands, and it grew to deafening proportions. However, Gillman continued to give them Van Brocklin. The Rams were upset, 31–28. The next day Sid was inundated by so many outraged telephone calls and adverse press notices that he began to feel as if he had just blown the world championship.

As time went on, Gillman came to expect this sort of thing. In a regular-season game against the Eagles which was televised from Philadelphia back to Los Angeles, the Rams were in front, 14–7, and had advanced to the Eagle nine-yard line, with fourth down and one to go. Gillman ordered a field goal, which the Rams made, to boost their lead to 17–7. Later Los Angeles moved to the Philadelphia three-yard line, again with fourth and one. Gillman called for another field goal. It was good, increasing the Ram lead to 20–7.

In the third quarter the Eagles' passing game began to connect, and they quickly scored two touchdowns to move ahead, 21–20. This was more than fans back home in the Go-for-It city could endure. Many of them left their television sets and telephoned their local newspapers, demanding that Gillman be fired on the spot.

"A sports-writer friend told me," says Sid, "that his paper's switchboard was swamped. One gentleman summed up the callers' sentiments thusly, 'With a seventeen-to-seven lead, why did that meathead'—that's me—'go for another field goal when a touchdown would have wrapped up the game?'

"As it turned out," Gillman continues, "we kicked a third field goal in the fourth quarter and won, twenty-three to twenty-one. But let's go back and examine the situation at seventeen to seven, fourth down and one to go on the three-yard line. If we tried for the yard and missed, which is easy to do in pro football, the Eagles could have come back with their two touchdowns and gone ahead, twenty-one to seventeen. Now we would have been beyond range of a field goal's saving us. We would have had to press for a touchdown, which is considerably tougher.

"It is my feeling that one should never gamble for seven points in a pro game when three are reasonably safe. The field goal is an automatic fourth-down choice unless, of course, an emergency forces you to try for the touchdown. It isn't one field goal that beats the other guy. It's an accumulation."

For all his early misgivings, Gillman had a successful season in 1955. His team

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

During the poker game Joe left his friend's room and headed for the bathroom. While groping in the darkened hall, however, he opened the wrong door and tumbled down a flight of stairs. Patched up, he sued his friend's landlord.

"The landlord owed it to me to post a warning so that the innocent-looking door with those stairs behind it wouldn't trap me," Joe argued. "Because he was negligent, he should pay me damages."

"My only duty is to lawful guests of my tenants," the landlord retorted. "Joe was there for the unlawful purpose of gambling, so I owe him nothing."

If you were the judge, would you agree with Joe or the landlord?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe won. The court pointed out that he was injured, not while "unlawfully playing poker," but while "lawfully going to the bathroom."

Based upon a 1956 Illinois decision.

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won the Western Division championship with a record of 8–3–1, and Sid was hailed as a hero. He enjoyed this adulation for about two weeks, or until the Rams lost the championship play-off game to the Cleveland Browns, 38–14. Six Van Brocklin passes were intercepted that afternoon. By the fourth quarter the Coliseum naturally was rocking with shouts of, "We want Wade!"

Van Brocklin and Gillman wound up less than popular, and this feeling carried over to the 1956 season, which turned out to be the darkest of the coach's life.

"My mistakes were probably to blame for most of the trouble that year," Gillman says now. "To begin with, I decided I would alternate my two quarterbacks, which was a frightful error. For some reason the two-quarterback system rarely proves as satisfactory as one man's handling the job full time. A quarterback running your team must have the feeling that the bench is behind him. If he suspects that the bench is breathing down his neck, standing ready to replace him the instant he boots one, he is less apt to be effective. Van Brocklin, particularly, is a strong-willed individual who is loaded with pride. To be at his best he must be Number One at all times."

His second mistake, according to Gillman, was to start out by calling all the plays himself and then to back down in midseason and return the job to the quarterback. Gillman is an outspoken advocate of signal-calling by the bench. He has never explained why he suddenly changed his mind, though some observers claim he did it in the face of repeated criticism from Ram fans.

Gillman also got into hot water for trading Andy Robustelli, a popular defensive end, to the New York Giants. "Andy was twenty-eight at the time," explains Sid. "He owned a sporting-goods store in New York and hinted that he would be quitting football in about a year if he had to keep commuting to California. We got a first draft choice for him." The second-guessers were to have a field day on this one, though, for Robustelli wound up making All-Pro with the Giants that year.

With Van Brocklin and Wade sharing the quarterback post, the Rams defeated the Eagles in the league opener, then hit the worst losing streak in their history. When their record reached two and eight, a local newspaper conducted a poll in which readers were asked whether the collapse of the Rams was Sid Gillman's fault. No results were ever published.

Gillman learned of the poll only by hearsay, because by this time he had stopped reading the sports pages. The press had given him the editorial lumps that customarily go to a coach who loses, and Gillman had countered with the announcement that under no circumstances would he read a Los Angeles newspaper again.

Gillman is an intense, preoccupied man who coaches his team vigorously, but is by nature thoughtful and polite. Off the field, especially, he is gentle and rarely raises his voice. There were exceptions in 1956.

During football season the Ram Fan Club meets once a week. Gillman attends and usually brings three or four of his players. The coach's policy in 1956 was to invite written questions from the floor. The questions were handed to a moderator and read aloud.

"Sid never objected to any question in which people sought legitimate information about our team or our games," says Pete Rozelle, the Ram general manager. "What used to burn him were the ones intended solely to nettle him or to embarrass our players."

One day Duane Putnam, a Ram offensive guard, was asked at the fan-club luncheon, "Why don't you put out on your blocks for Wade as you do for Van Brocklin?"

Gillman sizzled. He stood up and answered for Putnam, "That's a mean insinuation. Duane happens to be the most conscientious team player in football."

Halfback Tom Wilson was asked, "Why doesn't Gillman play you more?" Wilson personally felt at the time that the coach wasn't playing him enough, but answering the question in Gillman's presence was embarrassing to both player and coach. Wilson finally mumbled uneasily, "I guess the coach is playing his best men."

Of tackle Charley Toogood a fan-club member inquired, "Who do you think should call signals, the quarterback or the coach?" Toogood squirmed uncomfortably, then replied, "When the quarterback calls 'em, we feel freer to make suggestions."

It was an honest enough answer, but Gillman quivered with rage. It may have been coincidence, but Toogood was traded the next season.

Things got even worse at a subsequent luncheon after the Rams had lost their fourth in a row. "I was ready to argue at the drop of a napkin," recalls Sid.

Through the moderator a man asked, "Either offensively or defensively, are holding techniques required in order to win?"

"That question is idiotic," snapped Gillman. "Throw it away."

Then came the next. "Do you feel you're such a genius that you should call all the plays yourself?"

"Toss that one in the ash can, too!" roared Sid. The menu that day featured pot roast of beef and potato pancakes, but Gillman, flushed with anger, didn't touch either.

The fan club also has a women's division, which meets with the coach once a season. Sid fared no better with the ladies. At their luncheon a member asked, "Why do you treat Van Brocklin like a Charley McCarthy? Aren't you jeopardizing his job by calling the plays?"

"Lady," replied Gillman sharply, "when he calls the plays, he could be jeopardizing mine." His wrathful tone reduced her to tears. Says Sid remorsefully, "I felt like a beast."

Although the Rams salvaged their last two games in 1956, they still finished with a calamitous record of four and eight, their worst since coming to Los Angeles. Rumors quickly spread that Gillman would get the ax. He didn't, but during the winter he concluded that he would have to do one of two things: (a) leave the state, or (b) make some radical changes. By the opening of the 1957 season he had drawn up a four-point program aimed at restoring him to a contending position in the league and to good standing socially in Los Angeles.

Gillman's first move was to junk the two-quarterback system and give Van Brocklin another try as top man. Secondly, he started reading the Los Angeles newspapers again. Sid kidded the press, "I don't think I could last another season without your valuable assistance in coaching the team." Thirdly, he made a solemn pledge to himself that he would not argue with Ram fans; he would swallow any insult and smile at any absurdity. Finally, he changed the format of the Ram Fan Club luncheons. Instead of conducting an open forum, he decided to show the members game films and explain the key situations. Then they would be invited to submit written questions which first would be screened by General Manager Rozelle, who would censor only the ones aimed at embarrassing the coach or putting a player into conflict with a coach.

The Rams report that this system has worked out to the satisfaction of most fan-club members. It hasn't, however, eliminated second-guessing in Los Angeles, as was demonstrated when the Rams chose Jon Arnett in the 1957 draft in preference to Jimmy Brown, who went on to become the powerhouse of the Cleveland Browns.

Although Gillman took a lot of criticism for this, he stoutly maintains to this day, "I'm not apologizing to anyone for choosing Arnett over Brown. I still feel they're a tie. Brown will beat you in twelve plays and Arnett will beat you in one."

The Rams improved slightly in 1957, but their record of six wins and six losses wasn't good enough to forestall further trouble for the coach. Letters urging that Gillman be dismissed poured in to Ram officials. One woman wrote, "We of the anti-Sid Gillman Club are not going to quit trying to bring in a replacement for Mr. Gillman, and we think you should know that we are growing rapidly. Our slogan is, 'Put the Lid on Sid.'"

At fan-club sessions other types of changes were proposed. To all suggestions, no matter how naïve, the new Sid Gillman listened respectfully. "Your ideas merit consideration," he said politely to the kibitzers. "We'll take them up at our next staff meeting."

With the press, which had criticized Gillman's offensive tactics for being less imaginative than those of some of the other teams, Sid took a firmer stand. "I don't feel that any offense in the National Football League lacks imagination," he said. "Any team that is functioning properly has enough attack to slaughter any opponent. Proof of this is the unpredictability of your games each week. In truth, all of us are using essentially the same stuff. We spend the greater part of our lives studying films. We see what everyone is doing. What we like, we steal."

Recently Gillman mentioned by way of illustration a new play he introduced last year against the Browns. The quarterback handed off to the fullback, who faked an off-tackle run and suddenly threw a deep lateral to the quarterback, who tossed a long pass downfield to the end. This worked smoothly against Cleveland for a fifty-five-yard touchdown.

"By the end of the season," says Gillman, "Cleveland had used the same play twice against other opponents for touchdowns. Similarly we have 'borrowed' plays from the Browns and others. No one in the league has anything exclusive for very long. One of my predecessors, Joe Stydahar, started the 'three-end system,' in which he replaced a halfback with a third end to expedite the passing game. Passing is the strong suit of the pro attack. The Bears soon followed with three ends and, as I recall, nine of the twelve teams in the league were using this system last year."

While Gillman was confident that he could always hold his own in public debates with his critics, he didn't feel that he could continue explaining mediocre records to his employers. To put an end to this type of performance, the Rams took some drastic measures last year.

First, they traded Van Brocklin to Philadelphia and gave Wade a chance as full-time quarterback. Explained one Los Angeles official, "We didn't feel that Norm took us as far as we wanted to go in 1957, and he wasn't the type who would accept relief work willingly. His leaving naturally appealed to the Wade

What Would You Have Done?

Despite grandma's precautions, her two small grandchildren ran into a corner of her "desert garden" planted with large cactus plants. Before she could warn them away, they tumbled into the plants and came up bawling and as covered with spines as porcupines. Grandma, being alone with the youngsters, telephoned the doctor. All he could suggest was that she pull out each spine individually with tweezers. But the terrified youngsters would not hold still long enough for this. If you were grandma, what would you have done?

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Going into the kitchen, where she was putting up preserves, she heated some paraffin in a pot. When it was almost cool but still soft enough to pour, she spread it over the children's spiny areas. As soon as it cooled enough to harden, she peeled it off—and out came all the spines.

MRS. SHIRLEY STOLL

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followers, but we caught a lot of hell from the Van Brocklin side."

A second major decision was to have the bench send in every play, irrespective of fan protests. "Nothing will convince me," says Gillman, "that a quarterback, occupied with the mechanical phases of football, can concentrate as well on plays as a coach who is working closely by telephone with assistants who are studying the game from an elevation.

"Paul Brown of Cleveland has been rapped often for calling signals. I have to laugh at his critics. If Brown is matching his brain each week against that of your average quarterback, who figures to win most of the time? Would you bet on the quarterback to beat Paul Brown in a battle of wits?"

The Rams made a rousing comeback last year to finish in a tie for second in the tough Western Division. They won eight of twelve games, including four victories on the road, and their home attendance boomed higher than ever. Gillman's contract was extended for two years at a raise. Now in his fifth season, he already has lasted longer than any other Ram coach.

"I hope my good fortune continues," says Sid. "After coaching in this city, a job anyplace else, I'm afraid, would be pretty quiet."

As the Rams plunged into the 1959 season, attacks on Gillman had temporarily subsided in Los Angeles. However, Sid continued to get assistance from his host of self-appointed grandstand advisers.

Three fan-club members, for example, recommended independently to the coach that he shift John Baker, a 290-pound tackle, to fullback, on the grounds that the Rams could use a heavy line plunger. The fact that Baker neither runs fast enough for fullback nor understands the position didn't keep Gillman from stroking his chin thoughtfully and replying with some variation of his new refrain, "Your idea merits consideration. We'll take it up at our next staff meeting."

A friend of Sid in Los Angeles eavesdropped on such a conversation not long ago. He smiled and remarked to the coach, "Working out here really is easy, isn't it? All you had to do was get the hang of it."

My Trials as a Nondrinking Alcoholic

(Continued from Page 36)

"I was the girl whose hair you set on fire trying to light my cigarette. But it's been much thicker since, and I always gave you 'A' for effort."

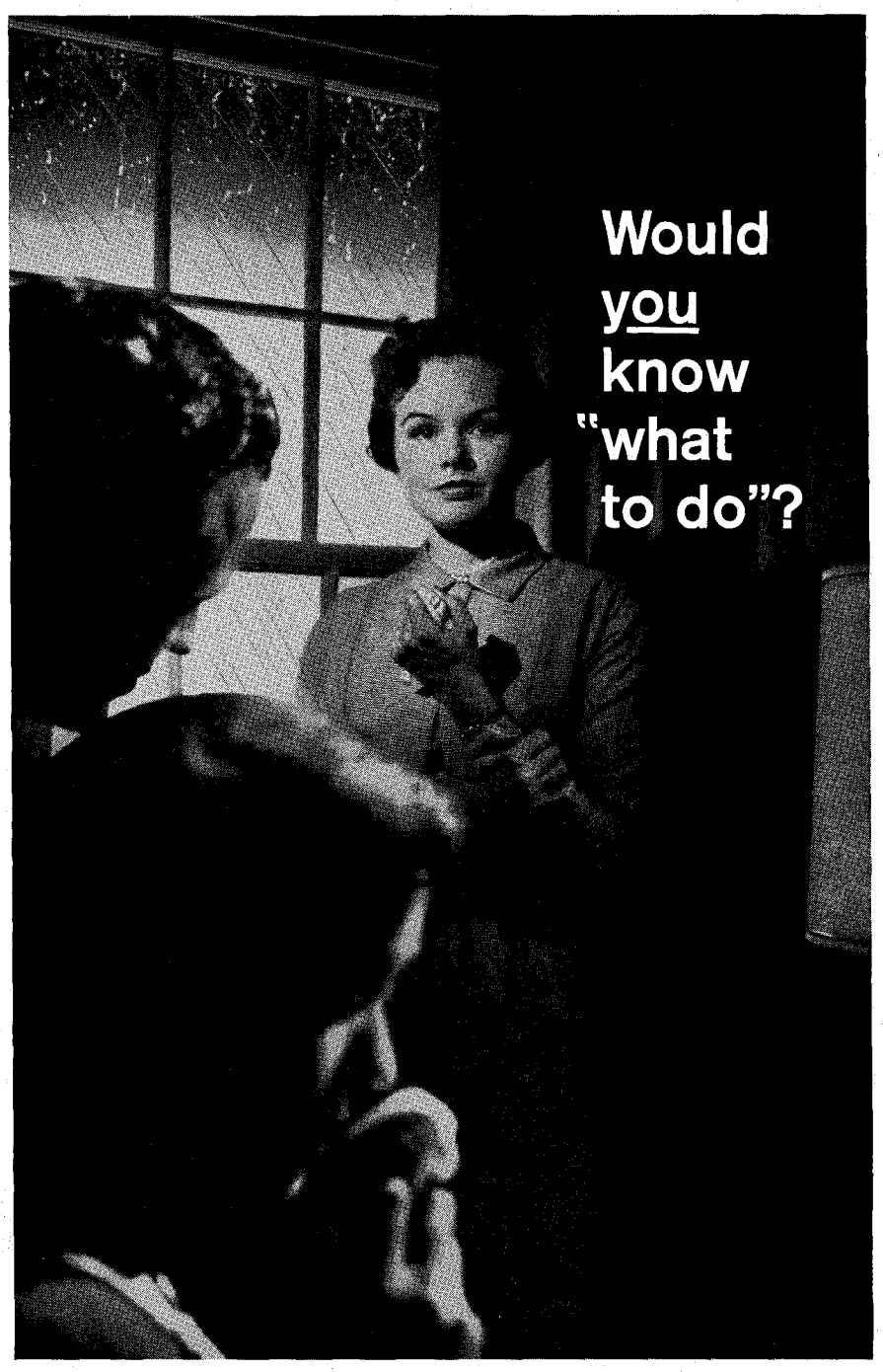
This particular hazard of nightmare versus reality is one that wears off in time. After a couple of years I wasn't really very likely to run into anyone I hadn't met since before I sobered up. But as that hazard wore off, a whole new set emerged. Before I go into them, however, it might be a good idea to try to explain what makes a nice friendly normally drinking fellow dissolve into a lush. How do we get that way? Why does it happen to us and not to our equally hard-drinking friends? I say "try" because I am not sure I can. Even the people doing research on alcoholism haven't any answers yet that fit the whole picture.

Most of you know all the psychiatric theories: an alcoholic is immature, hostile, dependent, masochistic, a latent homosexual. Any alcoholic may have any one of these personality defects. He may have all of them at once. But there are also plenty of immature, dependent, hostile, masochistic, latent homosexuals who never in their lives have a drinking problem. Moreover, if alcoholism were strictly a psychiatric problem, a successfully analyzed alcoholic should be able to go back to normal social drinking—and he almost never can. Many specialists say, in fact, that any alcoholic who can go back to drinking at all after treatment, was probably misdiagnosed in the first place.

In my book the theory which comes nearest to fitting all the facts is this one:

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wanted a negligee that's a little less sheer."



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- why it's important to select a proper grave vault at the same time?
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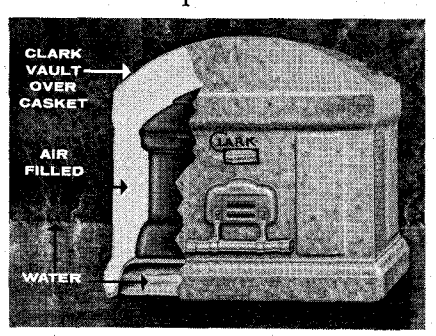

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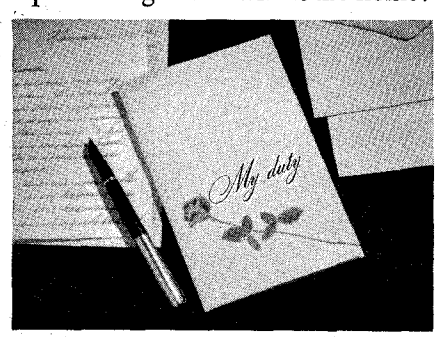

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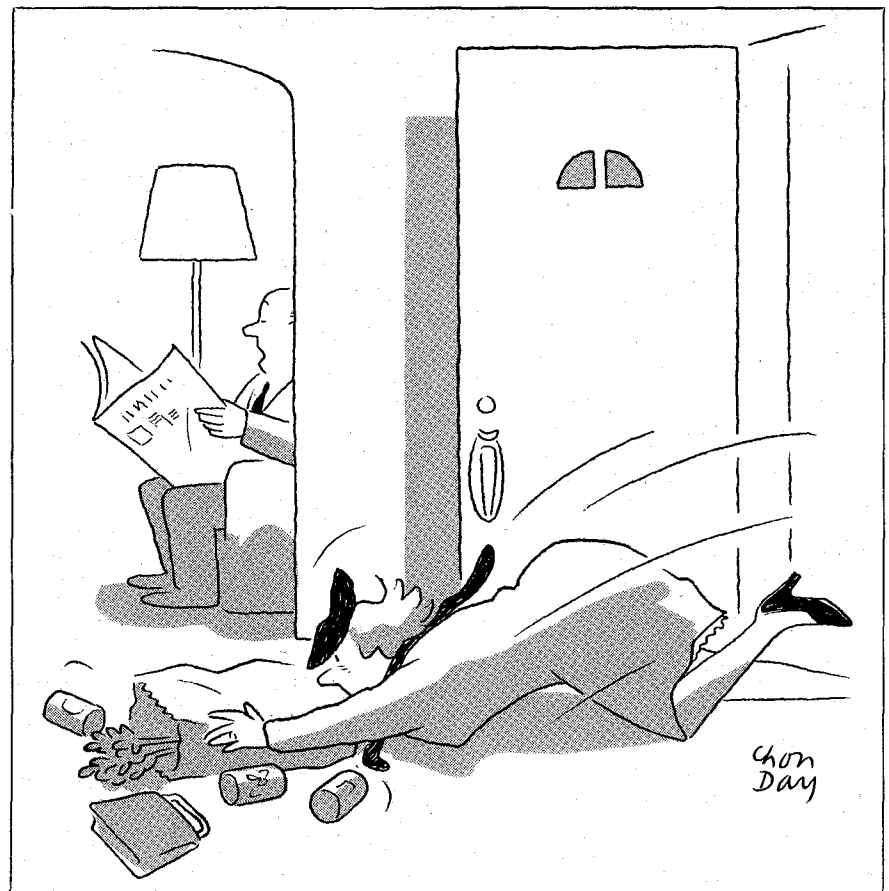
An alcoholic is a normal social drinker who has become the victim of a not-yet-understood addictive process. He has found social comfort in alcohol for years, probably more comfort than the average person. He has ordinarily had the kind of constitution that let him drink considerably more than most people without getting sick and—until the addictive process set in—without getting noticeably drunk. I say "ordinarily" because there are alcoholics who have never had anything stronger than beer; priests have become alcoholics on sacramental wine. But a man can ask his liver to metabolize pure alcohol just so long, it seems. At some point, depending on individual tolerance, his liver loses its adaptive capacity and starts converting some part of all that alcohol into a substance which is clearly addictive, though nobody has yet been able to isolate it. From then on the drinker is hooked just as surely as if he had been taking heroin or cocaine, and his problem is far more medical than psychiatric.

It takes us alcoholics some time to realize what has happened. We have usually had the reputation of being one of the very few people in the crowd who could hold our liquor. We may for years have been the stalwarts who could always drive the car, tuck everyone else in bed and see that the fire was out and the gas turned off. It is intolerable to find this is no longer true, that now we get maudlin on a couple of drinks and so out of control we can't stop drinking until we're unconscious. We can't believe that now we are physically sick, and we try everything we can think of to get back our old control. But the harder we try, the more frantic we get and the more we drink to "steady our nerves." Until something happens, usually a good many frightful somethings, to make us face the fact that from here on out—forever—the smallest amount of alcohol is going to set up a chain reaction that is, in a word, hell.



"Is that you, Ethel?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am often asked how I managed to practice medicine while drinking abnormally. The answer is simply that I did not and that no doctor should. Most of my really heavy drinking was done during military service. At the time, this did not seem abnormal to me and did not attract the serious attention of my commanding officers. When I returned to teaching and research activity at our medical school after the war, there was no problem at first because I was a periodic drinker and learned to schedule drinking bouts so that they did not coincide with planned lectures or important laboratory experiments.

However, I soon realized that I could not accept the responsibility for the care of private patients, and this made me downright ashamed of myself. Right here is a primary motivation for cure in alcoholics. In analyzing this shame, I came to know that I was sick enough to need help and that I would be without self-respect until this addiction was overthrown. Once an alcoholic finds in himself the humility to ask for help, solution of his many problems becomes possible.

It must be hard for you comfortably normal social drinkers to understand alcoholics. All sorts of generous kindhearted people try to persuade us that alcoholism is quantitative, not qualitative—that it is the amount or the proof of the brew that does the damage. Friends have come up to me and said sympathetically, "I know you're off liquor, so here's a glass of sherry." They have said wheedlingly, "Oh, come on, one glass of champagne can't hurt you. It's my daughter's birthday." I've had them appear beaming with a beautifully cobwebbed bottle of wine from their grandfather's cellar and tell me, "We knew you weren't drinking, so we opened this fine old bottle of wine just for you." What makes it extra rough is that they are often people I am extremely fond of. I don't want to hurt their feelings, but I know from bitter experience exactly what would happen if I took a few sips just to be polite and because "one drink can't hurt anyone."

The stuff would taste just great, and I'd have no trouble stopping after one or two sips. But some time that night, without fail, I would wake up in an agonizing sweat, awash with a kind of anxiety too horrible even to try to describe. I would

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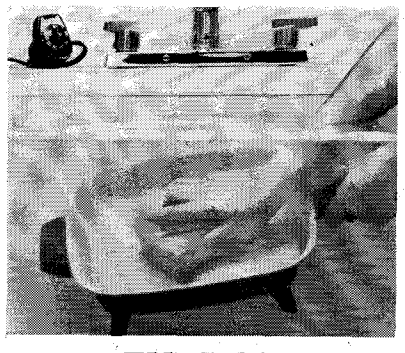

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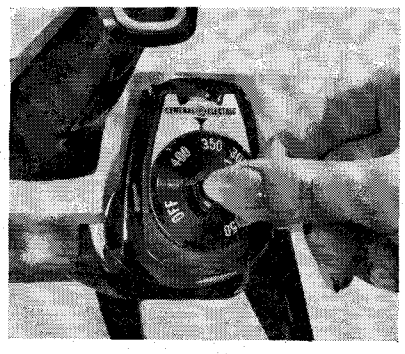

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lie there struggling with the various alternatives as I watched the minutes and then the hours go by. A couple of ounces of straight bourbon would solve everything, banish the anxiety and send me off to sleep like a baby. I would even feel all right the next morning, but when night came, this time I would need four ounces or eight and ——

"How about a slug of barbital?" I might ask myself when the anxiety got absolutely intolerable. "Maybe that would do the trick." But I would know that barbital was almost as dangerous as liquor when it came to setting up that old addictive process.

Sometimes I have got through the aftermath of one of these apparently minor indiscretions by getting right up and drinking a lot of coffee, eating something solid and then finding some chore around the house to putter over. But that can be dangerous too. If a man can sweat out that first night without tanking up, why the next time someone offers him a glass of sherry he's bound to think, "Why not? I've just proved I could handle it." But his nightmare night will be worse this time and then—frankly I'm scared of even a swallow. All genuinely recovered alcoholics are scared, and we have plenty of reason to be.

Those alluring desserts liberally laced with liqueurs are unhappily just as dangerous as the polite swallow or the ceremonial toast. I love desserts—sugar stills the yearning for alcohol better than anything else, as a matter of fact—and the frustrated hours I have spent looking at chocolate ice cream topped with whipped cream and floating in crème de menthe, orange ice with orange slices and a liqueur, brandied peaches or *babas au rhum* have undoubtedly strengthened my character even while they were fraying my disposition. But a kind hostess will never tell her alcoholic guest he'll hurt her feelings if he says "no, thanks," and a really kind one will arrange to have the liqueur pass around the table so those of us who must pass it up needn't sit hungrily watching.

It doesn't simplify anyone's life, however, if you run to the other extreme of the social spectrum and decide, "Here's this poor alcoholic guy coming to dinner. Let's make it easy for him and keep the liquor locked up." And there you all sit, sipping tomato juice and ginger ale till ten-thirty—parties like that seldom last any longer—making conversation and not succeeding too well. I hate to remember the times this has happened. Everyone felt terrible, and I felt worst of all because I knew just how good those martinis and that bourbon used to taste and how they brightened up a gathering, and here I was the cause of the social blight. All I really wanted was for everyone to face the fact quietly: they could drink and I couldn't, and let's get on with the party.

Sometimes a hostess has had the bright idea of inviting another alcoholic to keep me warm, as it were. I appreciate the thought, but it makes me feel a little like an unmarried girl who needs a date. Alcoholics always enjoy meeting one another; we inevitably have a good deal in common, but we really don't need to be brought together. Any big party is likely, by the simple laws of mathematics, to include a couple of us. Five per cent of all people who drink are alcoholics, which averages two to a group of forty, three to a group of sixty, and so on. We manage to find one another amazingly fast. It may only be the way we linger over our drinks—there is absolutely no urgency to downing a glass of ginger ale. It may be some sixth sense. I can't say quite how we spot each other, but we do. If I meet a stranger at a party and something inside me says, "Hail, comrade," I'm usually right. But I would a lot rather miss one and stand alone in my bleak sobriety than have a production made of it. The truth is that an alcoholic seldom goes to a party without a good deal of anxiety that he may spoil it just by being there.

We vary in our personalities as much as other people, but a good many of us, once we're really dried out, find that we drank as much as we did all those years because we simply had to be the life of the party. It had never been enough just to be a nice guy or a decent human being. We had to be *special.* Drinking made us, at least, feel special. And here is where psychiatric help plays its part in our recovery. It can't help us handle liquor once that addictive process has started, but it can help us stand ourselves without liquor. By the time we're really recovered we are usually content to be inconspicuous. We even want to be. So the first step at any party is to find a drink that looks as much as possible like everyone else's. When it comes to that green-wig feeling not even ginger beer is more conspicuous than a glassful of tomato juice in a roomful of martinis.

"Don't tell me you're having a Bloody Mary. I adore them."

"No, this is plain tomato juice."

"Oh, you're on the wagon. How strong-minded of you. How long?"

Maybe this is being special, but we don't hanker for it. So if there's an alcoholic you're fond of, skip the tomato juice unless everyone is drinking Bloody Marys—and this goes for orange juice unless the party is on Screw Drivers. A plain glass of water isn't a bad drink. Even the most convivial souls now and then ask for water.

The wife of an alcoholic friend of mine feels she has solved the problem by having nothing but tinted glasses on her shelves, so that no one ever knows who has what. It is very loving of her, but I seem to remember that one of the pleasures of drinking was contemplating the pale glint of a martini or the richer gleam of a nice, strong bourbon and branch through clear sparkling glass. Her husband is an alcoholic—not a collector of colored glassware—and I don't see why all her guests should be sacrificed on the altar of connubial tact.

Plenty of settled, long-term alcoholics simply decide they like orange juice or whatever—and who minds answering questions? I like remembering a conversation I once overheard between a woman alcoholic I am fond of and a man who was about to fix himself another drink. "Now you've got to let me fix you one," he said. "It makes me nervous to keep drinking when you aren't." She cocked her head at him. "It's nothing to how nervous I'd make you if I started drinking with you," she said cheerfully. I have pretty well reached this stage myself, but in my sensitive tyro days I found an Old Fashioned a fine drink if my host could bear to waste a cherry and a hunk of orange on anything as insipid as plain ginger ale. Ginger ale is a good stand-in for a highball too. But the very best nonalcoholic drink is a gin and tonic without the gin and with a nice plump slice of lemon—not too sweet and delightfully inconspicuous.

There are two hazards to this camouflage game. Until I'd been dried out a good many years, people who knew I'd better not have a real drink often looked nervous when they saw me holding a glass that looked like everyone else's. I could see them thinking, "Old Jonathan's slipping again. How can we stop him before it's too late?" If I had really been slipping it would already be too late, but I didn't

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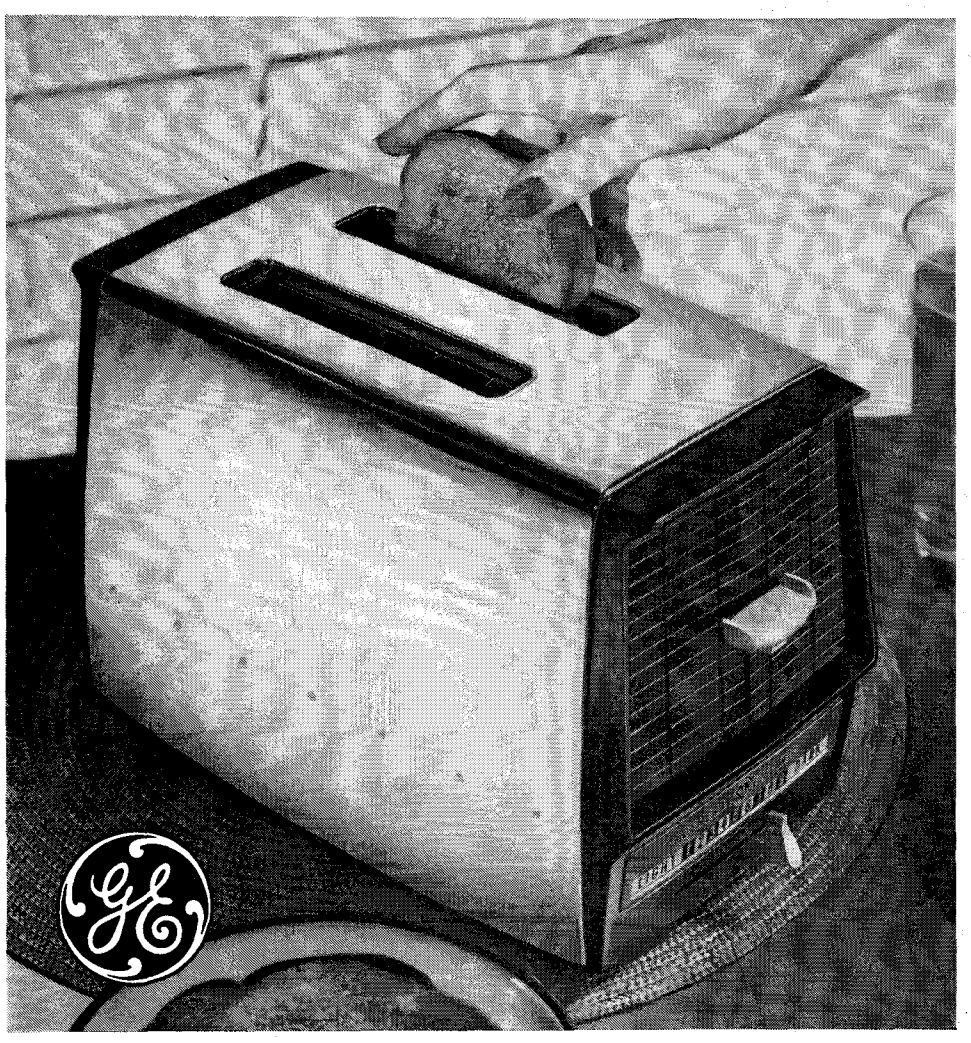

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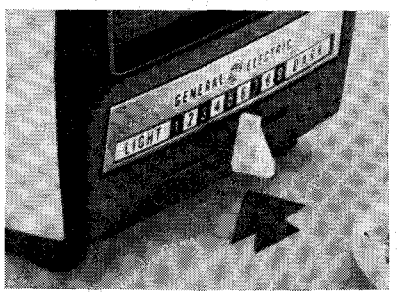

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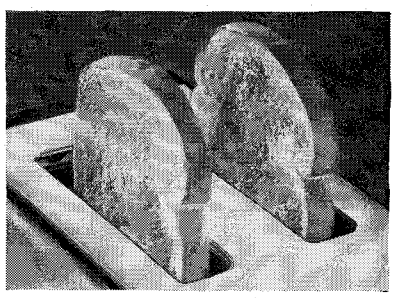

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like to see them worry. Alcoholics are pretty noticing. We are apt to be extra-sensitive people, and then, of course, we aren't drinking. It was easy whenever I picked up this anxiety to offer a reassuring sip of my drink. "Yours doesn't look as good as mine. Here try it." This was indulging them—for it was, after all, my problem. On the other hand, I usually felt I had been their problem often enough in the past to owe them this.

The other hazard is considerably more serious. As the party wears on my host may get his drinks mixed and hand me a gin and tonic *with* gin. Tonic conceals the taste of gin quite thoroughly, and more than once I haven't known what I was drinking until that lovely familiar warmth began to steal over me, which wasn't lovely long because I knew what sort of night was ahead. I'd stand holding the glass, going through the grim eternal struggle. "I'm going to have a hell of a time anyway and nobody's checking on me. Why not just finish this and have a good time for once?" The only hope was to put down the glass fast and go in search of something good and sweet to build up my blood sugar and my will power. Any time my drink looks like everyone else's I've got remarkably skillful at inconspicuously edging up to the bar and making sure what goes into mine. I've seen a recovered alcoholic get the wrong drink, shrug and polish it off, and then I've seen him a week later right down at the bottom of the heap and having to start the long dreary climb once more from scratch.

Back in the beginning I spoke of the incompatibilities between drinkers and nondrinkers. These go a lot deeper than the alcoholic's sensitivity and the normal drinker's nervousness when he's around him. But they only emerge uncomfortably at parties which people who drink call "merry" or "mad" or "really rolling." Before-dinner cocktails make no problem for us. They help tired people relax. They help people who don't know each other get acquainted. But a roomful of people with nothing in common and no purpose for being there except to drink until they all love each other is something of an ordeal. It really isn't a kindness to invite an alcoholic to that sort of party.

Is this because it makes us too jealous? Well, partly, but only partly. I am often asked whether alcoholics keep wishing they could drink. Sure we do. We remember just how good it tasted and felt. We miss it like fury at first. But far more than the liquor, we miss our friends as they recede into a world where we can't follow them. There is probably no one lonelier than a nondrinker in a party where everyone else is whooping it up. Say I meet a charming girl at a party like this. I'm having ginger ale or tonic. She is having a martini or a highball. We are embarked on some fascinating topic of conversation. The tray comes around again and our conversation may get even more fascinating. Then it comes around a third time and that charming girl just quietly fades away from me. Not physically, for there she still stands, looking completely organized, holding her glass straight, managing her cigarette; but for conversational purposes she has retreated into a hazy world a long way off. She thinks our conversation is still going great but to me it is as if neither of us quite understood now what the other was saying.

It sometimes makes me as angry to watch this waste of the human ability to communicate as it would once have made me to see someone take an almost full bottle of liquor and pour it down the drain. That marvelous moment of human contact has just been poured out and is gone forever. It is even worse with an old friend. I am so glad to see him. He is so glad to see me and then, little by little, we become strangers. I suppose this can't help sounding priggish, but that is not how I feel. I am simply very fond of my friends and am jealous, not of their ability to drink, but of the way those drinks take them away from me. Yet if I stayed away I might never see them at all.

There is no solution, I am afraid. Sure, I think people drink too much. I've an idea that most people who drink also think people drink too much. There is an awfully thin line between when alcohol is a valuable social catalyst and when it is stultifying. Maybe, in this high-pressure culture we have evolved, stepping over the line is often inevitable. I don't know. I just know it gives me a desolate sense of loneliness, and most of the alcoholics I know have the same reaction.

At those evening parties where you play games I am apt to find myself the only real spectator, because I am the only one cold sober. I suppose I have my share of hostility, but I am not hostile enough to get any real pleasure out of watching my intelligent, charming friends giggling and clowning. I feel if they really knew how they were acting they would stop. I know they are solid citizens and I hate seeing them at this disadvantage. All I want is to go home and leave them to their foolish fun, but to drag my wife away from what normal people consider an average social occasion seems selfish and stuffy. Again I know there is no solution except to skip parties that may end like this.

To understand why it is such an ordeal to an alcoholic to see his friends get drunk, you have to realize that to him his recovery from alcoholism is the finest thing that ever happened. It is more expensive than psychoanalysis—for he has usually wasted five or ten years of his life—but just as valuable. It is very nearly a spiritual rebirth, whether it is connected with formal religion or not. The world looks more wonderful than it ever did before, and the ability to communicate consciously and deliberately, to know exactly what we are doing every moment, seems the most precious human gift there is. One reason people drink, I think, is that we are all hungry for human warmth, but often are ashamed to show it. Most recovered alcoholics have learned not to be ashamed of feeling or showing affection for other people, and they can't help wishing everyone else felt the same way.

A good many of us react to our new life by being pretty evangelistic in the first year or so. "It is so wonderful to be dried out, chum. You don't know what you're missing." This stage has its value because it makes us willing to take endless pains to help alcoholics who are still hooked start trying to rejoin the human race, but it can also make us a good deal of a bore to normal drinkers. Fortunately it wears off as we get back to concentrating on the business of just plain living. We gradually realize that this is the way life is going to be. We love our friends; we know they love us, and we come to accept their slow disappearance after the third drink. It always makes us lonely, but we get used to it. We get so used to it after four or five years that we scarcely notice people who drink normally. All we notice then are the problem drinkers, but we notice them more and more, not with any smug superiority—more with friendly concern. We know all the signs, and we find some of them staring us in the face somewhere at most parties. Here is a man or a woman who is right on the edge and has a bad time ahead. We'd like to help before it gets worse, and this is frustrating because we know from sad experience—probably every one of us has had to discover it—that we can't be any help at all there at the party. Yet people who know we are recovered alcoholics keep feeling we ought to pitch right in.

More than once the wife of a man who was obviously drinking a lot too much has come up to me and said, "I'm so worried about George. Couldn't you talk to him?" George himself has even come along after the fourth or fifth drink and asked me to help him stop drinking. Being a doctor makes all this twice as tough because people give me the feeling—sometimes they say it in so many words—that I ought to set up a little group-therapy session right in the spare bedroom. I always wish I could. But I found out long ago that there is no point in describing the delights of sobriety to someone who is loaded. It may even do harm because the drunk can't hear me, but he thinks he can. And the next morning he may wake up feeling he has made a real try at finding help, and it wasn't any good. He hasn't, of course; but that kind of rationalization may let him go right on drinking more and more, miserably secure in the belief that there is no help for him.

Even a doctor can't do a thing with someone like this but say, "Phone me next week, old man. I'd love to talk to you, only not while you're drinking." Mostly, of course, the drunk never does phone; but when he does, it makes all the other frustrations worth while. Not altruistically or evangelistically. Helping people with the same problem is a completely tangible pleasure, and we all count on it to keep us going ourselves. It can be as intoxicating as liquor, and it isn't a bad substitute.

I hope I have not sounded as if the life of an alcoholic is a grim one. It isn't at all, except for the first couple of years after we have really committed ourselves to staying sober. Those years are not something anyone would choose to live through twice, and when in the course of these pages I have talked about the need for tact and consideration and understanding, I was referring essentially to this stage of recovery. After that, one of our big problems is to avoid growing smug. We think life is remarkable and we come to think we're pretty remarkable too. We look back with tolerant amusement on what we have been through and almost with awe on all we have learned.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

NEW CLUES IN THE SEARCH FOR CANCER CURES
By Steven M. Spencer

SAL MINEO
By Dean Jennings

THE AIRMEN HIT THE BIG TIME
Air Force vs. Army: Football's Newest Rivalry

IN COLOR:

PARACHUTING FOR FUN

INSIDE THE CAPTIVE BALTICS
Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia: A Post Editor's Report

THE GOVERNOR LEAVES THEM GASPING
George Docking of Kansas

TOO MANY GHOSTS
Beginning a novel by Paul Gallico

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10 FIFTH PRIZES	$100
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2. Winners will be chosen by an impartial drawing and notified by March 3, 1960. For a list of prize winners, send a 4¢ stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Correspondence concerning the Sweepstakes will be limited to these winners lists.

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392

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SIX STUNNING STYLES, including the pert, perky NEW CONVERTIBLE—only one of its kind; also easy-entry NEW 4-DOOR WAGON for work'n'fun—smaller outside, with full cargo space inside, the most stylish wagon of all. Here's a whole New Dimension in family car QUALITY, with new appointments, new luxury throughout. In addition, the most MONEY-SAVING V-8 on the road (or super-economy six). All this in the car that's been PROVEN FOR VALUE by 750 million miles of carefree owner use! Car of the year! Drive it!

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THE *LARK* FOR 1960

QUALITY FEATURES: Glowing new fashion-fresh colors, inside and out. Deep, rich sapphire enamel finish that needs no waxing. Tasteful new upholsteries (fabric or washable vinyl), new appointments. Padded, tailor-finished dash and sun visors. Let-down front seats. Pile carpet. Nothing has been spared to build quality into The Lark.

POWER: Improved 90 hp. economy six, with new carburetion and combustion chamber. Or the brilliant V-8, with acceleration zero to 60 in under ten seconds. Top winner over all other eights in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run. Costs little more than most sixes. Both engines turn in peak performance on regular gas.

PROVEN ECONOMY: Owners report fewer service jobs, lower service charges than for any other car they have recently owned. Cuts insurance and mileage costs, too. For greater satisfaction, greater service, greater savings—your long-lasting car investment for 1960—see it, drive it today. You'll *love* that Lark.

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New 5-passenger Convertible
New, easy-entry, 4-door Station Wagon
6-Passenger, 2-door Sedan
8-Passenger, 2-door Station Wagon
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6-Passenger Hardtop

PROVEN BY 750 MILLION MILES OF OWNER USE

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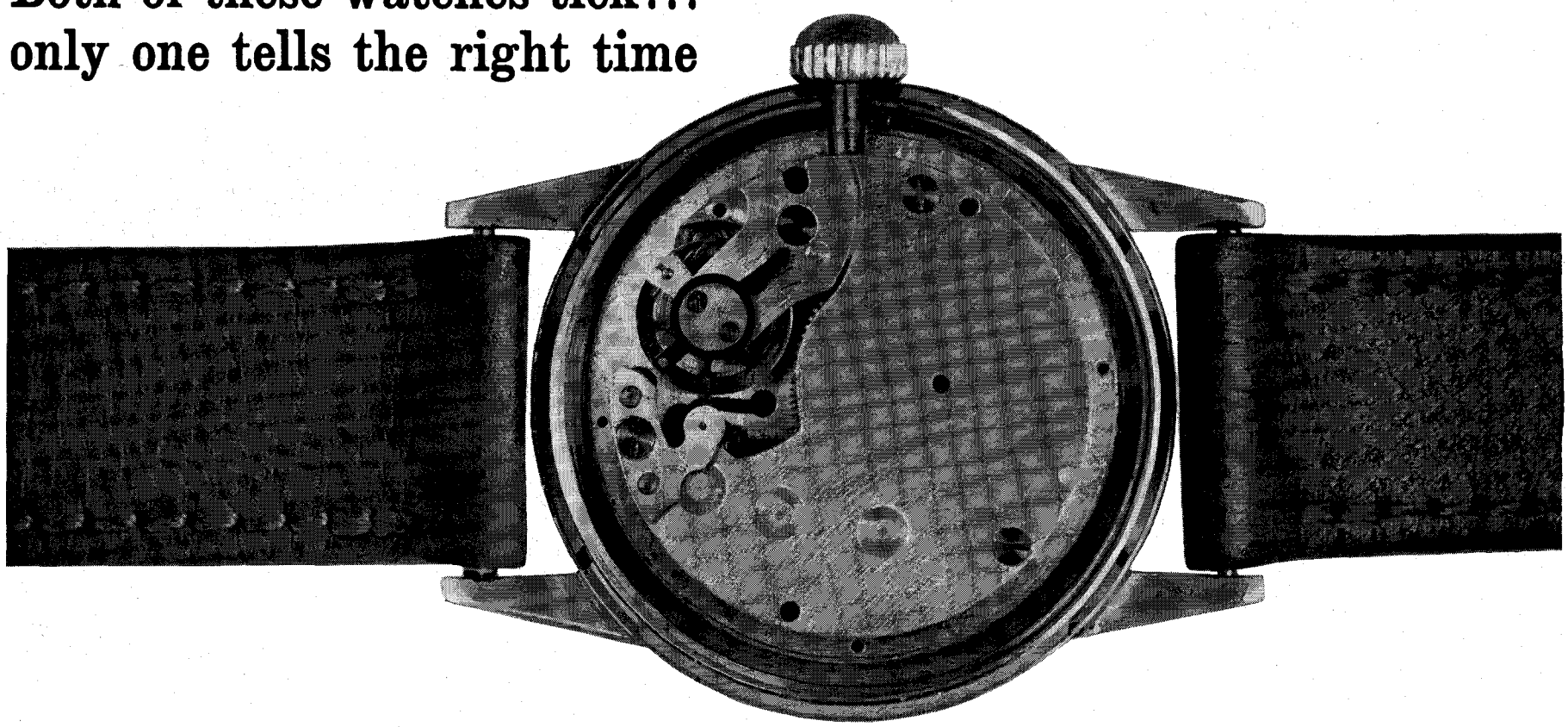
Both of these watches tick... only one tells the right time



Don't buy any watch until you've read this!

The watch on the bottom is a cheap watch. It has "bargain" insides. Drag it around under water, it ticks its head off. Whack it with a hammer and it won't shut up.

Will it keep accurate time? Don't count on it! Most cheap watches go bad *fast* . . . and then you've got trouble. But remember it's a look-good "bargain", not a good watch.

The watch on top is a good watch. Its moving parts are made of top-quality metals polished to a fine, smooth finish to cut down friction and reduce wear. It has been crafted with care and tested every step of the way. This watch will go on keeping accurate time for many, many years.

Like all good watches it has jewels. The number of jewels is not as important as where they are placed. Good watches have jewels at the very heart of the movement to cushion the wear. Cheap watches do not.

What's it all mean? Simply this: a good watch starts with a well-made movement. The case, the face, the extra features are useless if the insides have been slapped together.

When you buy a good watch you get what you pay for. A good watch will wear longer, better. It will be more valuable . . . something you'll be proud to own. Above all, it will be far more accurate.

Consider the difference between a "bargain" that may look good, and a really good watch. Don't buy a watch until your jeweler has shown you the difference. He'll be glad to do it. Remember: *Only a good watch can stand the test of time.*

WIN A SWISS VACATION! Nothing to buy! It's easy! In 25 words or less complete: "A quality watch is the best value because . . ." The prizes: Trips to Switzerland for two, mink stoles, movie cameras and projectors, typewriters, watches and Swiss Chocolates. Fun? See your jeweler. He has the entry blanks . . . and he knows all about watches. Contest closes Nov. 15, 1959.

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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The Golden Rose (Continued from Page 22)

shop in the village halfway to Bridle Way. He said, "Excuse me a moment, sir. I have to get a message here."

He had turned to speak to me and he saw my name on my leather briefcase, CATHAL MOYLE. His eye was transfixed on the name. He looked at me with one brief, astonished look, and then went into the Golden Rose shop. Maeve had noticed it and said, "What's going on? He looked stunned when he saw your name."

I was a bit stunned myself, because I could not get his name and my name related, but now I knew he could, and I had to guess why. He came back with a packet in one hand, a yellow rose in the other, and a flush on his face. He handed the rose to Maeve. "The young lady sent that out to you, miss."

Maeve knew very well who had sent her out the rose, and she was very quiet as she thanked him. When he began to drive out into the country again, I asked, "Cathal, are you in the motor business?"

"No, sir. I am studying economics."

"Where?"

"At Cambridge, sir."

"Why are you working in that garage?"

"Because I want to buy a motor scooter, sir. So I work when I am not in college."

"Maeve is at Cambridge too," I said.

"Maeve, sir?"

"My daughter. She is sitting by you."

"You have an Irish name, like me," said Maeve.

"Yes," said Cathal, looking very puzzled and driving slowly.

I leaned forward again. "You know who I am, Cathal, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I saw your name on your case."

"I think I can guess who you are, Cathal. It's pretty funny, isn't it, that we meet like this?"

"Yes, sir. I'm jolly well stunned, sir!"

Maeve suddenly burst out laughing at the very English expression, and then she turned to me. "Just what is going on between you, dad."

"Wait until we get to Bridle Way."

Another two miles and we drove between green hedges into the lovely little village of Bridle Way. There was Sussex sleep and Sussex sunlight on the flowered cottages, and I remembered the fragrance of the village twenty-five years ago. I spoke very softly to Cathal, "Pull up at the Golden Rose."

He did not say anything because he already must have guessed that was my destination. He opened the door for Maeve, and I smiled at her and said, "Once there was only one Golden Rose in all England. This one."

She stood back and looked at the little shop from which the great chain had grown all over England. It was just the same. It had not been altered or enlarged, and the Golden Rose that had been chipped out of yellow wood by Jonathan's hands still shone in the sunlight over the door. And maybe they were the same plants that still climbed the wall with yellow roses. I took Maeve's hand, and she held mine tightly because she knew I was trembling inside. I said, "Come in."

I led her in under the rose arbor and stood in the sweetness of the shop. And there was Jonathan, just twenty-five years older, but in his shirt sleeves, standing behind his own counter, and the million or so pounds he was worth now had not put a wrinkle on his face.

"Well, Jonathan!"

"Well, Mr. Moyle! I got your cablegram, and I am here to meet you."

"This my daughter, Maeve."

"Welcome to Bridle Way, Miss Maeve." Then Jonathan smiled. "My son has an Irish name too. I called him after you."

"I know. I knew that a long time ago. By the way, Cathal has just driven us in. He is outside with the car."

"Cathal drove you here? But how?"

"Never mind, Jonathan." I looked at my watch. "I have an appointment at the bank. I want you to come."

"Me?"

"Yes."

He got his jacket and put it on. When we went outside, I spoke to Cathal. "Come with us, Cathal."

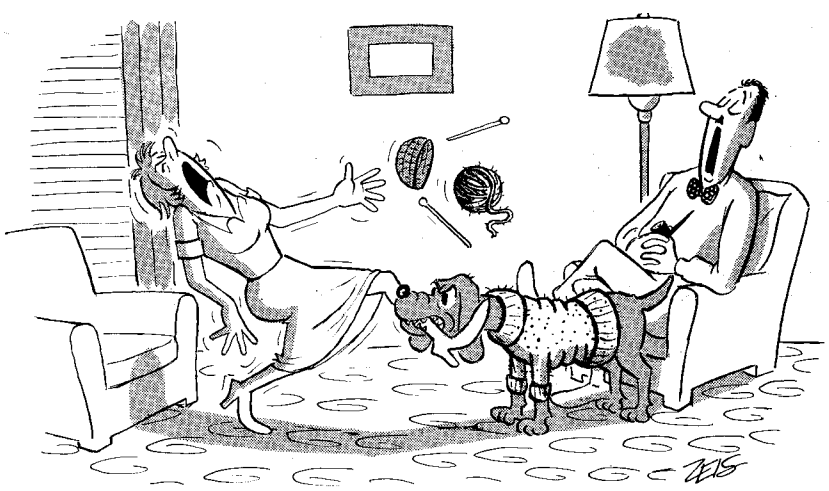
Walking down the street, Jonathan said, "Well, you are a famous man now, Mr. Moyle."

"That is not very important, Jonathan."

He nodded. All his money and all his success had not changed him in any way.

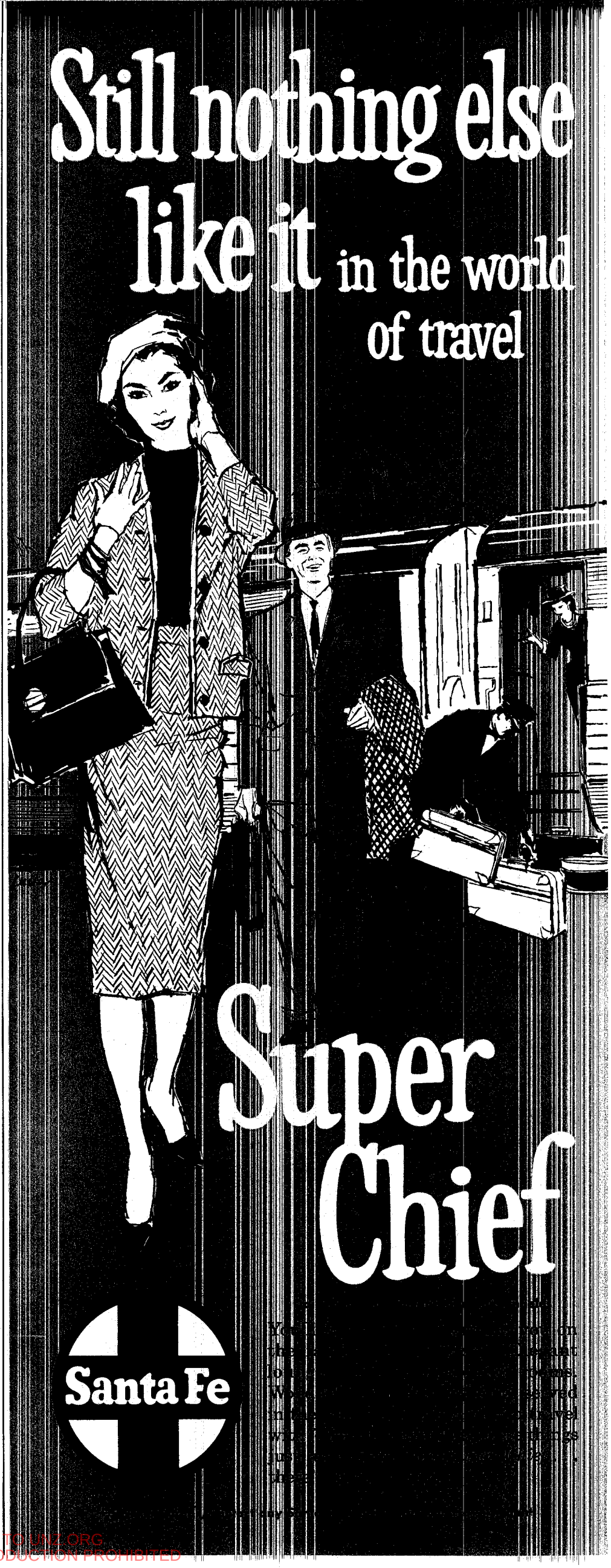
We went into the small bank at the corner of the street, and I gave my name and asked for the manager. He came out and said he was Mr. Wilcox and had got my cablegram. Then he smiled. "Mr. Hayward is not here any more. He is in London now. But he has come from London to meet you. Please come in."

Hayward got up from the big desk and seemed surprised to see so many people. He did not look twenty-five years older any more than did Jonathan, and I guessed they still lived their lives in the garden and playing village cricket on Saturday. Mr. Wilcox had to bring in some more chairs, and then we all sat down after I had introduced Maeve to Hayward. I said, "My daughter says she is tired of reading my books. Now she is going to hear a story that is not yet in any



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid he doesn't like it."



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of my books. I hope you don't mind her being here, Mr. Hayward."

Hayward answered with a sly but friendly smile. "Well, at least I know why one person is here, Mr. Moyle."

"Now I am going to tell a story to Maeve, and you can all listen."

They guessed I had not crossed the Atlantic to tell a poor story, and they listened.

"When I lived here, Maeve, it was before you were born. And also before Michael was born, and I had been married just a year. We lived in a little cottage beyond the cricket green, that I will show you later on. At that time I had not written any of my novels or plays, and only wrote short stories and poems. Mostly I wrote poems. Prose is talking, poetry is singing, and it was hard not to sing here with the dew on the grass in the morning and my head a carillon of bird song in the spring. I was living in England, and the stories were coming out of England, and the poems were coming out of Ireland. Maybe I was trying to keep Ireland with me, so I wrote too many poems and not enough stories, and very soon, like Shakespeare, I was worried about money. But the poems made me happy, and they also kept me company, because I was the only poet in the village. At least I thought I was the only poet, until the day I walked into the Golden Rose shop and met Jonathan.

"Jonathan would have been very surprised if I had told him he was a poet, just as he is looking surprised now. I was writing poems. Jonathan was living a poem. Maybe in his own way he knew his shop was a poem. It was also a painting, and he had the eye of a painter in the way he arranged the colors of the jams and the honey and the apples and the cherries on his shelves. Like me, he had been married just a year, and I remember that Mary was the color of a rose and smelled like a rose and breathed like a rose in the rising dew of the morning.

"They worked very, very hard, building their poem, and the shop grew, not larger, but sweeter, like an apple, ripening in the sun. I remember I came in one night and Mary was working on her account book, and there was an account balanced in the middle of a page in such beautiful writing and figures that I thought at first she was writing a poem. I looked over her shoulder and counted the lines of figures, and there were fourteen lines, as in a sonnet.

"That was where I first learned the beauty and shape and form of mathematics, from an account in a village shop. But I never told Mary about the sonnet in figures she had written, nor did I tell Jonathan that there was as much romance in his shop as ever was on Juliet's balcony.

"I knew, even then, that Jonathan would be a success, and I knew, because the shop to him was a poem, that he would want to make more poems and, therefore, in time, he would open more shops in other places. His whole life was growing steadily and certainly as the oak tree of England.

"In a way, Jonathan encouraged me to write more poems, and when I came out of the Golden Rose, with the apples or the cakes I had bought, I would also have another poem. So I had more and more poems, and less and less money.

"Jonathan ran his shop on cash, because he worked on a very small margin of profit, and he had to have money coming in every day. But one day I had no cash, and the love lyric I had worked on for a week left my head full of music and my stomach full of hunger pains. Also, Maeve, by this time your mother was carrying Michael, and she could not nourish him on love lyrics.

"So, all I had one day was a shilling and a piece of paper. I told Jonathan I had paid a pound for the piece of paper and maybe he could take it, instead of money, and, if need be, he could sell it again for a pound. The piece of paper was a ticket in a Lottery Sweep on the Derby at Epsom. Jonathan said he would accept it in place of a pound cash, but he asked me to keep it, as he knew nothing about Sweeps or Derby races. I was going to write for him the number of the ticket, when he looked at me, very hurt that I could think he might not trust me to give him the money if it won.

"Things got so bad that in the end we could not keep the cottage, and packed up to leave and go back to Ireland. By this time, though, I knew the ticket had drawn a horse in the Derby race, and that would mean anyway a small sum. But I kept all this secret to myself, from Jonathan, and from your mother, Maeve.

"We had to sell the radio to pay our fare back to Ireland, but before it was packed up, I listened to the broadcast of the Derby. I remember I walked out into the kitchen and drank maybe ten glasses of water, and sweat poured down on me like rain.

"I walked up the street and looked at the Golden Rose shop. I took the lottery ticket out of my pocket and wondered if I would walk into the shop and hand Jonathan one hundred thousand pounds. I also knew well he would insist on sharing the money with me, and I needed money.

"Suddenly all the sweat dried on me, and I felt as light and clear as on a frosty morning in the sunlight.

"I walked down to the bank, asked for the manager, went into his office, and told him I wanted the bank to collect the money on the ticket and place all that money on account for the person whose name I would write inside a sealed envelope, and that was not to be opened except in case of my death.

"Mr. Hayward was very surprised, but he had the best reason for knowing I was broke, so he had at least a warranty of my honesty in not touching the money. He gave me a receipt, which I have brought here now, and I would guess Mr. Hayward has that sealed envelope in his desk right now."

Mr. Hayward opened a drawer and laid the sealed envelope on the desk.

"Mr. Hayward had not the least idea that the transaction had anything to do with Jonathan. When I got the money for the radio, I walked up to the Golden Rose to say good-by to Jonathan and Mary, and I gave him a pound instead of the ticket. That way I knew he would conclude the ticket had won no money, and it saved me from telling him a lie.

"Quite suddenly, as we shook hands, Jonathan said to me, 'If I have a son, I am going to give him your name.'

"Then I gave up my poems, and maybe stopped hearing bird song in my head, and made a success with the novels and plays.

"Long before I read that cover story in an American magazine on Jonathan, I knew he was a success, and I knew he had called Cathal after me.

"I often wondered, when this day came at last, if Jonathan would understand why I did not give him that money." I paused and looked at my daughter. "Do you understand why, Maeve?"

"I think I do, dad. But I would like to be sure."

"Well, Maeve, when I write a poem or a story, it is mine. It belongs to me only, in every way. And the next poem or story grows out of that, like a seed grows out of the seed planted before. It is all a steady growing in the natural way of life. Now, suppose another person wrote a poem or a story for me and gave it to me, and I made a success and money from it; it would not belong to me, and I could feel nothing at all.

"It was the same way with Jonathan. He had planted his first seed, that Golden Rose shop up the street, and made it grow as I make a poem grow. I knew that another Golden Rose shop, and another and another, would grow from that first seed, for Jonathan loved making the poems he calls the Golden Rose shops. But if I *gave* him the next Golden Rose shop, as I could have done, he would never have felt it was his own, that it belonged to him, that it had grown out of him. And now I hope he understands."

"Of course, I understand," said Jonathan, all his heart in his face. "I knew why long ago in your story."

I looked across at Cathal and saw how alive his face was, with his young mind growing in it. "And I know that Cathal knows why. Why does the son of one of the richest men in England work with his own hands, in his vacation, to buy himself a scooter? Because he wants it to belong to him, in the way that only what you earn or make yourself can belong to you. That right, Cathal?"

"Yes, sir. And I am proud to have your name."

Mr. Hayward moved in his chair and said, "Everybody in this room understands why you sealed that money into a bank, Mr. Moyle. And I am very glad to be here on this fine, sunny day." He smiled. "I put that money to earn interest and I paid the taxes on the gains, but not on the capital, because there is no tax on a lottery prize, as you know. And now what do I do with it all?"

"I think," said Jonathan, "we ought to put it into an endowment for education, or research, or something that is good. But I should like to consult Mr. Moyle on that, another time." He rose. "Now we are all going to lunch at my cottage." He smiled. "I still live in the little cottage. Although I had to take another one, for I have four children."

"I must go back to work," said Cathal.

"Cathal," I said, "you have my name. I think this day belongs to me."

"Very well, sir. I can work the night shift to make up."

Suddenly Maeve did a waltz turn around me and laughed. "Dad, what a liar you are! You told me you invented all your stories!"

Mary was standing at the gate of the garden as if she had been waiting for us. Lunch was laid on a table under an apple tree. The same blue eyes, the same lovely mouth, and very few silver streaks in that golden hair. But it was to Maeve she turned first, after a smile to me. She held both of Maeve's hands and said, "The image of your mother! I don't need to ask who you are." Then she stared at Cathal. "How are you here? I thought you were supposed to be working."

"It's quite a story, mother," smiled Cathal, "I couldn't find a horse for the jalopy."

"A horse for the what?"

"A jalopy." Cathal looked shocked. "Don't you know what a jalopy is?"

Now Mary realized that Hayward was in the party. "Why, Mr. Hayward! Why are you down from London?"

"I think Mr. Moyle had best tell you why, over lunch." Then he looked at Cathal. "What is a jalopy, anyway?"

The jalopy rode through all that lunch party under the apple tree. Cathal was hypnotized by the word. It seemed to open all America in his young and lively mind. Also it was connected with Maeve. The strange word and Maeve had arrived together in his life on this sunny morning. Then I had to tell Mary why I was in Bridle Way, and her blue eyes were moist as she learned why I had not given the prop to their tree of life, which did not need anything to make it grow in the sunlight of their work.

Then lunch was over, and Mr. Hayward said good-by and went away to get his train for London. I said to Maeve, "Now, I must show you the cottage where I lived here."

"Let Cathal take her there," said Mary. Then she smiled. "That is where Cathal lives now, as we can't all sleep in this little cottage, and we don't want to leave."

"That's funny," I said. "Cathal lives there now."

"No. It's not a coincidence. We bought your cottage because he had your name."

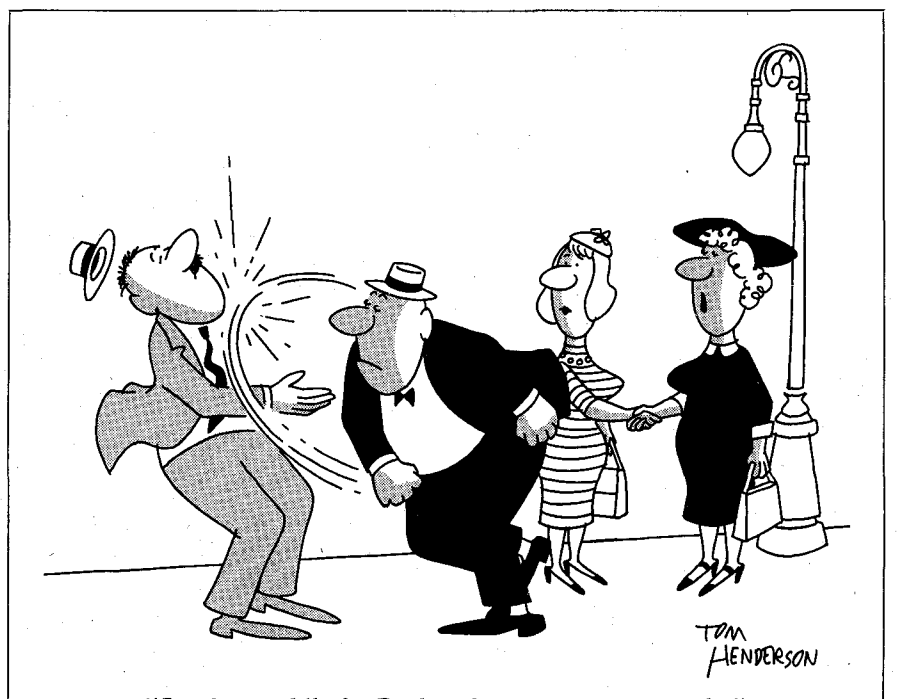
Cathal got up and walked with Maeve across the village green. I watched them go slowly over the garden.

"I don't know what you call it, Mary, but ——"

Suddenly she looked at me, and I saw that she had not changed.

"You are not the only person who has strange dreams, or premonitions, or whatever you call them, Mr. Moyle. All I know is, I have seen them walk across that green before."

In all my life I have never seen anything stranger than the blue flux of light in Mary's eyes as she watched Cathal and Maeve open the gate of the cottage across the green, where Maeve's mother and I had lived long ago. THE END



"It takes a while for Rudyard to warm up to people."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERON on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. The techniques used to perpetuate our forests also serve to maintain the value of our lands as natural watersheds and wildlife habitats. Our tree farms also continue to afford opportunities for various types of outdoor recreation.

farming trees in the scenic timberlands of the west

Announcement

Effective September 1, we changed our corporate name from Weyerhaeuser Timber Company to Weyerhaeuser Company. Simultaneously we adopted the new symbol below to identify our products and operations throughout the nation.

While timber is our basic raw material, the word *timber* as a part of our name was not descriptive of the full scope of our company's business.

Today, we produce a long and varied line of forest products, many born of our research and development activities. Other products will follow as we carry out our policy of converting the forest crop to its highest use and maximum value.

From the frosty peaks of the high Cascades to the shores of the turbulent Pacific, a green mantle of towering trees cloaks the land. Their roots probe deep into soil enriched by centuries-old deposits of forest humus and moistened by storms blown in from the sea. Here is one of nature's finest tree-growing regions.

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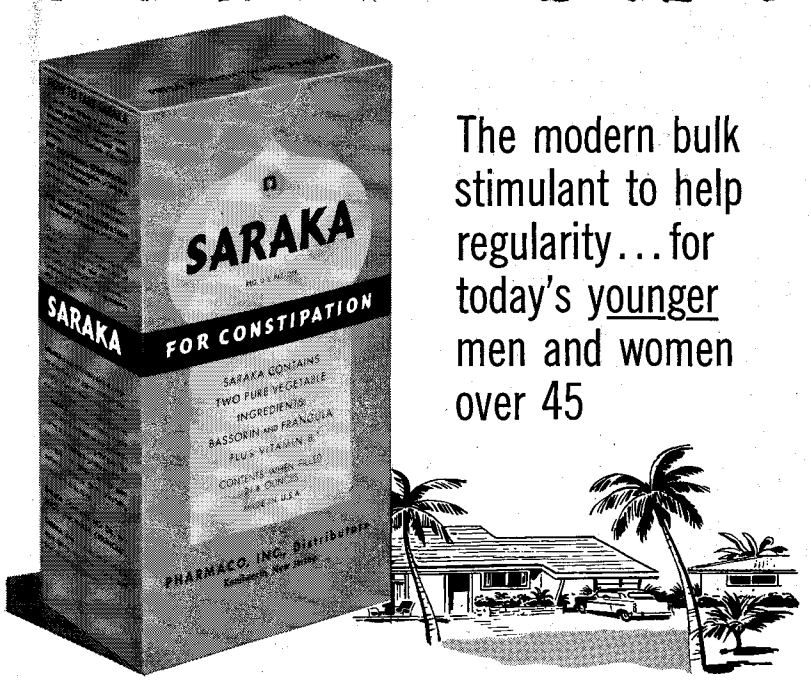

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 45)

"Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"Did she tell you where she was going?"

"No."

"Did she tell you how long she expected to be away?"

"No."

"Wasn't that rather unusual?"

"Well, yes, it was."

"Now then, since she left have you entered her apartment with a passkey?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial and not proper cross-examination," Carson said.

"I think it goes to show the bias of the witness," Mason said.

Judge Bayton hesitated. "I will permit the question."

"Did you enter the apartment with a passkey?"

"Yes."

"Were you alone?" Mason asked.

"Lieutenant Tragg was with me," she said.

"And what did you find in the apartment?" Mason asked.

"Now, if the Court please," Carson said, "that is definitely objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial and not proper cross-examination. It's obvious that this is going into an entirely different matter which will take the inquiry far afield."

"The Court is inclined to sustain that objection," Judge Bayton said. "I think perhaps the latitude on cross-examination has been ample to test the credibility of the witness."

"That's all," Mason said. "No further questions."

"If the Court please," Carson said, "I wish to introduce these trousers and the shoes as People's Exhibits, and at this time we renew our motion to show conversations with Mr. Perry Mason at the place where the articles were found. We feel that there has been sufficient circumstantial evidence to show that these articles were planted by Mr. Mason acting on behalf of the defendant."

Judge Bayton slowly shook his head. "You haven't connected it up yet," he said.

"But if the Court please," Carson said, "these articles were the property of the decedent. It is quite evident that the defendant planned a story which would be well calculated to arouse the most sympathy on the part of a jury. She wanted to show that she had been attacked, that she had tried to defend her virtue, that she had been pursued through wet brush along a muddy road, that she had plunged through a barbed-wire fence.

"We have now shown, at least by inference, that Mr. Mason had Madge Elwood furnish a skirt which was deliberately left in the defendant's apartment after having been taken to the scene of the crime and a part of the skirt left on the barbed-wire fence. We have shown that this evidence could only have been planted on the evening of the sixth, some time after the murder had been committed, probably nearly twenty-four hours after the murder. That was for the purpose of substantiating the defendant's story.

"Now, we are also in a position to show that counsel secured possession of some of Loring Lamont's shoes and a pair of his trousers, that the shoes were deliberately muddied up and the trousers were dragged through wet brush and then ripped as though on a piece of barbed wire, and that counsel was actually caught red-handed in the act of planting those articles. We feel that under the circumstances there is every reason to believe that this was done as the result of a conspiracy between the defendant and her counsel, and that the defendant is bound by his acts; that this attempt to fabricate evidence is an indication of guilt."

"That's all very well," Judge Bayton said, "but how do you connect it up with the defendant? In the first place, how do you connect it up with Mr. Mason?"

"Mr. Mason and his secretary were caught red-handed," Carson said grimly.

"No, they weren't," Judge Bayton contradicted. "Their hands weren't red at all. For all you know, they hadn't been in that garage more than a matter of seconds. For all you know, they were in there looking for evidence. Lieutenant Tragg has stated that he and George Albert went to the garage looking for evidence. Now suppose the sequence had been reversed? Suppose Perry Mason and Della Street had driven up a few seconds after Lieutenant Tragg and George Albert had entered the garage? Would you say that that was evidence that Lieutenant Tragg and George Albert were caught red-handed planting these articles in the garage?"

Carson's face flushed. "Certainly not," he said.

"Well, it's exactly the same type of evidence that you have against Perry Mason," Judge Bayton said.

"But Perry Mason had reason to plant these articles. It was to his advantage—to the advantage of his client to have *them* discovered there."

"For all you know," Judge Bayton said, "it was to the advantage of George Albert to have the articles discovered there. It was to the advantage of the police to have the articles discovered there. I don't say that it was, I'm simply stating that, for all you know, it was. For all the Court knows, it was."

"Well, we're practical men," Carson said. "We know what happened."

"You know what you think happened," Judge Bayton said, "but what you think happened isn't binding upon the Court."

"Of course," Carson said with a trace of irritation in his voice, "if the Court expects us to produce eyewitnesses who will swear that they actually saw Perry Mason and Della Street open the trunk and put the garments in, we can't do it. Persons who commit a crime usually select a time when there are no witnesses."

Judge Bayton's face colored slightly. "The Court can well appreciate all that. The Court readily understands that usually crimes have to be established by inference, by circumstantial evidence. But the fact remains that the accused is entitled to certain presumptions. That's the function of a Court, to keep a sane perspective on the evidence.

"The Court feels that the evidence as it is now before the Court is capable of several interpretations, one of the most logical being that the person who rented that garage is the one who put the garments in the trunk. The Court is not unmindful of the fact that the witness, Jerome Henley, first identified Madge Elwood as being the person who was seen parking that automobile. Now I'm going to state frankly that the Court wants to get at the bottom of this. The Court would like to have Mr. Henley recalled to be questioned, not by counsel, but by the Court."

"Mr. Henley has returned to his place of business," Carson said. "Trying to get him back here would cause a delay. We understand and appreciate the desire of the Court to get this case disposed of."

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"The Court has a very great desire to get this case disposed of," Judge Bayton said, "but the Court has an even greater desire to see that justice is done. I don't think it will take long to get Mr. Henley here, and we can continue the case until he arrives."

"Perhaps," Mason said, "it will help clear this matter up if, while the Court is waiting for Mr. Henley to arrive, I can recall Lieutenant Tragg to the stand for further cross-examination."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said.

"Of course," Hamilton Burger said irritably, "this is only a preliminary examination. We only have to show that a crime was committed and that there are reasonable grounds to believe the defendant committed the crime."

"That's all you need to show at a preliminary examination," Judge Bayton said, "but this case has gone beyond that point. The good faith and the ethics of Mr. Perry Mason and his secretary have been questioned. The Court has no doubt that the public press will make considerable capital out of this situation. Having gone this far, we're going to go the rest of the way. . . . Lieutenant Tragg, will you return to the stand, please. I suggest to the bailiff that Mr. Henley be reached on the telephone and instructed to attend this court."

Tragg came forward and took his place on the witness stand.

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VESTA M. KELLY

"Dirty dishes were found in the lodge by the police?" Mason asked.

"They were."

"Did you find any fingerprints of the defendant on those dishes?"

"We did."

"Why did you fail to mention that fact in your direct testimony?"

"I wasn't asked."

"Where did you find the fingerprints?"

"On several of the dishes—particularly on the bowl which had been used for mixing the biscuit dough."

"On the coffee cups?"

"Well, no."

"On the plates?"

"We found one fingerprint on one of the plates."

"And, of course, you found fingerprints of the decedent?"

"Yes."

"Now then," Mason said, "isn't it a fact that you found fingerprints of at least one other person?"

Tragg hesitated a moment, then slowly nodded. "Yes, there were the fingerprints of at least one other person."

"Have you identified those prints?"

"Not yet."

"And did you fail to mention the fingerprints of the defendant because the prosecutor had instructed you not to say anything about them for fear that my cross-examination would bring out the fact that another person's fingerprints were there?"

"I was told not to volunteer any information."

"Do you have the fingerprints of Madge Elwood?"

"No."

"Then you don't know that those other fingerprints were not those of Madge Elwood, do you?"

"We don't know whose they were. We do know they were not the prints of Sadie Richmond. We took her prints and compared them. They aren't her prints."

"Now then," Mason said, "when the defendant was telling you her story did she tell you that the decedent had admitted to her that he had made a dummy telephone call? In other words, that he had gone into the lodge while she was still in the car, that he had called someone and asked that someone to call him back within a given number of minutes?"

"She told me that, so we made a check of all calls placed from the lodge on the night in question."

"And there again," Mason said, "you refrained from mentioning certain facts on your direct examination."

"There again," Lieutenant Tragg said, "I wasn't asked."

"You're being asked now," Mason said. "To whom did Loring Lamont place that call?"

"We don't know," Tragg said. "It was a station-to-station call. He simply called the number of the executive offices of the Lamont Company."

"The call wasn't placed to any particular person?" Mason asked, puzzled.

"Just to the office."

"All right," Mason said desperately, "what other calls were placed? After Loring Lamont found that he needed dry clothes and a new pair of shoes, whom did he call?"

"Now, just a moment before you answer that question," Carson said. "If the Court please, we object to that question as being argumentative, as assuming facts not in evidence and not being proper cross-examination."

"The objection is sustained as to the last part of the question," Judge Bayton said. "The first part of the question will stand. Whom else did Loring Lamont call from the lodge?"

"No one," Tragg said.

"What!" Mason exclaimed in surprise.

"There were no calls," Tragg said. "No long-distance calls. Of course, we can't tell about incoming calls, but there was only the one call from that telephone, and that was a station-to-station call to the office of the Lamont Rolling, Casting and Engineering Company, the executive offices."

"And the time of that call?" Mason asked.

"The time was six-twenty-two, approximately the time when the defendant and the decedent arrived at the lodge, according to the story the defendant told us."

Mason half-closed his eyes in thoughtful concentration.

"Any further questions?" Judge Bayton asked.

"No further questions," Mason said.

"No questions," Carson said.

"We will take a ten-minute recess," Judge Bayton said. "We will reconvene just as soon as Jerome Henley arrives in court."

Judge Bayton left the bench. Hamilton Burger arose and, pointedly ignoring Perry Mason, strode into an anteroom.

Mason gathered Paul Drake and Della Street. "All right," the lawyer said, "we've got ten minutes to solve this case. Now what happened? Loring Lamont must have made some arrangements to get dry trousers and shoes out to that lodge. How in the world could he have done it unless he telephoned?

"In view of the evidence they have now produced, we know that Arlene's story must be true. We know that he pursued her through the wet brush, that he slid down through the barbed-wire fence and tore his trousers when he did it. We know that he walked through the mud in the road, that his shoes were all muddy. Yet by the time he was killed, someone else had

(*Continued on Page 115*)

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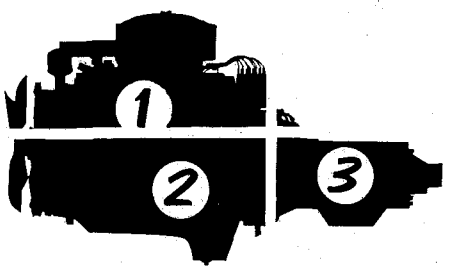

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(*Continued from Page 113*) appeared at the lodge. We are pretty certain now that that someone must have been Madge Elwood. But how did Madge Elwood get the dry clothes to him unless he telephoned her? How did she get into his apartment?"

Drake shrugged his shoulders.

"There's only one answer," Mason said after a moment. "Madge Elwood must have called *him*. She knew what Arlene had done. She had the number of the lodge and she called Loring Lamont at the lodge. We're fighting minutes on this thing, Paul. Get on the telephone. Call the telephone company. Tell them it's a matter of the greatest importance. Find out if Madge Elwood didn't place a call to that lodge on the evening of the fifth."

Drake said, "I'll try. I don't hope for much luck."

"Explain the circumstances to the manager of the telephone company," Mason said. "It's really a matter of life or death. Let's get at the bottom of this thing. See if you can get all the calls Madge Elwood placed from her apartment at about—now, let's see. Let's assume that Arlene left the lodge, drove back to her apartment, that she cleaned up, that she took Loring Lamont's car and put it in front of the fireplug, that she went back to her apartment, that she called Madge Elwood. That probably would be somewhere between—well, let's see, let us say around eight-thirty. Also, Paul, try and trace that call to the Lamont Company that was made at six-twenty-two. Let's see what happened on that."

"I'll try," Drake promised. "You haven't given me much time."

"That's because I haven't got it to give," Mason said.

Mason started pacing the floor of the courtroom, forehead creased in concentration. After several minutes he whirled. "Della!" he said.

"Yes, chief?"

"Go hunt up Paul Drake. He's telephoning. We've overlooked the vital point in the case."

"What is it?"

"Get the license number of the car that Peter Lyons tagged for double parking. Then get Paul to start his men running down the registration of that car, or it probably will be on the traffic ticket itself, as the officer would take the owner's name from the certificate of registration, which the law in this state requires to be either on the steering post or on some portion of the automobile that is clearly visible."

Della Street nodded, arose and left the courtroom.

Another five minutes passed.

Jerome Henley entered the courtroom, his manner that of a man who has been hurrying and is considerably exasperated. Word was conveyed to Judge Bayton, and the judge once more took his place on the bench.

Della Street came hurrying into the courtroom, seated herself beside Mason and, as Jerome Henley was being called to the stand, said in an excited whisper, "Chief, he struck pay dirt. Madge Elwood placed a long-distance call to the lodge. Then after that she called two Los Angeles numbers. Paul Drake is running down those numbers now. He had to go to another phone to contact his office, and they're getting all the information on that traffic ticket issued by Peter Lyons on the car that was double parked."

Mason settled back in his chair. Slowly a smile came over his face. He turned to Arlene Ferris and gave her a reassuring wink just as Jerome Henley seated himself on the witness stand and Judge Bayton said, "Mr. Henley, the Court wants to ask you some questions."

"Yes, your honor."

"Now," Judge Bayton said, "I don't want counsel for either side to interrupt. The Court is going to ask this witness some questions. Mr. Henley, try and put aside all prejudice from your mind. I am going to ask you to try and do something that perhaps may be more than human nature can readily do. I'm going to ask you to think back to the time when Mr. Mason came into your store accompanied by a young woman whose name we now know was Madge Elwood. At that time you identified Madge Elwood as the woman you had seen getting out of the car. How positive were you at that time that Madge Elwood was the woman you had seen getting out of the car?"

"I wasn't positive. I was tricked ——"

"Mr. Henley," Judge Bayton said, "the Court is not entirely convinced that you were tricked. An attempt may have been made to trick you, but the Court is beginning to believe that it is quite possible that Madge Elwood actually was the person you saw getting out of that automobile."

Both Hamilton Burger and Carson jumped to their feet in protest. Judge Bayton motioned them to silence. "Now just a minute," he said. "The Court is doing this. I asked not to be interrupted by counsel for either side. I want you gentlemen to sit down and be quiet."

Judge Bayton turned to the witness. "The Court is here for the purpose of doing justice, Mr. Henley. The Court wants you to think back and to purge your mind of all prejudice against anyone."

Judge Bayton waited. There was a tense silence in the courtroom.

"Well," Jerome Henley said at length, "of course, your honor, I was convinced at the time that she was the person I saw getting out of the car. However, I had previously been shown her photograph and asked to identify that photograph. I had identified it, and that's where the trouble came in."

"Forget all the picture business," Judge Bayton said. "Try and think back. Try and visualize the young woman who got out of the car. Was it Madge Elwood or was it the defendant in this case?"

Jerome Henley looked up at the judge and finally blurted out, "When you put it that way, your honor, I don't know. When I first saw Madge Elwood I was pretty certain that she was the young woman. Then I became certain it was the defendant, but when you put the thing that way—when you put it up to me in just that way—I just don't know."

"That's all," Judge Bayton said. "Now, if counsel for either side wants to question the witness, they can. But as far as the Court is concerned this witness made a positive identification of Madge Elwood. He made it under circumstances that impress the Court. He now says he doesn't know. Does counsel for either side want to question him?"

"No questions," Mason said.

Hamilton Burger and Carson engaged in a whispered conference; then Hamilton Burger said, "No, your honor, no questions."

Mason said, "I have one more question of Lieutenant Tragg. You don't need to resume the stand, lieutenant. You can answer it from right where you are in the courtroom. Among other things that you didn't mention in your testimony, was there anything about the blood alcohol of the body of Loring Lamont?"

Tragg said, "I didn't run that test myself. That was done by the autopsy surgeon, Doctor Draper."

"But you know what the results were," Mason said. "What were they?"

"Well," Tragg said, "I understand the blood alcohol percentage was point-one-nine."

"That," Mason said, "would indicate a considerable degree of intoxication, would it not?"

Tragg said dryly, "It would."

"Considerably more than a man of his size could get from ingesting one cocktail or two or three?"

"Probably four, five or six," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"I'll ask the prosecution to stipulate that Doctor Draper would so testify if he had been asked," Mason said.

Again Carson and Hamilton Burger has a whispered conference.

"Don't you know?" Judge Bayton asked.

"Yes, your honor," Carson said with poor grace. "We know. We will so stipulate."

"But obviously," Judge Bayton said, "this is changing the complexion of the case materially."

"I don't see why," Hamilton Burger said. "The Court is acting on what I think is an erroneous assumption."

"What's that?"

"That the defendant is telling the truth. We don't feel she is telling the truth. We feel she went out there deliberately and was there for a long time with the decedent, that they had drinks, that this defendant wasn't at all averse to any familiarities, that she led the decedent on, that she didn't object to his getting drunk and she didn't object to his pawing her."

"Then why did she kill him?" Judge Bayton asked.

"There may have been several reasons," replied Hamilton Burger. "This is a preliminary hearing. We don't have to show motivation. There may have been a question of jealousy or of blackmail. We will meet that issue at the time of the trial."

"And how did it happen the decedent had in his clothing a part of the distributor from the defendant's car?" Judge Bayton asked.

"Because she placed it there after his death. She was the one who deliberately disabled her car so Loring Lamont would offer her a ride. From that point, she led him on."

"Then why did she run away, dash down the road and plunge through the barbed-wire fence?"

"I don't know that she did, your honor."

"Well, the clothes belonging to the decedent indicate that she did."

"After all," Hamilton Burger interposed irritably, "the Court doesn't need to go into all this. The function of the Court is only to find out at this time if there is reasonable ground to believe the defendant was connected with the commission of a crime."

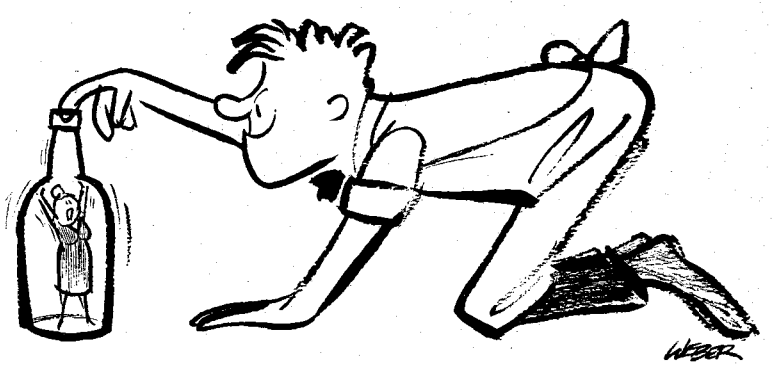
"That's all very true from a standpoint of abstract law," Judge Bayton snapped, "but here we have a young woman whose reputation is at stake, whose liberty is at stake. A lot of evidence has been introduced, and you have now made it a point to question the integrity of Mr. Perry Mason, an officer of this court.

"If the defendant is guilty, if Mr. Mason was guilty of planting evidence, the Court wants to find it out. If they are innocent, the Court wants to establish that fact. The function of a court of law, Mr. District Attorney, is to see that justice is done. In the opinion of this Court that is far more of an obligation on the Courts than to comply with the letter of the law in regard to a preliminary examination."

Paul Drake hurried into the courtroom, pushed a piece of paper in front of Mason. "All right, Perry, here it is," he whispered. "Madge Elwood called the lodge. Then she called two numbers. One of them was the number of George Quincy Albert and the other was the number of the apartment of Edith Bristol. I've traced the call from the lodge to the executive offices of the Lamont Company. Lamont simply called up the switchboard operator and told her to call him back in exactly seven minutes and as soon as he answered to hang up the phone without staying on the line to listen to what was being said."

Judge Bayton said, "Are there any further witnesses?"

"We have none, your honor," Hamilton Burger snapped. "That's the prosecution's case. We rest, and regardless of what may transpire in the superior court, we wish to point out that there is more



The Perfect Squelch

After hefting two heavy bags of groceries to a third-floor walkup apartment, the delivery boy received from the lady of the household a five-cent tip. As he depended on tips for most of his income, he was disappointed. Swallowing his chagrin, however, he fell back upon his other source of income, redeeming empty beer bottles. Hopefully he asked, "Any beer bottles, ma'am?"

"You have a nerve," came the acid reply. "Do I look as if I drank beer?"

"Sorry, ma'am," the boy replied. "Any vinegar bottles?"

Sid Mason

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than ample evidence to bind this defendant over for trial."

"Does the defense have any evidence?" Judge Bayton asked.

Mason got to his feet. "We have some evidence, your honor. It will take us a little time to produce it unless the district attorney's office wishes to stipulate. However, it is a matter of record, and the records can be verified by the Court or by the prosecution."

Paul Drake whispered to Della Street and left the courtroom.

"What is this evidence?" Judge Bayton asked.

"Let us assume," Mason said, "that the story of the defendant is true. Loring Lamont found himself marooned out at the lodge. He was wearing wet clothes. He had torn the trousers. He had been repulsed in his advances. He was angry, he was wet, he was frustrated, and he had been outwitted. His automobile had been stolen. We only need to put ourselves in his position to find out what he would do."

"Just a moment, your honor," Hamilton Burger interrupted. "We object to any argument at this time. If the defense has any evidence, let him put it on. After the evidence is in, counsel can use his eloquence all he wants—and then we'll have an opportunity to point out our interpretation of the facts."

Judge Bayton nodded. "I think as a matter of procedure the prosecutor is correct, Mr. Mason. I think argument as such should come at the close of your evidence. However, the Court will state that the Court will welcome such argument at that time."

"I was merely trying to show the background, your honor," Mason said.

"I think the Court understands the background. What's your evidence?"

"Simply this," Mason said. "I had thought that Loring Lamont would call someone to bring him clothes and a car, and I was very frankly surprised when the record of long-distance calls showed he hadn't done so. The reason for that is now ——"

"Here we go again," Hamilton Burger shouted. "Counsel is continuing with this same type of argument after the Court has admonished him. We assign this as misconduct and an attempt to circumvent the ruling of the Court."

"The Court agrees with the district attorney," Judge Bayton said sternly. "Mr. Mason, if you have any evidence, present it. Save your argument until after your evidence has been presented and please comply with the rulings of the Court."

"Yes, your honor," Mason said. "The evidence is simply this. The records of the telephone company show that Madge Elwood called Loring Lamont at the lodge from her apartment on the evening of the fifth. They show that immediately after she'd finished talking with the lodge she made two calls. One of them was to the number of George Albert and the other one was to the number of the apartment of Edith Bristol."

Paul Drake again came hurrying into the courtroom.

"If I may have the indulgence of the Court for just a moment," Mason said. Drake handed Mason a paper. Mason looked at the paper, then smiled at the Court and said, "And the records also show that the car which was tagged by Peter Lyons for being double parked was a car that was registered in the name of Edith Bristol. Those are matters of record and we ask the prosecution to so stipulate in order to save time."

"Will the prosecution so stipulate?" Judge Bayton asked.

"The prosecution will so stipulate only on the assurance of counsel for the defendant that he knows such facts to be true."

"I know such facts to be true," Mason said, "only because of telephone conversations had by Paul Drake, the detective, with the officials of the telephone company and a hasty investigation of the parking ticket issued by Officer Lyons. However, I am assured that such are the facts and if there is to be any question about them I would like to have a continuance until they can be verified."

"We object to such a continuance," Hamilton Burger said, "and we don't feel that we should stipulate in view of the situation."

"You will stipulate, will you not?" Judge Bayton asked. "Subject to the proviso that if any of the facts should turn out to be incorrect those facts can be called to the attention of the Court?"

"We'll make that stipulation," Hamilton Burger said with poor grace. "However, we can't see the relevancy of all this."

"You object to the evidence on the ground that it's incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial?" Judge Bayton asked.

I Hate to Say Good-by

By Loyd Rosenfield

I shrink from seeing people off
In crowded railroad stations;
To say good-by for hours can strain
The closest of relations;
Of course, I'll take you to the train
When you have stayed your week out,
But if you're keen to be asked back
Just leave a note and sneak out.

"We do," Hamilton Burger said.

"The objection is noted," Judge Bayton ruled. . . . "Now, Mr. Mason, the Court would very much like to hear argument upon the objection of the prosecution. This will be an opportunity to present your theory of the case." Judge Bayton sat back, the ghost of a smile on his lips.

Hamilton Burger, realizing the trap into which he had walked, arose as though to make some objection, then slowly sat down.

"Mr. Mason will proceed," Judge Bayton said.

Mason said, "If the Court please, the situation is simply this. Looking at it from a logical standpoint, Loring Lamont must have returned to the lodge after his car had been taken by the defendant. He angrily dumped the ham and the eggs down the garbage-disposal unit, and he probably didn't care for coffee at that time. He poured himself several drinks. He didn't know exactly what to do. He was debating how to proceed. He didn't know where his car was. He didn't know whether the defendant had gone to lodge a criminal complaint against him or not.

"The defendant in the meantime drove back to town, parked Loring Lamont's car in front of a fireplug and telephoned her friend, Madge Elwood, telling her what she had done. Madge Elwood knew Loring Lamont. There is no purpose at this time in exploring the intimacy of that relationship. She probably telephoned Loring Lamont at the lodge and said, in effect, 'Arlene Ferris telephoned me. You certainly went at her pretty rough. She took your automobile and left it parked in front of a fireplug. What do you want me to do?'

"And at that time Loring Lamont told her, 'What I want you to do is to bring the car out to me, contact someone who can go to my apartment and get me a clean pair of slacks, a dry pair of shoes, and you can bring them out here.'

"Thereupon," Mason said, "Madge Elwood made two calls. One of them was to a person whom she wanted to accompany her out to the lodge, because considering Loring Lamont's mood she didn't care to go out there alone. The other one was to the person who was to go to Loring Lamont's apartment and get him the articles of wearing apparel he had requested. Obviously that would be a person who had a key to the apartment, a person who was sufficiently intimate with Loring Lamont to be able to go to his apartment at will, and quite apparently that person was either George Albert or Edith Bristol.

"One of those persons accompanied Madge Elwood to the lodge. The other person went to the apartment and got the wearing apparel. We have to use inference to determine which was which.

"We know that parking space was at a premium around the apartment. That person took a chance on double parking. The car that was double parked in front of the apartment was tagged by Officer Lyons at the same time he tagged the Loring Lamont car. That car belonged to Edith Bristol.

"If, therefore, my surmise is correct, Edith Bristol was the one who took out the garments to Loring Lamont, and George Albert was the one Madge Elwood telephoned when she wanted someone to escort her out there."

Edith Bristol, arising, came stalking forward. "May I make a statement to the Court?" she asked.

"This is out of order," Hamilton Burger protested.

"The district attorney will please be seated," Judge Bayton said. "What sort of a statement did you wish to make, young woman?"

"I am Edith Bristol, the private secretary to Jarvis P. Lamont," she said. "I am tired of deception. I am tired of intrigue. I probably would have confessed anyway, but there's no use trying to carry on the deception any more. I killed him."

"Come forward and take the witness stand," Judge Bayton said. "Now, young woman, I want you to understand that anything you say can be used against you. You are entitled to the benefit of counsel. You don't have to make any statement at this time. Do you wish the Court to appoint an attorney to represent you, or do you wish to call on ——"

She shook her head. "I only want to get it over with, your honor."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said. "Go on. Get it over with. Tell us what happened."

She said, "Loring Lamont was a dashing, fascinating man of influence. He swept me off my feet when I came to work for the Lamont Company, and I became intimate with him. I thought he was going to marry me. He assured me that he would as soon as he could condition his father's thinking. In the meantime he told me that he would manipulate things so I could get in his father's office as a private secretary and that would give me a chance to, as he expressed it, 'soften up the old man.' I soon found that Loring Lamont was either having an affair or preparing to have an affair with another young woman in the office, Madge Elwood. Madge Elwood was a very broad-minded, modern young woman. I went to her and put the cards on the table. Madge Elwood told me that up to that point she and Loring Lamont were good friends—that that was all. She assured me the situation hadn't progressed beyond that point, and that she didn't intend to let it progress beyond that point. She told me that she actually was becoming interested in George Albert, the office manager. She told me that in order to simplify the problem as far as I was concerned, she would leave the employ of the Lamont Company. She did so.

"I happen to know that Loring Lamont continued to try to date her, that she became more and more interested in George Albert and that Loring's attempts to date her were fruitless, although she did like him. She wanted to be friends with him, but there was nothing platonic about Loring Lamont's relationships with the opposite sex. More and more I was forced to close my eyes to his affairs with women.

"On the night of the fifth Madge Elwood telephoned me. She seemed rather amused. She said that Loring Lamont had taken Arlene Ferris out to the lodge and had become a little impetuous, that Arlene had grabbed his automobile and gone off in it, leaving Loring Lamont on foot. Loring was terribly afraid that his father would find out about the situation. It seems that his father had taken Loring to task on several occasions about his immoral conduct and particularly had ordered him not to use the lodge under any circumstances for any of his affairs.

"Madge told me that Loring Lamont had asked her to instruct me to go to his apartment and get trousers and shoes. I had a key to his apartment. I think I was the only other person who did.

"I drove at once to his apartment. I double parked and ran up and got the shoes and trousers. When I came down there was a tag for parking violation on my car. I hurried out at once to the lodge.

"Loring Lamont was there. He was offensively, obnoxiously drunk. I gave him the trousers and shoes. He changed into dry clothes. I fixed some coffee in an attempt to sober him up. I also cooked ham and eggs in order to induce him to eat. There was a pan of cold biscuits. I warmed them up. We had ham and eggs and biscuits together.

"He became exceedingly obnoxious. He taunted me with the fact that I had been, as he called it, a pushover. He said I had a nice figure but no glamour. I remember he said that the newness had worn off of his affair with me, and that he was tired of having to try to deceive me whenever he saw a new person who appealed to him. He then boldly and brazenly announced his determination to get in his car and go to the apartment of Arlene Ferris and force her to apologize for stealing his car. He said if she wasn't 'nice' to him he'd have her arrested for car stealing. He said that he liked women who were difficult, that he was really going to make her pay for what she had done.

"I was terribly upset, and he was in a beastly mood. I finally slapped him. Then he started to choke me. I ran into the kitchen and tried to get out the kitchen door. It was bolted and locked. There was no way out. He was between me and the door back to the living room. I kept a table between us. By that time he was in a murderous rage. I grabbed a butcher knife. He lunged toward me, stubbed his toe and

(*Continued on Page 118*)

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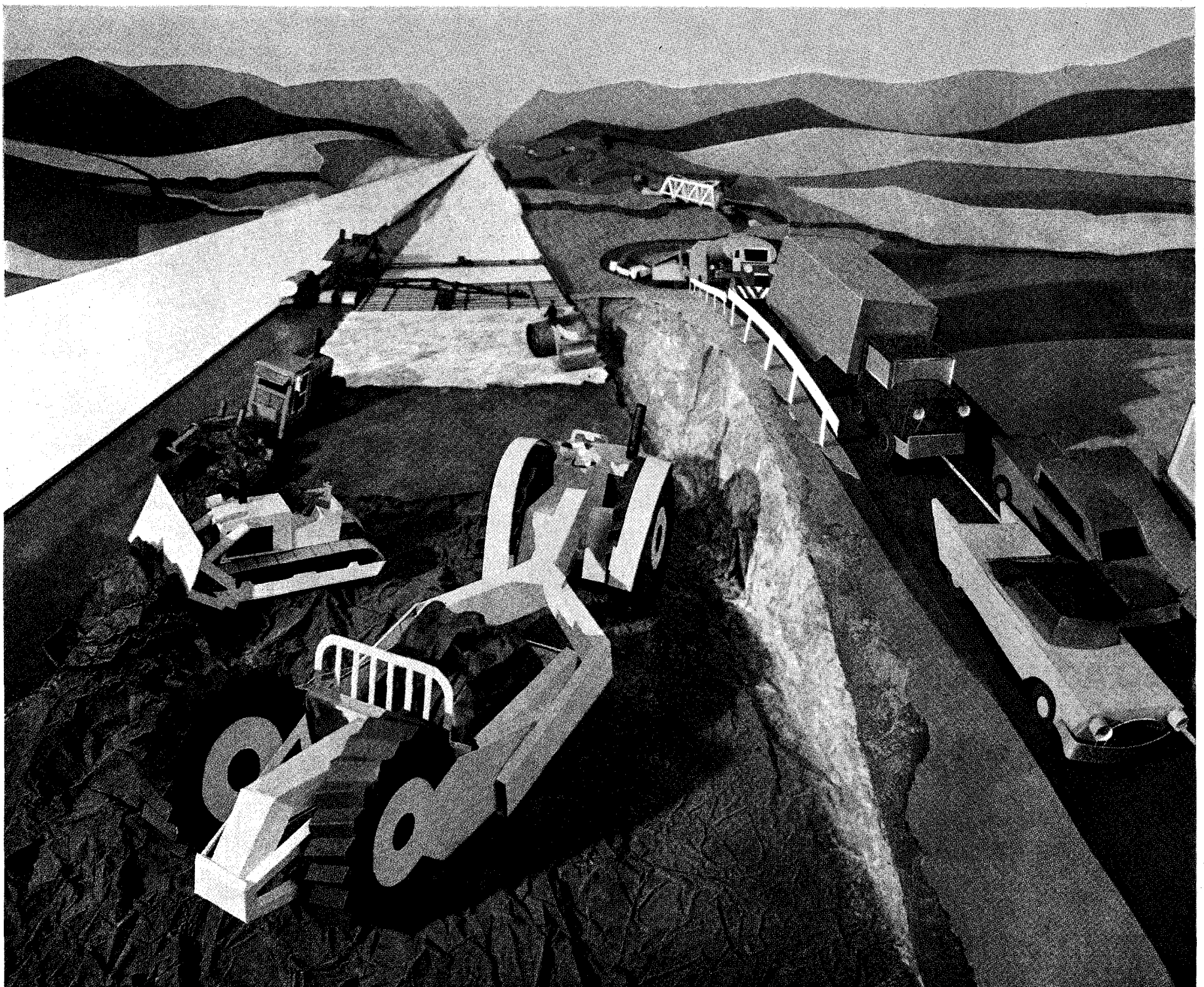

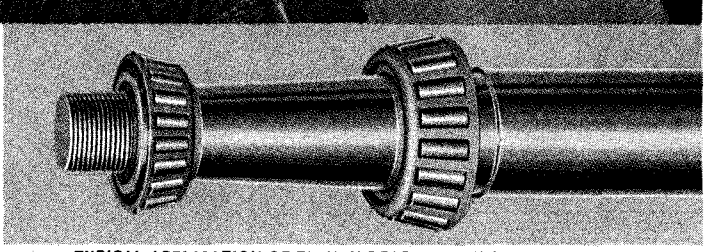

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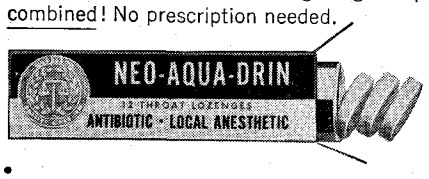

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BRUSH MEATS Before Cooking with GRAVY MASTER

(*Continued from Page 116*) missed. As he went by me, half falling, I lashed out with the butcher knife. I didn't know I had killed him. I did know the knife had gone into his back. I had no idea it would go in so easily. I was frightened at what I had done, but I had no idea he was even seriously wounded. I only hoped the knife thrust would slow him down enough so I could escape further abuse. I ran into the living room.

"He tried to chase me but stumbled and fell by the table. I dashed out, got in my car and drove away."

There was silence in the courtroom.

Mason said quietly and with consideration in his voice, "Miss Bristol, did he tell you anything about a check for five hundred dollars?"

She nodded. "That was why he became so impetuous with Arlene Ferris. He said that he had intended to play it slow and easy for a while, but that Otto Keswick who, with Sadie Richmond, had been blackmailing him for some time over certain of his affairs that he didn't dare to have come to the attention of his father, had called him and said they needed five hundred dollars at once and would be out within half an hour."

Mason turned to the back of the courtroom. "Now perhaps we'll hear from you, Mr. Albert," he said.

Albert arose and said with dignity, "As it happens, Madge Elwood is my wife. We were married last night in Las Vegas. I flew back here in order to be present in court. As the husband of Madge Elwood I cannot be called upon to testify against her, nor can she be called upon to testify against me."

Albert sat down.

Judge Bayton looked at the district attorney, then at Carson, then at Mason. "Does the defense have any further evidence?"

"None, your honor."

"The case against the defendant is dismissed," Judge Bayton said. "The Court orders Edith Bristol into custody. The Court does so with reluctance. The Court feels that this young woman has told her story with great sincerity. It is a story which has made a deep impression upon the Court. The Court has every reason to believe that a jury will believe that story and that Loring Lamont was killed in self-defense. Court is now adjourned."

Perry Mason, Della Street, Paul Drake and Arlene Ferris sat in Mason's office. Arlene Ferris, almost hysterical with joy, was red-eyed from crying, and Della Street sat beside her holding her hand, patting it reassuringly from time to time.

"Well," Mason said, tossing his briefcase on the desk, "there's another case out of the way."

"It's just a case to you," Arlene Ferris said, "but it's my whole life."

Mason looked at her sympathetically.

"It's his whole life too," Della Street said. "His life's work is to see that justice is done, not in only one case, but in all his cases."

"Come on, Perry," Paul Drake said, "just what happened?"

"It's simple," Mason said. "Loring Lamont was a wolf. He deliberately planned a conquest of Arlene. He would do it nicely if he could. He would do it the hard way if he couldn't do it the easy way. Apparently he had had quite a bit of experience and he knew the California law: that a woman who becomes the complaining witness in a rape case can be questioned about past indiscretions. That gives an unscrupulous man with unlimited money to hire detectives a very considerable leeway.

"However, Otto Keswick put the bite on Loring, told him he would be out in half an hour. Loring decided to speed up operations. We know what happened.

"In the meantime Madge Elwood had telephoned and told him she'd bring his car out. She also told him she'd arrange to get dry clothes for him, but Madge Elwood didn't have any intention of being placed in the same predicament Arlene had. So she called for her fiancé, George Albert, to go with her. In the meantime she called Edith Bristol. Edith went to the apartment, got the things Lamont wanted and went out to the lodge. Madge deliberately gave Edith a head start."

"Why didn't Edith leave her car and drive Loring Lamont's car out to the lodge?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "Because he didn't want either to drive Edith home or be saddled with her for the rest of the evening. Remember, the evidence shows Lamont had been drinking heavily. When Madge telephoned him he told her to have Edith, who lived close to his apartment, go and get some dry clothes and bring them out. Then Madge was to bring his car out, and he planned to have Edith drive Madge back. Loring Lamont didn't intend to let Arlene get away with her coup. He probably planned to drive to her apartment and surprise her. This time he didn't intend to let her throw a chair."

"And the clothes?" Drake asked.

"By the time Madge and George Albert got out there," Mason said, "Loring Lamont was dead. I'm satisfied that they found the body and simply decided to say nothing about it. They felt that the police would be without any clues, and they wanted to keep out of it. So they simply decided to take the clothes and hide them. In that way they felt they could keep anything from coming out about what had really happened. Madge was saving Edith's good name, Arlene from publicity, and protecting herself at the same time. So Madge simply returned Lamont's car to the place where Arlene had parked it. She and George Albert felt no one would ever know what had happened after Arlene left."

"Isn't that a crime?" Drake asked. "Failing to report finding a murdered man? Can't they be booked on that?"

"Sure, it's a crime," Mason said, grinning, "provided the D.A. can prove it."

"He can't prove it?"

Mason shook his head. "They're married. Burger can prove Madge Elwood phoned Edith to go out to the lodge, but he can't prove Madge Elwood ever went out there. Thanks to the way the police tried to brainwash Jerome Henley, there's no way of proving Madge was the young woman who parked Loring Lamont's car. At first Henley said she was, then he said she wasn't, then he swore he didn't know. It's a case of the prosecution kicking its own case out of the window by trying to influence a witness."

"How about the check Loring Lamont wrote out there at the lodge?" Della asked. "If Otto and Sadie were so anxious to get it, why didn't they cash it?"

"It's almost a sure bet," Mason explained, "that they wanted this check to finance some gambling activities of their own. I'd be willing to wager that when the facts are known we'll find that pair turned the check over to some bookmaker that night. The next day, before the check was presented at the bank, this person learned of the death of Loring Lamont and knew the check was worthless. A bank can't pay any check drawn on the account of a depositor once the bank knows the man is dead. So the holder of the worthless check tore it up rather than get mixed up in a situation where he'd have explanations to make."

"How about the other check, the one from Jarvis P. Lamont?" Della Street asked. "The one he gave Madge Elwood?"

Mason said, "He did that so she could get married and so neither she nor Albert could be called as a witness. Jarvis P. Lamont wanted to protect the so-called good name of his son if he could. Apparently he was willing to sacrifice Arlene in order to do it."

"But," Della Street asked, "how in the world did Jarvis P. Lamont know all that had happened?"

Mason grinned. "I think we have to concede, Della, that Madge Elwood is a very astute young woman as well as a very good-looking one."

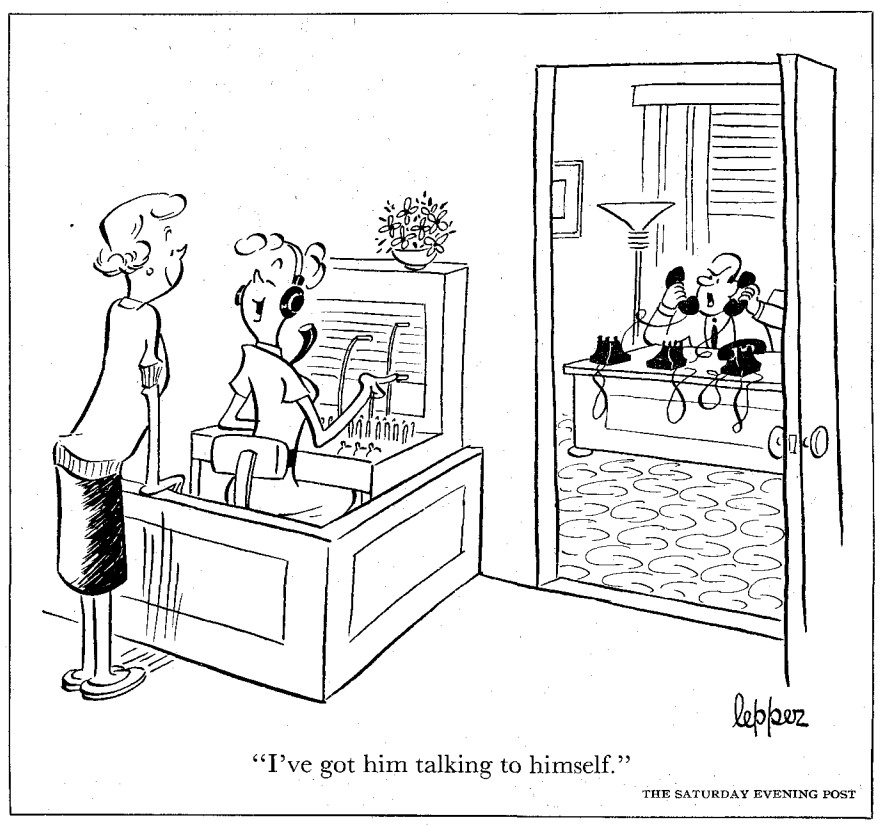
"Yes," Paul Drake chimed in, "that makes me wonder what you were talking about all the time after she'd taken off her skirt in Arlene's apartment. It seems to me you were gone quite a spell on that trip. What were you talking about?"

Mason winked at Della Street. "Books, Paul," he said.

"Next time," Drake observed, "you'd better use me to do your leg work."

"It was brain work," Mason corrected.

THE END



"I've got him talking to himself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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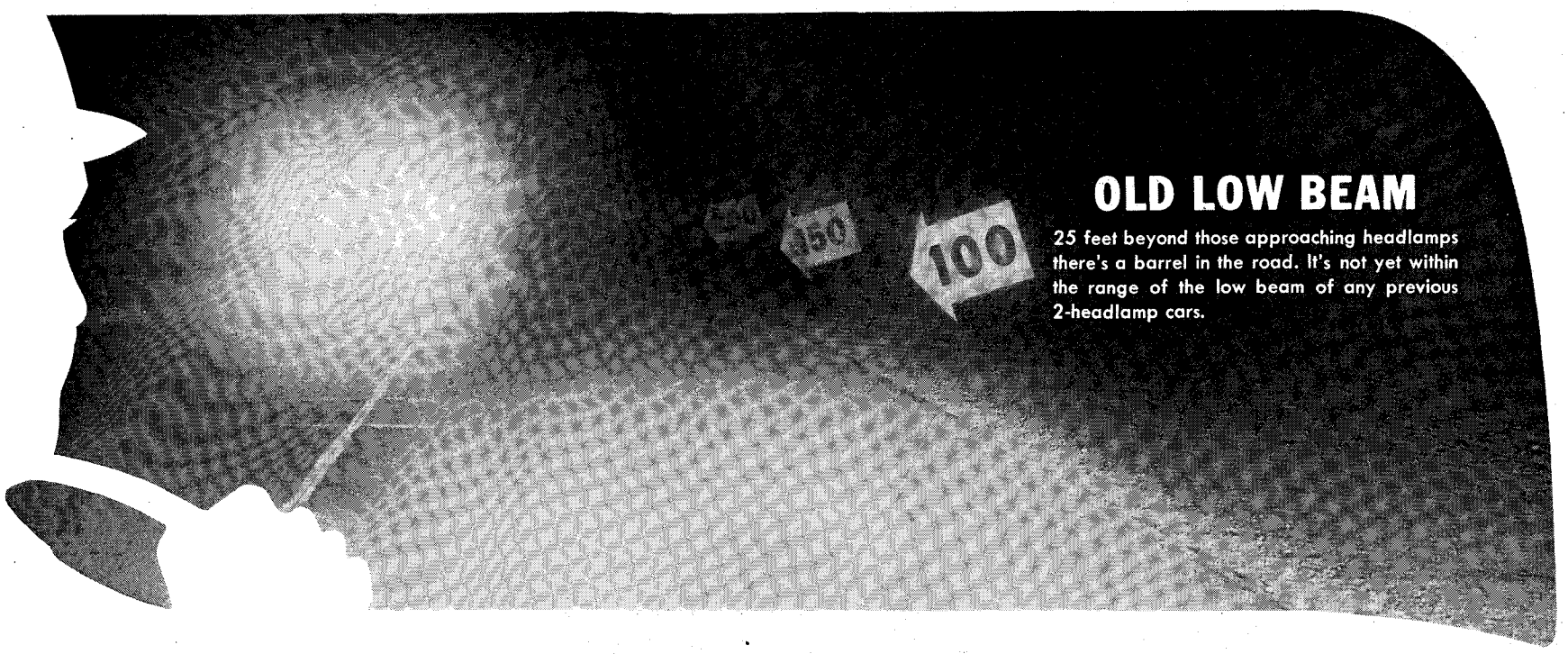
The low beam of G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps


250
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100
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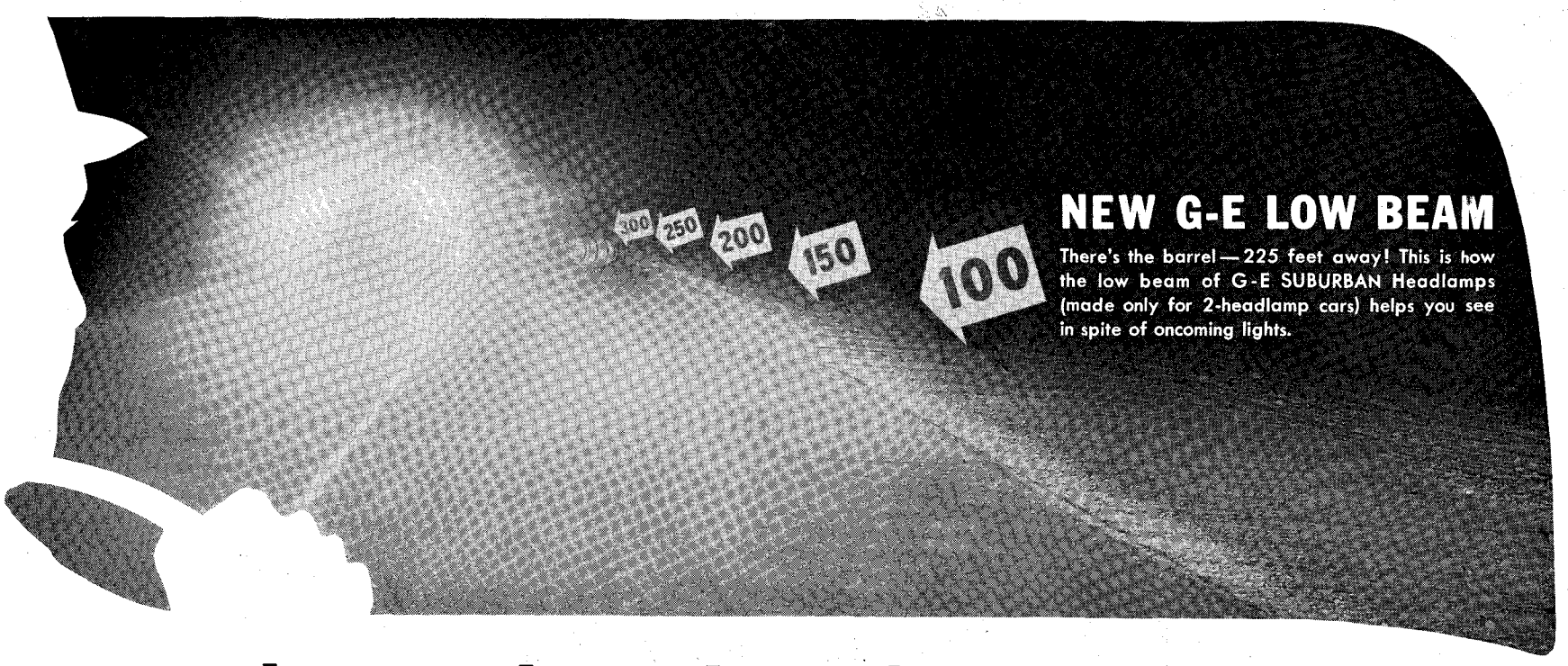
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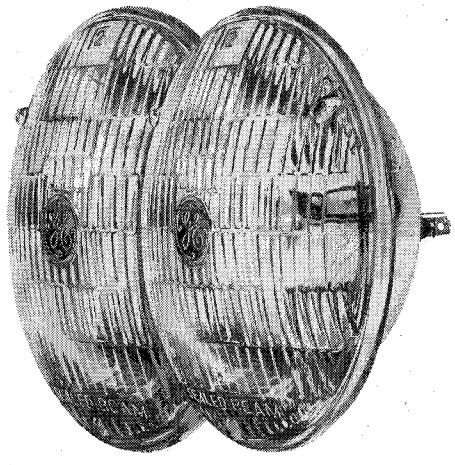

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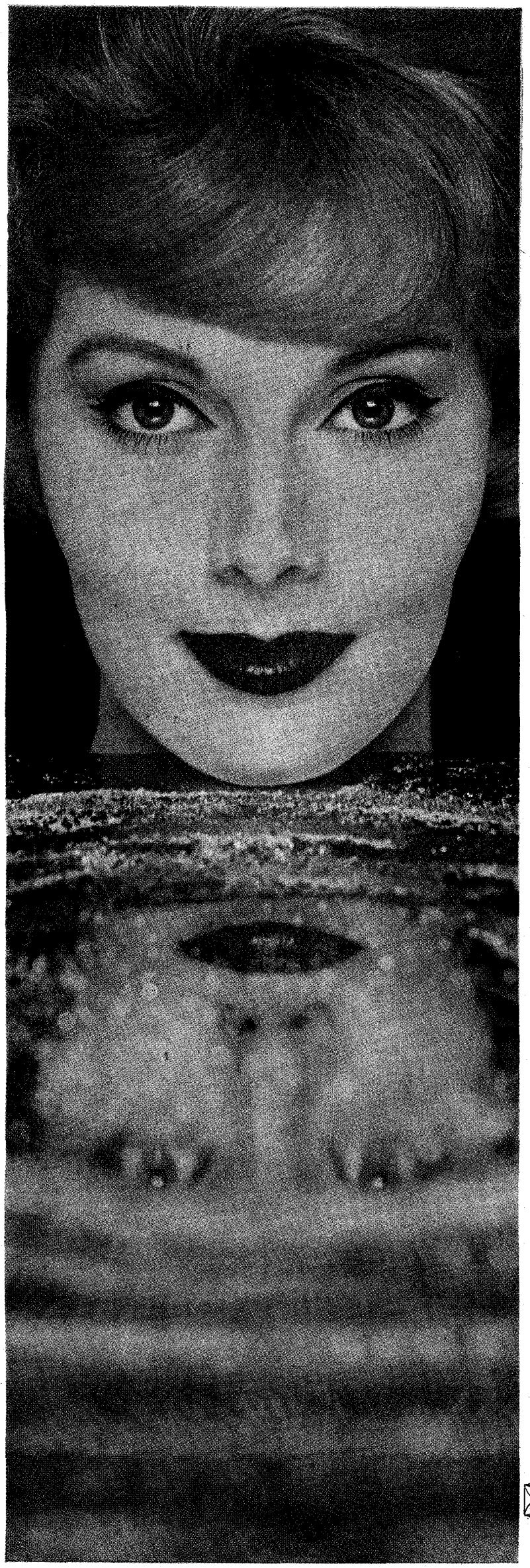

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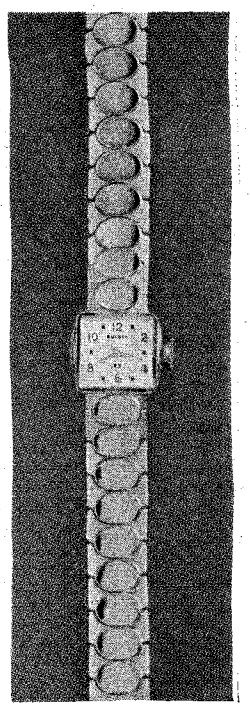

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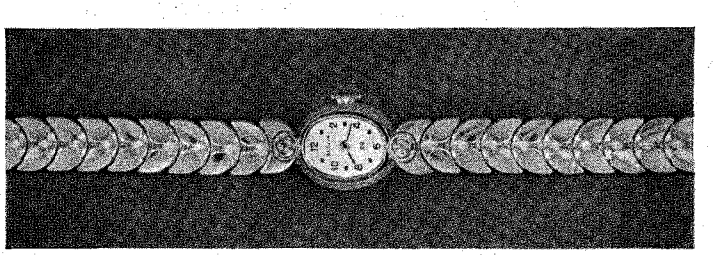

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Showdown in the Snow (Continued from Page 37)

were meeting at two o'clock this afternoon in the big McDade barn, and McDade, an old friend of Kearny, wanted the supe to attend. Tough, slender Kearny or his man Friday would be there, however hostile the atmosphere kindled by the trucking company. Joe Lang had no inclination to be that representative, responsible for the outcome to the superintendent, who was responsible to the general manager, in turn responsible to the president, responsible to the cold-eyed board of directors. Joe hated responsibility.

Out of the chill Oregon mist that foretold snow by noon, Joe saw two riders, one leading a spare mount, canter up to the corral back of the loading chute and tie their horses. One would be Ed McDade, come for a preliminary talk before the truck and cattlemen's conference this afternoon. McDade, long a hunting and fishing friend of Kearny, was torn between friendship and transportation betterment. Kearny went out onto the rear platform to meet McDade and his companion. Thus as always—with Kearny greeting cattlemen, miners, lumbermen, farmers—Joe turned his attention to transcribing the shorthand notes Kearny had dictated coming down from Junction last night; but looked up quickly when the superintendent said, "Well, well, Laurie, so you've finally accepted my invitation to see the inside workings of our business car."

A cheery voice answered, "I'm sorry, Mr. Kearny."

Joe's languid length jerked fully erect.

Kearny said, "Let's go inside. . . . How are you, Ed? . . . Laurie, I want you to meet my secretary."

"And I do want to meet her—after all you've said of her efficient work."

Joe squirmed, got his hands off the guide keys.

The girl shot a glance around the room, observing Joe as she would a stray steer, her blue eyes resting with questioning scrutiny upon Kearny. Mustache twitching, Kearny said, "Laurie, meet my secretary, Joe Lang. . . . Joe, Miss McDade."

The girl's lips dropped open, then snapped tight in a thin line. Red splayed over her cheeks, and she tossed her pony tail of crow-black hair.

"Mr. Kearny!" she exploded. "You and dad have let me 'she' and 'her' all over the ranch!"

The yesterday-shaven McDade guffawed; Kearny chuckled and seated the visitors before his desk. Joe gave the girl's red shirt and blue denim pants a quick examination and bent to the transcript of his notes. She was the boss's responsibility—let him act as good-will ambassador in the highly competitive business of indirect freight hustling.

"Mr. Kearny," the girl chirped, "I thought stenography was for girls."

Joe shut his eyes and clamped his teeth. She meant for the birds. Muttering under the furious clatter of his typewriter keys, Joe said something, undistinguishable from mere noise, about railroad presidents and executives of finance and industry who were once male stenographers. Snide remarks notwithstanding, it was his own special, private business if he wished to remain a stenographer without the burdensome responsibilities attendant upon advancement into executive ranks. He liked the good life of the railroad business car. He had tried the Army, the university, construction, selling; ever looking for the perfect job, he had sought the advice of the high and mighty and of the learned, only to get his answer from an old railroad bum under a dripping water tank.

And this was it—after ten months in secretarial school involving the most exacting and seemingly hopeless study he had ever known. There was certainly no connection between the "short" of shorthand and the word "easy." Now, richly content with this job, respected for his skill and adequately paid, he could afford the oblique remarks of the uninformed, especially bird-brained young women.

Some of the extra heat drained off his face as he reviewed his philosophy, only to return with a rush when he glanced up to find the weather-tanned ranch girl inspecting him with uncomplimentary scrutiny. Fiercely thereafter he kept his eyes focused upon his shorthand notes, helpless, however, to keep from visualizing her pretty lips, faintly puckered, and her gaze rotating from his face to his shorthand notebook, to his fingers hovering the keyboard, back to his face.

Kearny said, "Joe, I think you should show Laurie how we live in a business car. She's never been in one before."

Joe got the impression that the girl bounced from her chair. "Why, thank you, Mr. Kearny! I'd be delighted."

Joe wasn't. His amber-colored eyes had the glint of a treed cougar. The supe's close-cropped mustache twitched as he turned to McDade, "Ed, I'll want to get back from the meeting in time to hook my car onto the freight down from Elkhorn. Joe, what time's Number Thirty-seven due to pick us up?"

"Four-five, sir." Joe could never get over his Army response. He added, "Mobile at Junction says the construction outfit's finished at bridge nine-six-point-two. Number Thirty-seven's hauling out their two flats of equipment and leftover lumber. Bunk car, also, sir."

"Ed, I never saw a construction crew ready to move on time in my life. . . . Laurie, I'd like to have you folks stay for dinner. On the nose at twelve. Then to the meeting at your place."

"Why, thanks," McDade began, "but ——"

"Dinner?" Laurie interrupted, glancing around the car. Kearny, guessing that she wondered about accommodations for dinner guests, hurriedly said, "Then it's settled. . . . Joe, while you're showing Miss McDade about the car, tell Enoch we're having company for dinner."

Joe made as brief a job of it as he could. Past his desk, down the corridor, showing her the supe's bedroom on the left, his own on the right. Behind his, the cook-and-carkeeper's quarters, severely tidy; and directly across the corridor, the dining room—white table cloth, starched and crisp, accented with a silver water pitcher in the exact center.

"How lovely!" Laurie exclaimed. "So neat and—polished. My father never once mentioned this! I had the idea you ate off trays."

"That's the airlines," Joe said. "Now back on the right again—behind the cook's quarters—pantry. Refrigerator's full of meats, vegetables, milk, ice cream. Shelves—canned goods, cartons—all the makin's."

Across from the pantry he showed her the galley, where Enoch, the cook-and-carkeeper, stood for inspection, his teeth flashing white in a welcoming wreath of ebony smiles. His tall, muscular body bulged behind the full-length white apron. Joe introduced Laurie, and she exclaimed with delight at the neat, efficient kitchen.

"This character," Enoch said, grinning broadly and pointing to Joe with a large carving knife, "is the mostest satisfied man I've ever bumped into, Miss Laurie. No ambition. Won't even take a bigger job. Just mention takin' on a little liability and ——"

"Responsibility," Joe corrected. "But suppose you get dinner going? We're having company."

"Why, man alive!" Enoch replied. "I done already begun dinner for four the minute I saw it's a lady comin' long with Mr. McDade. I says to myself, now Mister Joe won't let her ——"

"Enoch! You and your lies! . . . Miss McDade, this character'll never get dinner ready if we don't get out of here."

"Says which? Already I shoved them two ducks in the oven the boss shot up Junction way yesterday. Carrots, spuds peeled. Frozen peas thawin'. All just waitin' to hit the butane."

He was talking between chuckles as Joe escorted the girl up the corridor: "Huckleberry pie—big, juicy berries what me and Joe picked up near Elkhorn mountains last week. Topped with hunks of ice cream and ——"

Smiling, Laurie said, "If I hear much more, I'll be so hungry I'll disgrace myself at dinner."

"You'll disgrace yourself if you don't eat. Enoch gets hurt when ——"

He clammed up. Here he was, actually carrying on a completely unnecessary conversation with this ice-tongued girl who thought stenography was for the birds—well, anyway, for girls.

McDade was saying, "It's too bad, Kearny. You'll miss railroading when the trucking companies take over the hauling, and weeds grow up between the rails."

Superintendent Kearny shrugged, turned his back to the big truck and trailer roaring past along the highway that paralleled the railroad. Smiling at his long-time friend, he said, "There'll never be any weeds on this branch, Ed. Not while I'm superintendent."

"There'll be a lot of cattlemen against you this afternoon. Truckers been talking big."

"I know." Kearny gazed at the three horses waiting to take them to the meeting.

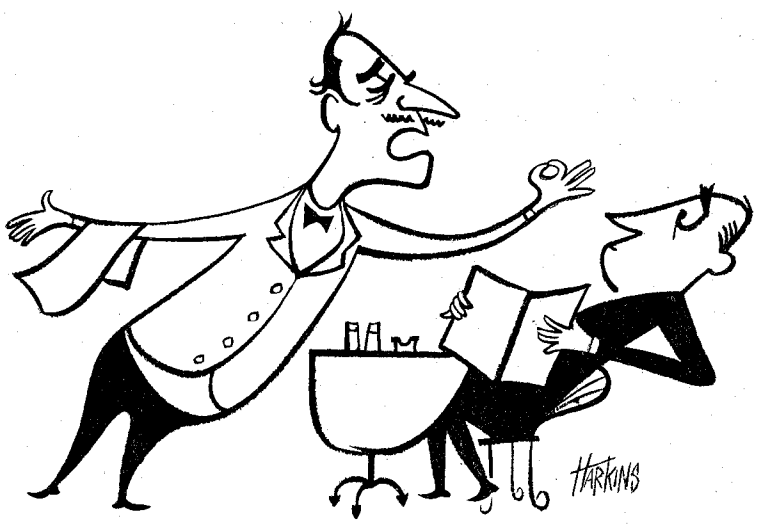
Joe sighed. The supe's responsibility. If the live-freight mainstay of the Oregon and Columbia's Elkhorn branch were taken over by the truckers—well, it wasn't Joe Lang's problem. Yet, observing the graying hair above the supe's ears, Joe was sorry for the Old Man of the Rails, as he was known the length of the division. Briefly, too, he wondered how long the supe's secretary would have this most satisfying job with the freedom to hunt, fish and hike—and a change of scene almost every day. Oh, well, over the horizon there'd be something else. At twenty-seven there were always horizons.

Wistfully he watched the fast-falling snow outside, but turning to his work he found Laurie McDade's scrutinizing eyes evaluating him like a steer in a pen, her faint smile of disapproval cutting him down to scrub-bull size.

Dinner finished, Ed McDade and Superintendent Kearny had crunched onto the track ballast before Laurie followed. One foot upon the second step, she paused and favored Joe with a parting jab, "Good-by, Miss Lang!"

An hour later Joe was still pacing the limits of the car. The girl had drawn a handful of imaginary skirt against her blue denim pants as she thumped down the car steps. Meditating upon the gesture, Joe kicked his wastebasket along the corridor. Enoch, playing solitaire in the dining room, grinned and thumbed another card off the bottom of the deck.

Sheepishly retrieving the wastebasket, Joe halted to watch through the snow-fringed windows as a mammoth truck and trailer loaded with cattle rumbled past. The driver favored him with a thumb to his nose and bore down upon the truck's siren until he was out of sight



The Perfect Squelch

The waiter was not so much a waiter as a supersalesman for his restaurant's poor food. Not knowing this, a middle-aged visitor to town innocently asked him how the steaks were. "Superb!" came the answer. Not long after the visitor ordered steak, there arrived a large but very tough slab of meat.

Bravely the man tackled it. Before he could get far, the waiter sidled up with a smile.

"Waiter," the man said, "this steak is tough."

"But you are not using your steak knife," the waiter retorted.

"No," the man replied, "but I am using my steak teeth."

Anne Connelly

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in the fast-falling snow, the heavy load of steers bawling in ear-grating cacophony. Another huge truck closely followed; but Joe heard neither the siren nor the thundering engine, for sitting beside the driver and waving wildly from the open window of the cab was Laurie McDade. She was enjoying herself immensely, shrieking something above the angry bawl of steers and raucous engine blast that he could not hear, but which, from the shape of her lovely mouth, could not be mistaken for anything save, "Good-by, Miss Lang!" Joe drop-kicked the wastebasket down the corridor. Enoch dealt another card. He said, "Queen of hearts."

Joe began transcribing the notes the supe had dictated into the small hours of last night. By three o'clock the transcript was on the boss's desk, and Joe's feet on the edge of his own. He had just begun to read yesterday's newspaper when mobile at Junction began calling the Kearny car.

Joe answered, "Superintendent Kearny's car," and mobile said, "Joe, Mr. Kearny phoned from the McDade ranch house, then went back to the powwow at the barn. Says for you to get the car down to Junction before it's snowed in. He's going to see that meeting through even if it takes all night. You're in full charge of the division till he gets back."

"Damn."

"Tsk! Tsk!" Mobile's tongue clucked. His voice had a titter in it. "You're on your own, son." The entire division knew of Joe's aversion to responsibility.

The squawk box clicked off, and in the sudden silence Joe moodily watched the great flakes of snow blot out the landscape—first the loading chute, then the fence. Finally they swung a fluttering wall of white about the car. Enoch brought him a cup of coffee and a plate of cookies.

"We goin' to be stuck here, Joe?" Enoch's grin was gone. For answer Joe tried to contact Number Thirty-seven. No luck. In the mountain country, there were dead pockets. He called mobile at Junction: "Can't raise Thirty-seven. Where is he?"

Junction replied, "Held up at bridge nine-six-point-two. Construction gang can't find some of their equipment under the snow."

"Order Thirty-seven to come on without them."

"Number Thirty-seven will be late anyway. Lost time hooking on three cars of hay at Meadows."

"He's downgrade. Tell him to make time. I want this car out of here before this snow gets worse."

"O.K., O.K.! It's your responsibility if he goes off a curve."

Joe paced to the rear platform and back. *Responsibility! Why can't a guy live in peace? Always something happening that isn't supposed to happen, always someone not doing what he should do, so somebody else has to take over and make decisions. Decisions! You make them and if you guess wrong, you catch hell. If you guess right, that's the thing you should have done all along.* He took another turn to the rear door and back.

Mobile began to squawk, "Joe, the radio's broadcasting stock-killing temperature for tonight in unsheltered ——"

"Where's Number Thirty-seven?"

"Lost contact. Dead pocket. Just static. Bye-bye, Joe. You got a copy of Whittier's *Snow-Bound?*"

The click-off had a nasty, final sound.

Joe looked up to find Enoch counting on his fingers, "December, January, February—time spring comes, we'll be shootin' crows for supper." He shuffled away, mumbling incoherently.

A pounding at the entrance door brought Joe wheeling about and then running. Jerking the latch aside, he caught a snow-covered Laurie McDade to keep her from falling into the room. Easing her down upon one of the superintendent's guest chairs, he brushed the snow from her face, listening with alarm to her gasping breath.

"Don't talk!" he urged. "Enoch! Coffee!"

With a grateful smile she took the steaming cup and sipped slowly, while a flush crept over her chilled face. She gasped, "Trailer ahead whiplashed. Ice under snow. Our second truck crashed into him."

Enoch poured another cup of coffee.

Joe asked, "Where?"

"Mile this side Indian Butte."

"The cattle?"

Her eyes were blue fire. "Those idiot truck drivers!" she blazed. "They're planning to sit there and let those steers freeze to death! Said they had enough gas to keep the engines idling a couple of days, so they'd be warm and cozy sleeping in the cabs. Help would come by then—they weren't worrying."

Joe said, "They just might get hungry by then too."

Laurie's lips twisted, "They plan to supplement their emergency rations with steer meat. Broil steaks on the engine heads."

Joe grunted. He knelt to remove the girl's water-soaked boots. "I suppose they'll melt snow in their hats on the engines to get water? Or do they drink whisky?"

"They do," Laurie replied. "I mean they had. I dived out the cab door when they began to—to get cozy. They didn't follow very far."

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Joe's right hand slowly curled into a tight, hard fist as he rose. "Enoch, show Miss McDade to my room. Dry her wet clothes in the oven."

"But I haven't any others to put on?"

"Two pairs of my pajamas in my clothes closet."

He scooped her up and carried her, protesting and feebly kicking, into his room. Plopping her down on the edge of his bed, he backed out into the corridor. "There's a latch on the inside of the door."

Seconds later he was speaking over mobile. "Kearny car calling Junction. Come in, mobile." He was thinking how hard the supe had fought to get mobile equipment installed on all trains—and how wonderful it was—when mobile drawled, "Yeah, Joe. What say, Joe?"

"Where on earth is Number Thirty-seven?"

Mobile didn't know. No report for an hour. Mobile would call Joe when contact was made. Joe peered through the windows at the steady, fluttering avalanche of snow. Another hour of the stuff and the car would be stuck for days, perhaps weeks. No superintendent would pull the big rotary snowplow off the high mountain passes of the main line just to dig out his own office on wheels.

When, maddeningly late, the headlight of Number Thirty-seven bored a silver hole through the snowstorm, the cowcatcher plowing aside a double wave of snow, the engineer kept right on going, unaware of the business car on the siding. Joe shouted uselessly. The three boxcars of hay went by, doors wide open. Well, at least that indicated hurry. Next, the construction company's bunk car and flats, one loaded with equipment, the other with heavy planks and timbers left over from the bridge-repair job. Joe shouted again. The freight plowed on. Joe snatched a fusee from the emergency box beside the car door and quickly lighted it. Waving the flaming red torch, he bellowed like a drill sergeant as the caboose drifted past. Falling snow began to close in. Suddenly the brake shoes shuddered, and the cars ground to a stop. Conductor and rear brakeman popped out of the caboose, angry as bears roused from their winter sleep.

Joe barked orders. "Hook the supe's car on the end! Stop when you see two trucks and trailers piled up a mile short of Indian Butte. We're hauling their steers to Junction."

"We're what!" the conductor exploded. "I'll have you know my orders ——"

"Canceled!" Joe cut in. "Supe's orders."

"Or yours?"

"Right now it's the same thing. Get moving." He swung toward the office car.

"Just how," the conductor snapped after him, "do you think we can haul them steers? No cattle cars."

"Suppose you wait and see."

The conductor growled, but didn't move. Joe came back in a lunge, holding the fusee up to the man's face. "You say something?"

"Yeah! How we load them steers—toss 'em over the right-of-way fence and push 'em aboard? The second you let down the tail gate they'll scatter to hell and back. You crazy?"

"That's my responsibility!" The hateful words cracked like an engine backfire. "Hook this car on and get moving!"

The conductor was still glaring after him as Joe thumped up the steps of the business car; but ten minutes later the Elkhorn freight, with the superintendent's car hooked onto the caboose, was again boring its slow way through the blizzard.

Stopped opposite the steer-laden trucks that had skidded through the right-of-way fence and halted in the ditch close to the rails, the train crew squinted sullenly silent through the fluttering snow, and the conductor all but screamed when Joe informed him he was going to dump the hay from the boxcars and use the construction gang and lumber to build a loading chute. The hay could be picked up later; the snow wouldn't hurt it. The construction foreman, a hulking man used to giving orders, not taking them, listened belligerently. Tightening his belt around an overfed belly, he spat into the snow and grunted, "Won't do it." He thumped back toward the bunk car.

Joe said, "Then we sit here till you do."

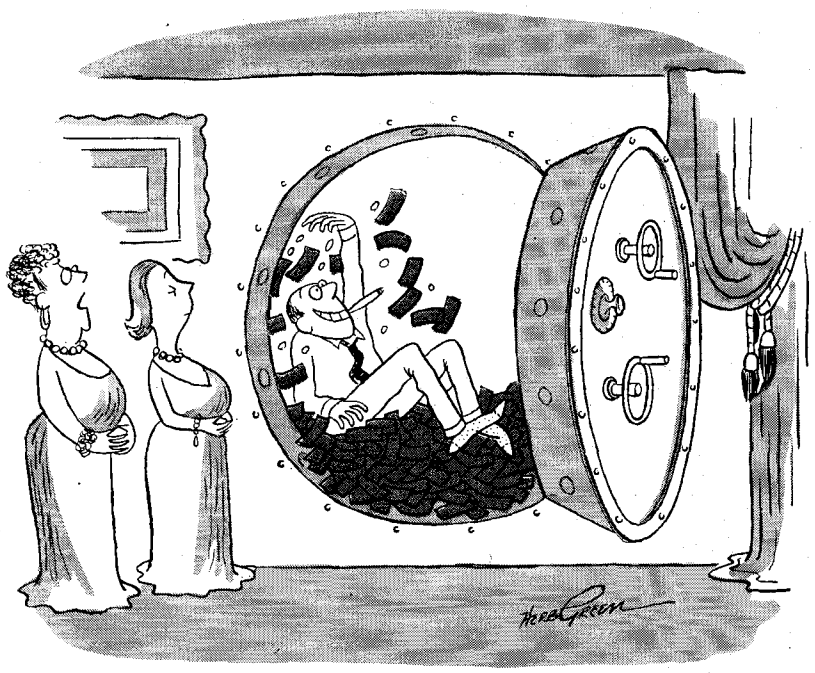
The hulk halted. "Who's runnin' this lousy freight?"

"I am," Joe coolly returned. "The conductor's taking his orders from me. Think it over."

The foreman did a bit of stamping around in the snow, started away, lunged back and glared at Joe. Finally he said, "I'll talk to my crew."

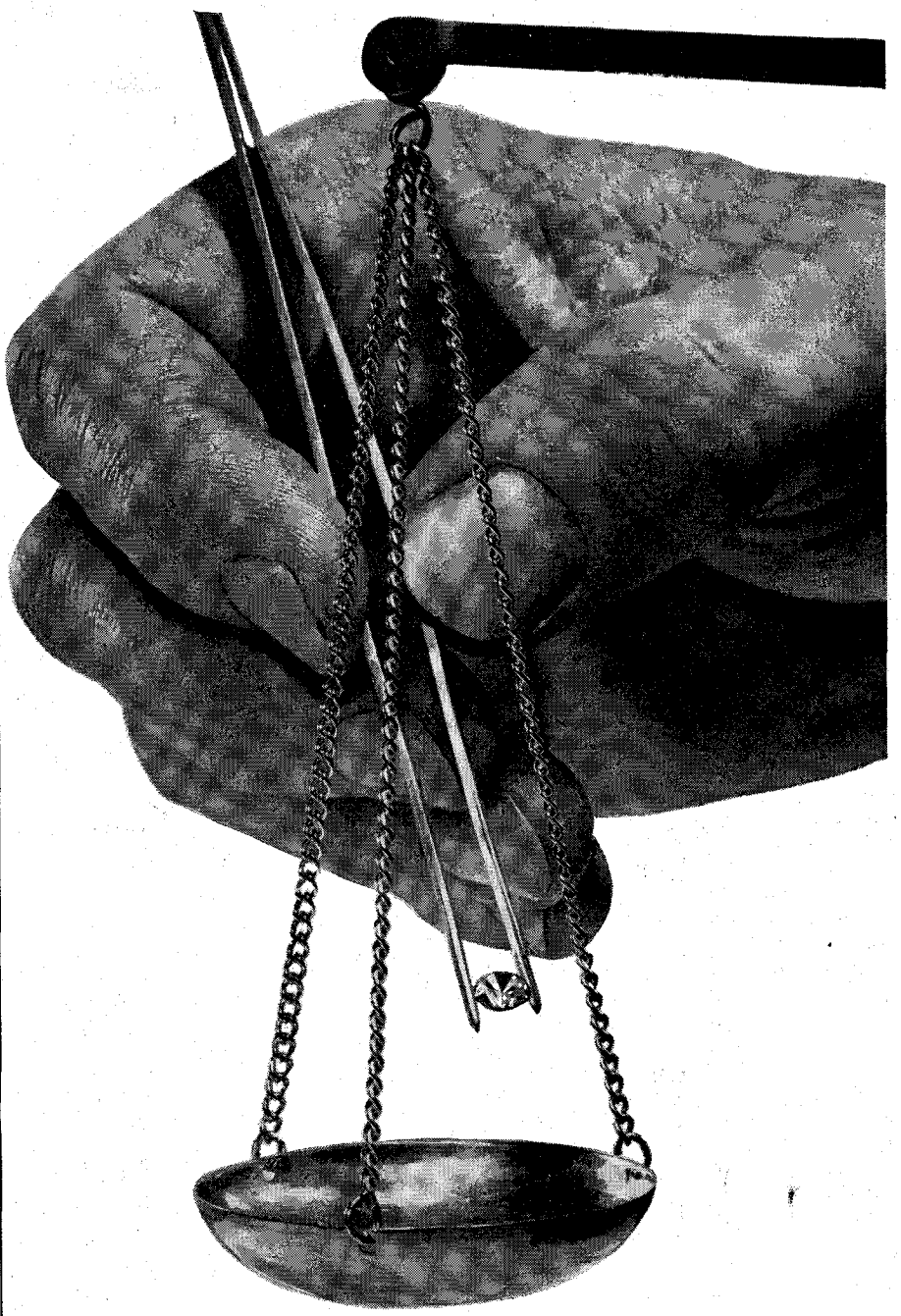
Joe entered the business car.

It took a half hour. The conductor and the foreman knocked respectfully enough, and Enoch let them in. Joe took his feet



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's Benson's hobby—he claims it takes his mind off business."



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down from the edge of his desk and folded his newspaper. He still had the second and third sections to read. "Well?" he asked.

"We'll build the chute," the construction foreman said, "but we ain't goin' to dump no hay."

"The freight crew's doing that."

"We will not!" The conductor stamped toward the door. Joe hoisted his feet onto the desk again and unfolded his newspaper. He grimaced—the society page—but since the two men glared straight at his face, he kept right on reading: "Mr. and Mrs. Whoozit announce the marriage of their ——"

The foreman transferred his glare to the conductor. The conductor growled, "O.K., you win for now."

Joe went through the ritual of taking his feet off the desk and folding his newspaper. He had read down to the funnies and want ads. He said, "Leave a few bales of hay in the end of each car for the steers. We want them well fed and ready for market when we get to Junction."

"You'll hear from at least two unions for this!" the conductor threatened. "But that's your responsibility!" He stamped off the car.

Joe felt that should he hear that word "responsibility" just once more, he would gyrate off the premises like a helicopter. However, if he could get the steers to market under conditions where the trucks had failed, the supe would be in a better position to talk to the ranchers. The supe wouldn't see weeds growing up between the rails. Joe borrowed a hammer and went to help the construction crew.

With the first hammering, the two truckers rolled out of their cabs and, when told what was being done, announced that no railroad was going to hijack their cargo. Nobody was going to open a tail gate. No one gave them any attention. The cleated chute and runway wings to the trucks were quickly built, and the cold and wet construction men raced back to their bunk car.

Joe said, "Truckers, we're unloading those steers. They'll freeze if they're left here."

He reached to loosen the tail-gate chain, but one of the truckers swung his fist. Joe, expecting the move, ducked, and the fellow's knuckles crashed into the tail gate. Howling and cursing, he did an Indian dance humped over his knees. The other trucker came raging in, but the big construction foreman lumbered back and said, "No, I guess not. You're holdin' things up." He shoved a huge palm into the trucker's face, and the trucker sprawled on his back in the snow. When the truckers lunged toward their cabs, the freight conductor shouted warning, "They're going for their guns!"

Both construction men and railroaders backed away from the toollike noses of the automatic pistols. The trucker with the smashed fist snarled at Joe, "Get away from that tail gate!" And swung the gun barrel against Joe's head. Momentarily stunned, Joe stumbled back, keenly aware of failure, conscious that he alone was responsible for it. There were guns in the business car—he could have used them to enforce his demands.

"Faster!" the trucker bellowed, raising the gun to swing again.

In the brief following silence, a clear, angry female voice ripped through Joe's foggy senses, "Drop those guns!" The deafening blast of the superintendent's shotgun in Laurie McDade's hands emphasized her command, the violent spray of bird shot kicking up a cloud of snow. Behind her, gripping Joe's deer rifle, was Enoch. He wasn't grinning, but his white teeth showed.

"Where you want them?" Laurie asked.

Joe nodded toward the bunk car, said, "Baby-sit 'em till we get the job rolling."

The first boxcar loaded, the windward door closed and slats nailed over the opposite one; the engine pulled up the second car, and the routine was repeated. Joe shouted, "Leave the lumber! We'll pick it up when we come to get the hay."

Men scurried aboard the freight, and the engine clanged into motion.

In the business car Joe said, "Laurie, you're soaked again! Get into my room!"

"You do know my first name!" The words were almost a giggle.

She backed away in mock obedience, but when he took a step toward her, she wheeled and ran into his room. Shortly returning, she demonstrated with a chuckle her mobility in the clownlike attire of his pajamas, slippers and robe. Joe picked up the mike, "I'll see if mobile can get a message to your father by telephone. He'll be worrying about you."

"No," the girl smiled, "he won't. He knows I can take care of myself. But it would put his mind at ease if he knew that sample shipment of steers was safe."

Joe stared at her, noting the very prettiness, the wholesomeness of her, and was peculiarly disturbed. Somehow he got the mike to his lips, "Kearny car calling."

"Yeah, Joe. Where you been? Calling till I'm hoarse. Supe wants you to know the meeting's still going strong. Wants to know if his car came out on Number Thirty-seven. Where the hell is Thirty-seven?"

Joe started to inform him, but the gradual slowing and complete halting of the freight brought him quickly to a window. The freight had stalled in a huge drift. The snow had stopped falling, and

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only a few ragged clouds scudded across the high-riding half-moon.

The conductor stormed in, shouting, "Stuck! That's what we get for stoppin' to pick up cows! You're sure's hell goin' to have to answer to somebody, young squirt! It's your ——"

"My responsibility!" Joe shut him off, wearily fed up. He grabbed the mike. "Junction, tell McDade I've got his steers and daughter stuck in a snowbank about fifteen miles out. Tell the supe that's where his car is too." He paused. Laurie McDade was watching him with that same queer evaluating expression on her weather-tanned face as though he were a well-fed steer just about ready for market. He sat down heavily. The girl came forward and put all her finger tips on his desk. "Mr. Lang ——"

He glared at her.

"I'm sorry I ——"

"Cut it!" He got up, started to pace the floor, eyed the wastebasket, then grasped the mike. "You still there, mobile? . . . Where's the rotary snowplow?"

"Up in the mountains on the main line. Digging out the Columbia Limited."

"Tell that rotary to get down here and clear the Elkhorn branch to Number Thirty-seven."

"Are you crazy, Joe!" mobile blasted back. "What'd you say?"

Joe told him in straight forceful railroad language.

Then, remembering Laurie McDade's presence, he said, "I beg your pardon," and the mike picked it up, so he added, "No, not you! I was talking to someone else. You get that rotary . . . Whose orders? . . . Mine! . . . You heard me! . . . I am! . . . Right at this minute, I'm running this railroad! . . . Sure I'll be responsible! Who else?"

The girl chuckled throatily, and her eyes were moist, "Why, Mr. Lang!"

She emphasized the "mister," and the smile she gave him had no sting in it. She added, "So you leave a limited passenger train snowbound while you clear the way for a branch-line freight train and a handful of steers?"

"I am not! I'm passing the ammunition."

A wrinkle grew between her eyes. "Come again?"

"If I can get these steers to Junction in good condition after the trucks failed, the supe can make strong medicine talk at that powwow. What's a trainload of passengers delayed a few hours compared to saving a two-million-dollar branch-line railroad?"

Smiling, Laurie nodded her head contemplatively. "I got the idea that responsibility was the last thing you ——"

"Just once more I hear that word," Joe grated, "I'll get out and shove this freight to Junction myself and order the rotary home, while I tackle the mountain passes with a shovel."

Laurie's laugh was bright and clear, and suddenly he discovered that he was laughing with her. Gleefully mobile came on, "Joe, guess who's on the snowbound limited? General manager and the president. On their way to meeting of the board of directors."

Mobile let it rest at that. With a crooked grin, Joe informed Laurie and added, "Need a cow hand?"

"We never hire men who're not responsible."

Enoch said, "I cooked for a bunkhouse crew once." He shuffled down the corridor, whistling *Annie Laurie*. Laurie bent suddenly over the coffee he had set before her.

Mobile came on again, "Oh, I forgot a minor detail ——"

"Never mind!" Joe was about to snap off the mike when Laurie grabbed his hand and said, "Listen, Joe!"

Mobile's voice was droning on, "Message from the president to superintendent's secretary: 'Congratulations for foresight. Don't worry about rotary. Plenty of deer in the mountains.'"

Long after mobile stopped squawking, Laurie was holding Joe's hand and smiling into his face. Slowly his other hand closed over hers, and quite unaware of when it happened, he was holding the clownlike bundle of her on his lap, his lips against hers. Sometime later Laurie straightened up, leaning firmly back against his encircling arms and studying him with genuine surprise.

"Well!" she finally found something to say. "I suppose you *are* responsible?"

He groaned and wearily admitted, "When I have to be."

He got a nice, impulsive little approval of that, and in the far reaches of his vision, beyond the dark clouds of responsibility, he glimpsed the most glorious horizon of them all. THE END

That's Funny, I Used to Take a 38

To my regret the silhouette
In the haberdasher's mirror,
Clearly shows I'm adipose
And ought to live austerer.

Sheldon White

The picture of comfort, dressed the Pendleton way in ft weightless wools that protect you from indoor-outdoor *mperature changes.* Her '49'er Jacket, $17.95; Sweater, .95; Skirt, $14.95. His sportshirt, $11.95; Slacks, $22.95. l 100% Virgin Wool.

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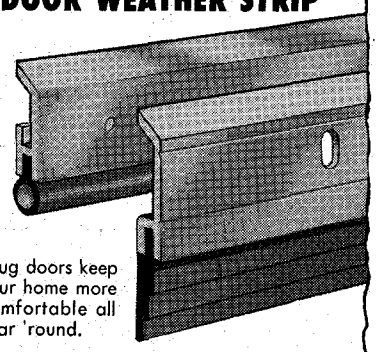
m-d MACKLANBURG-DUNCAN CO. Jamb-Up DOOR WEATHER STRIP



Snug doors keep your home more comfortable all year 'round.

End drafty doors with Jamb-Up weather strip. It's ideal for wood or metal doors, outside or connecting. Made of sturdy, extruded aluminum and durable Vinyl. Seals door all the way 'round.

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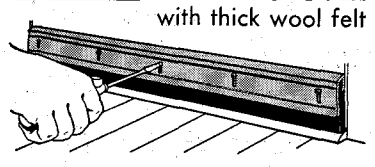

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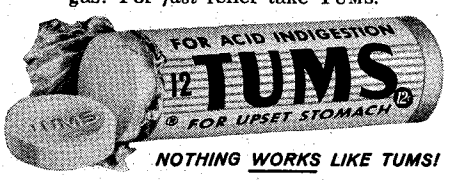
. . . because of acid indigestion, heartburn or gas? For *fast* relief take TUMS.



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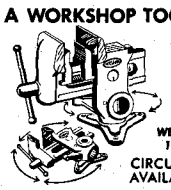

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No Housing Worry Here

(Continued from Page 38)

the young. Residents range from fifty to ninety-plus, and the average age is sixty-eight. At a fixed and irrevocable price the manor provides these residents with comfortable and nonregimented living, recreation and, when necessary, on-the-spot free nursing and hospital care. It does so in a pattern of individual freedom and relative privacy that is uncommon.

Church homes, organization homes, private and public homes shelter thousands who have retired, slowed down or weakened. Willamette View is not quite like any of these. It is uniquely independent, and interdenominational. Residents may come or go as they wish and, subject to a reasonable financial penalty, may leave for good at any time. They choose their own type and size of apartment and furnish it with their own things. Karen Johannesson's apartment is strongly Danish in its appointments, reflecting her ancestry. Linnie Ginn, one of a number of residents from Walla Walla, Washington, likes crystal and collects fans. Her apartment is loaded with both.

Residents dine in the dining rooms as they would in restaurants, sitting where and with whom and, within limits, at the times they prefer. They may also dine out or prepare meals in their own apartments, although they will have paid their board bill in the community dining rooms anyway. As many as a third of the residents may be missing from any given meal, particularly breakfast, and Frances Symons, one of the manor's more pungent and forceful residents, shuns community meals altogether. A long-time family servant comes in to prepare her meals and supplement the manor's regular maid service.

For family reunions or other entertaining too expansive for one apartment, there are special kitchen-equipped rooms which will handle fifty party guests. There is no charge for their use; in fact, there is no extra charge for any of the normal manor facilities. Visiting guests of residents do pay a moderate sum for apartments available to them, as well as for meals, but a friend or relative may stay in these quarters as long as the manor resident who invited them wishes them to stay.

Residents may play games, participate in educational programs, pursue hobbies in special shops, patronize the library, lounge in lounges or isolate themselves. They may travel or stay home, attend any church of their choice, or none. They have for their exclusive use a modern hospital and all medical care short of major surgery, including nurse and doctor visits to apartments and tray service. All these privileges are covered in a contract.

Those who sign contracts with the manor dispose of practically all their living problems at one swipe. They need no longer fear that they must inflict themselves on possibly reluctant children or relatives. They need no longer worry about their physical ability to keep up their own homes. They are free from any threat of suddenly needing or even being committed to institutional or other homes not of their choice. Their financial worries are reduced immensely—they need meet only one fixed fee, regardless of any general rise in living costs. Even if they do outlive their pocketbooks, a portion of the manor's charitable program is designed to carry them along anyway.

This security package does not come free. The manor is a nonprofit organization, but it is also a $7,000,000 plant with one full-time employee for each seven residents, elaborate grounds and buildings and a considerable overhead. It must have money, which comes primarily from two sources—the sale of apartments, and a monthly fee paid by occupants for the maintenance of their life and health. Residents thus must have an original stake and a modest but dependable income.

Purchase of an apartment costs from $7500 to $20,000, varying with size. Smallest quarters consist of one room, a bath and a dressing room. The largest contain a sizable living room, two bedrooms and in some cases two baths. All apartments costing $8000 or more include fully equipped kitchenettes. All have either scenic views of the Willamette River, green Oregon hills and snowcaps, or vistas of the manor's twenty-two gardened and landscaped acres.

The monthly fee after apartment purchase is $100 per person, which covers living, food, medical service—nearly everything but dentist, ophthalmologist and theater tickets. Maids clean each apartment thoroughly every second week. Laundry service is included without limit, although only flat pieces are ironed. There is also no limit on additional servings at meals—record consumption of breakfast pancakes is eighteen, achieved by a man who failed to appear for lunch that day.

All household expenses such as light, heat, water and air conditioning are covered, and a third of the apartments possess outlets for piped-in oxygen. Major medical expenses not covered by the hospital service, which usually means major surgery, can be underwritten by medical insurance costing five dollars a month. Automobile parking is free, except for closed garages or carport space—five dollars a month. Moorage at the boat dock on the manor's riparian property is free.

Residents at the manor, who for some unexplainable reason are all called Founders, run a considerable financial range. Some are wealthy, some skin by on pensions or with the help of Social Security income. At this time there are also seven apartments which have been donated to occupants through a substantial charitable program. Only two of the administrative staff know who they are.

A few residents are not retired at all, but continue to work full time at jobs which are necessarily in the Portland area, although residents come from twenty-five states and two foreign countries. A very few operate little businesses within the manor. A woman—women outnumber men by four to one—runs a newspaper-delivery service. Several people handle small lines, such as greeting cards, magazine subscriptions and typing services.

Three interconnected buildings, plus service buildings, comprise the physical plant at Willamette View. There is the Manor Building itself, a second apartment building called the Court, and a hospital, which has infirmary wings for those who may need continuous medical attention but are not bedridden. Ill health has its price, but the maximum is known and fixed at the time of signing a contract. Infirmary quarters and care cost $150 a month, and full hospital-bed space costs $200. Newcomers may buy directly into any category—apartment, infirmary or hospital. Apartment residents may also shift from one to the other as need arises, moving into the hospital and then back again as recovery permits.

Hospital and infirmary life, while it is a necessary part of the whole manor operation, is nevertheless a small fraction of the affairs of this miniature city of 525 apartments and more than 600 persons. Within each apartment, life to the occupants is as private and individual as to apartment dwellers in Manhattan, Minneapolis or the *Vieux Carré*. It may also be so outside of the apartment home. The manor is a regular stop on a twenty-minute bus route into downtown Portland, and manor residents are the largest single group of passengers on the route. Residents take volunteer jobs in the city, go on shopping trips, to theaters and symphonies. On Sunday the manor's own bus makes a complimentary church loop, depositing worshipers at their respective churches, Protestant or Catholic, and picking them up again.

Those activities which are neither outside the manor entirely nor within the private scope of family apartment life are a little like a perpetual cruise-ship or resort program, with (*Continued on Page 128*)

"Of course I wouldn't leave you for someone else. You know how the boss feels about that sort of thing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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7,8,9,10. I will be calm. I will not be mad, just because I could have saved $18 on car insurance with State Farm—even after paying my Lifetime Membership Fees. My renewal saving would now be $34 a year!* ¶ State Farm members save $10—$30—as high as $114 a year compared to what many people pay.** We keep our rates low by aiming to insure careful drivers only. Yet you can't get better protection or faster, fairer claim service. Can you qualify? Four out of five average drivers can. See the friendly, capable State Farm man in your neighborhood. Look under "State Farm Insurance" in the Yellow Pages. **STATE FARM MUTUAL** Automobile Insurance Company . . . world's largest. Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

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**In Texas, substantial savings have been returned to eligible members in the form of dividends.

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(*Continued from Page 126*) the residents themselves in charge. They arrange movies, dances, musicales, card parties, or show their travel pictures in a large community hall. Those who wish to supplement their regular church attendance are offered Sunday-evening nonsectarian religious programs. The ladies have a beauty parlor available, and a pharmacy dispenses its wares at less than retail prices. There are sewing rooms equipped with machines, and laundry rooms for apparel not entrusted to the laundry service. On each floor in each building is a TV parlor for those without their own sets. In some of these smoking is permitted—it is prohibited in the dining rooms, to the indignation of smokers. One TV parlor is the frequent scene of a friendly poker game—two-cent limit. Camera fans have a darkroom available, and there are two excellently equipped metal and woodworking shops.

Any resident looking for a task to perform need not look far. Although some complain that the manor does not make full use of the loads of available talent among apartment occupants, there are thirty-six committees in existence. The committees do everything from arranging travel tours and checking elevator service to advising the board of trustees and consulting with dietitian Connie Hennings on the character of the meals.

Sporting opportunities are everywhere. Residents may sun themselves on roof decks or lawns or play a hard game of croquet on numerous courts. There are shuffleboard courts and pool and billiard tables. Two very large game rooms also include full-size greens for English lawn bowls. The greens are level, carpeted areas, and bowling is highly competitive among both men and women. Anyone may sign for a game on a calendar kept for that purpose. Charles Barnes, who still works a five-day week as manager of a Portland business, can bowl only on Saturday mornings. To make sure he doesn't miss a game, he signs for every Saturday a year in advance.

The bowlers use imported Australian equipment, subscribe to Australian magazines and once competed with a visiting Australian team. Among the eager bowlers is Jack Snead, former trucking-company executive and the manor's earliest resident. Jack and Louise Snead selected their apartment from a blueprint when the manor was no more than a promotional idea a half dozen years ago. Aside from the fact that their apartment is the manor's largest, the Sneads' experience in becoming Manorites and their reaction to the life is typical. They had to reduce the contents of a large home to fit apartment size, and giving up possessions is one of the hardest things older people have to face. But the Sneads are now delighted with their change. They are very active in the manor life, comfortable in their apartment and, while four-footed domestic pets are taboo, they have four aquariums of tropical fish.

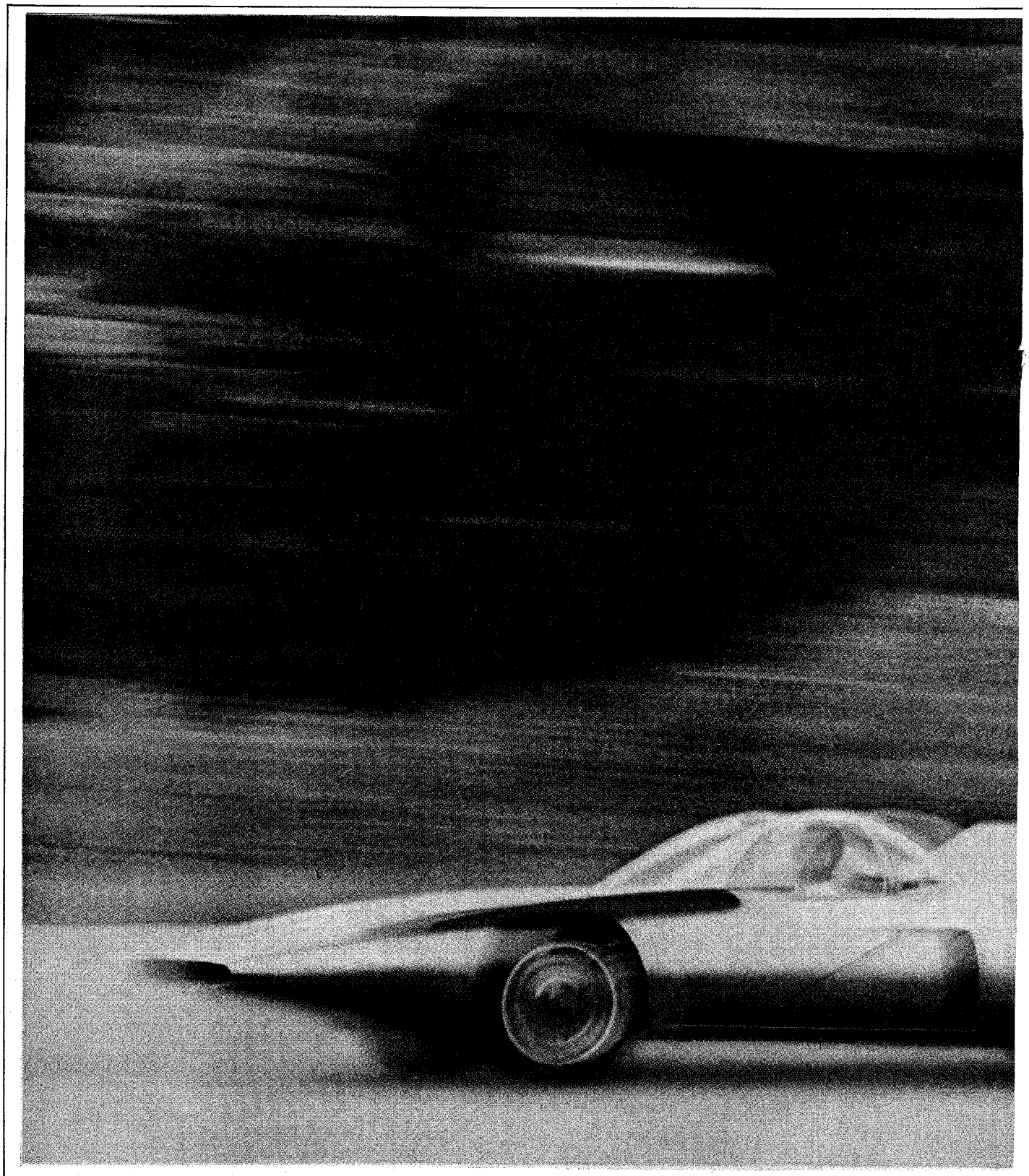
Manor residents overwhelmingly approve their collective home. Si Berry, retired businessman, even wishes that he and Mrs. Berry had become residents earlier than they did. "I think this life is a way of staving off old age," he said.

Among fifty dozen persons, however, it would be too much to expect absolute agreement. Residents have given up the manor, although the number is a mere half dozen. One shy lady, unused to people in quantities, was so appalled by the main dining room she left in a hurry. A diabetic, who wanted to treat his diabetes by taking maximum doses of Insulin instead of watching his diet, quit when the manor doctor disagreed with this free-swinging method. An out-of-state lady, Nita Rusterholz, picked up such a busy church life in Portland after coming to the manor that she left to take an apartment in the city more convenient for her affairs. After doing her own cooking and housework for three months, she returned to the manor.

There are also those who get tired of the established meals or who take a dislike to the posted menu for the ensuing week and go on flings of eating in Portland restaurants. This takes extra money, of course, and those residents who become ostentatious are sometimes frowned upon by the quieter residents. "Some of us,'" as one said, "are a little too showy, but fortunately there aren't very many."

Residents come in a wide variety. One of the more enthusiastic belters of popular songs in a for-fun singing group is Albert Trump. He is ninety-three and a pet of the other Manorites. Three Scottish sisters who live here have sent for a fourth to join them. Alvina Dunham is a blue-eyed doll just turned fifty. Alvina and her husband, Mark, had retired to their own house across the river from the manor. They watched construction of the manor from their side, became interested and finally sold out and moved over. Subsequently they persuaded three relatives to join them at the manor.

Lenore Calkins gave up California sunshine for Oregon mist and thinks the manor is worth the swap. Lillian Hoffman, a singer, once gave a program at the manor, liked the place, and persuaded her husband, Dan, to retire there with her. Lillian still accepts singing engagements, and Dan is one of the 100 gardeners who maintain individual garden plots on the manor grounds. The plots are only a



electrical energy for the needs of motion

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dozen feet square, but they produce flowers for lounge rooms, apartments and hospital rooms and vegetables for those who wish to bring their own specialties to the dinner table. The little gardens also produce share-cropping, product-swapping and endless conversation.

Another gardener, Ernest Carr, is also the most active photographer and a woodworker as well. He and Dallas Mark constructed an elaborate workbench area in one of the woodworking shops, which are full of community tools brought by residents, including Mark. The do-it-yourselfers turn out professional products at the request of other residents, charging a small amount for their tool-sharpening and replacement kitty.

There is no compulsion on anyone to join a particular group or activity. The fishermen get out on the Willamette and pursue trout and salmon, while the card players assemble at card tables and the Cliveden set toasts the sundown. Liquor is not prohibited at the manor, except in public rooms. Lucia Gershkovitch, widow of a former director of the Portland Symphony, is able to bring good music to the manor. Fay Ostner, one of the more forthright and energetic residents, is an active political campaigner who tries to get out a big vote for her party. Edna Beyrer, retired Army nurse, is unique among apartment occupants because she also owns an apartment in a Florida home and shuttles back and forth with the seasons. Edna Cruzen's selection of the manor for her home is a compliment. She was once inspector of public institutions for the state of Missouri and also served in this field in Washington, D.C.

The fact that Willamette View Manor exists at all is a minor miracle. It originated, in 1951, as an attempt by Oregon Methodist ministers and laymen to create an orthodox home and hospital like those of Methodist sponsorship which had been built in other parts of the country. The Oregon group started by consulting the national Board of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, which had built 200 homes in fifty years. A representative of this experienced body laid down one law which he said was immutable and incontrovertible—the project must have financial angels who would donate an eighth of the required sum, receiving nothing. After these gifts it might or might not be possible to find people who would pay to live in the contemplated home. Accordingly a man was hired to solicit the vital initial gifts. He worked three months at a salary of $500 a month. He collected a total of ten dollars.

Prior experience said that this would be a fine time to call the whole thing off. However, the Oregon group had by this time hired a campaign director to sell apartments from a blueprint. Fortunately the director was totally inexperienced in selling apartments and all other aspects of promoting, building and operating a retirement home. So he went out and in eighteen months sold $1,500,000 worth of apartments from a blueprint.

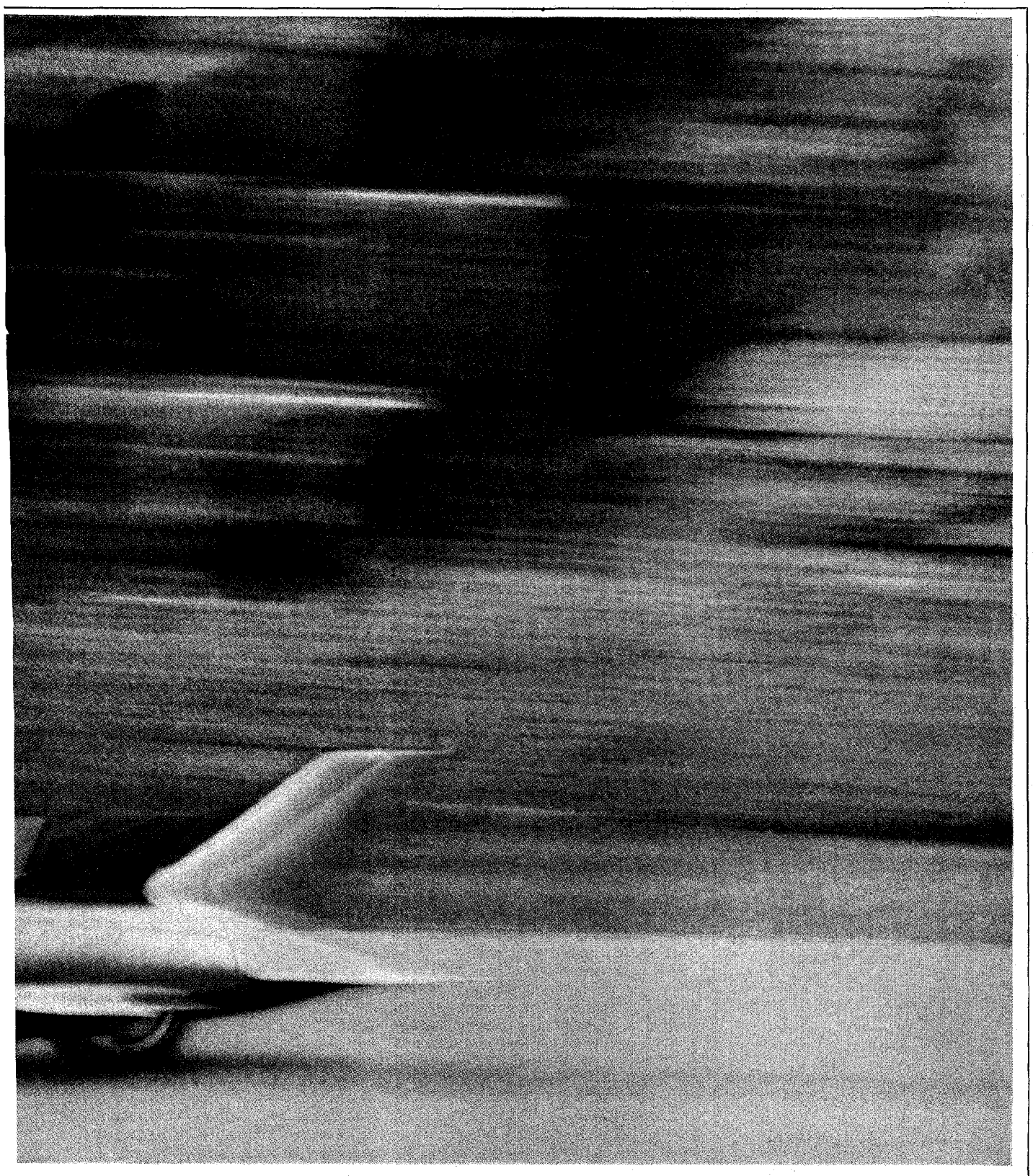
Nowadays the only time the average father puts his foot down is when there's an accelerator under it.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

He started with the doubtful advantage of his name, which was Mummery. Clyde W. Mummery had been a Detroit precision-tool manufacturer with a couple of unusual hobbies—taxidermy and writing nonscanning verse. He and Reta Mummery had retired to Portland, where Clyde had become bored with retirement and had volunteered his services as a money raiser for local churches. He fattened the purses of a variety of local churches through a series of smorgasbord dinners, whose success brought him to the attention of the hopeful home-building group.

By all the laws of logic, Mummery, during his eighteen-month selling campaign, should have either quit or collapsed. The doubtful project was founded on a deficit, and half the time the salesman had to finance himself. There were a few other troubles too. An option on a site for the projected home expired and could not be renewed. A body of apartment purchasers issued an ultimatum that unless construction started soon they would cancel. The board of trustees refused to start construction until there was more money in the bank. They also rejected Mummery's proffered resignation. The trust department of an eminent Portland bank advised its clients that the project was financially unsound and to get out quick. This opinion got into the newspapers. More than $400,000 in apartment sales were canceled. The national Methodist board suggested gently that the project was definitely not feasible. In a final crisis seven members of the board of trustees—one third—resigned in a body. They were all businessmen, and jointly they represented most of the business experience on the board.

At this dismal juncture the remaining trustees took a long, slow and pessimistic



This ultramodern equipment dramatically illustrates Delco-Remy's anticipation of the future needs of motion, not only for ground-level motoring but in all the rapidly expanding frontiers of this age of space. Wherever vehicles of any type are to be set in motion—on, or above the earth—electricity plays an essential role. And Delco-Remy electrical systems are precision engineered and made to create, transform and control this vital, pulsing force.

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Delco-Remy

From the highway to the stars

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, ANDERSON, INDIANA

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look at the working member of the young and rather informal organization, Clyde Mummery. Mummery is slight and quiet, with an almost singsong voice. He is the antithesis of "high pressure." Yet here he was insisting to the rump board that people wanted the kind of living the manor planned, and that to quit now would be betraying a lot of old people.

The lonely and uneasy little group, having lost the respect of business and banking and the sponsorship of the national church body, voted to go it alone for little more than one reason. If nonsalesman Mummery could sign up $1,500,000 worth of business from a mere blueprint, then people must really want this product.

Mummery, who had previously scrounged free plans out of an architect, now persuaded a contractor to begin construction on sheer speculation, with the promise that if customers did not flock to the new project immediately, it would be stopped. They did flock. Within sixty days after the first shovel turned the first dirt, the manor was sold out. The Court building was added later.

Mummery is now resident administrator of the manor, a job he did not want and which carries a low salary. Grateful residents, recognizing that Clyde had saved the project, also gave the Mummerys an apartment and named the 500-seat auditorium Mummery Hall. And to the surprise of businessmen, bankers and church, the manor wound up with no mortgage or other fixed debt, a large reserve and a substantial charitable fund. Of greater importance, it is beholden to no one. It has no master, sponsor or organizational obligation.

The manor is now full and, in a pattern prescribed by actuarial experts, has sold in advance most of the apartments which statistics say will become available in the next ten years. This annual total, which started at about 3 per cent per year, has now risen to 6 per cent and will go higher. It will rise because the first residents of the manor came in a batch at the opening of the building. They were largely an advanced-age group and comprised a sort of generation which sooner or later will, according to the rules for mortals, pass on more or less together.

One change has been made in original manor contracts. First residents could will their apartments to the next generation. Now the apartment reverts to the manor upon the death of the owners; the heirs, if any, get nothing from the resale of the apartment. If there is a surviving spouse, that person then assumes the life-care fee for a single person and commonly exchanges a larger apartment for a smaller one at a rebate.

Shortening apartment ownership to one generation only had the effect of roughly doubling the speed of resales of apartments, which over a period of time means a good deal of money to the manor. Apartments are resold at standard rates to newcomers, who pay standard life-care fees as well. These contracts are irrevocable, but if the cost of everything rises too much, the manor can, of course, adjust its apartment and fee charges to future residents. The turnover that is bound to continue is thus the future protection for the inviolable contracts of present residents. The manor was built with original apartment-sales money, and monthly fees pay operating costs, but there is one further source of income in addition to apartment resales. Numbers of residents have left or have arranged to leave bequests to the manor.

The food budget for manor residents is modest. There are no growing young athletes among the residents, although there are some pretty good appetites. But the only major demand for additional servings is among the coffee drinkers. Since all main courses must be served in equal initial quantities, the plates served by the waitresses are necessarily alike, which gives meals a somewhat institutional cast. To offset this, the dietitian arranges for as much eye appeal as possible, and table arrangements always include colorful accessories.

Residents generally refrain from too frequent invasion of one another's apartments, since cat naps are a highly honored institution and not to be lightly broken in upon. Hence, the dining room is a center for making dates and plans. It is also a place to indulge small food fancies, with those Founders who like to whip up a batch of something bringing the results to the table with them. They are free to do so, and the dining room even goes so far as to supply toasters along one wall for those fussy enough at breakfast to want fresher toast than is available from the kitchen 100 feet away. A supply of instant coffee and cocoa is kept on each table, which Founders filch and carry off to their apartments for between-meal indulgence. Those who must follow special diets prescribed by their own or the manor doctor have a dining room of their own at no additional cost.

The manor is a corporation owned and managed by a twenty-man board of trustees who serve without compensation and are barred from any action in connection with the manor which would benefit them as individuals in any way. The board is headed by Ambrose Brownell, known as the world's largest grower of Oregon holly. Other board members are businessmen, a few ministers, educational figures and a former hospital administrator. Clyde Mummery, as administrator, sits in on board meetings, and so do two representatives of the residents' general council, who keep the trustees informed on how those who live there think the manor is performing.

The board has the privilege of approving the charitable acts of the manor and the pleasure of planning the maintenance and improvement of the physical plant. Recently a major extension of outdoor facilities was voted. It will add barbecue fireplaces, picnic areas, a putting green, additional sites for croquet and horseshoe pitching, and more walks and gardens. With completion of these plans the manor will have invested more than $200 per resident in outdoor-life activities alone.

This increase in the sports potential of the manor struck one of the Founders as disturbing. "First thing you know," she said, "we'll be attracting teen-agers."

That is a small risk. The manor is for residents of retirement age, for those old enough to worry about possible disaster when they haven't the power to fight back or the time to recoup. It performs an institutional function in a noninstitutional way. There is an increasing number of similar projects springing up, many on the West Coast. But the manor is unique in its lack of obligation to any sponsoring body and the degree of living freedom it has provided within the sphere of its security. Also, it has been so successful in this role that it has upset prior beliefs of what financing and what regimentation are necessary to build and operate such a colony.

Hardly a day passes that does not see a delegation of visitors from somewhere, wanting to know how it was done. Part of the answer is just what the little old lady meant. It is not an old folks' home. It is for people who mean to do a lot more living. It just happens that a good many of them have gray hair.

THE END

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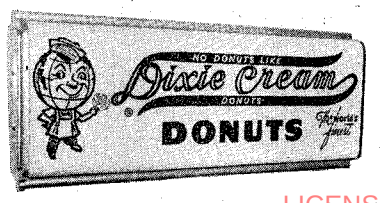

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My Father F.D.R. (Continued from Page 33)

Campobello, and, after they were married and their family began to grow, they acquired their own place on the island—also a gift from granny.

In prepolio years Campobello provided father with outlets for his tremendous physical energies. His feats of derring-do at the helm of a sailing boat were fantastic; he was thoroughly familiar with every trick and turn of the turbulent waters, and he delighted in scaring timorous landlubbers by making terrifying transits through rocky passages with inches to spare. Later, as Assistant Secretary, when he came into Campobello on Navy vessels, he would use his rank to "persuade" some hapless young skipper to let him conn the ship. Occasionally I still encounter some retired admiral who tells how father caused him nightmares by bringing his ship through fogbound narrows at full speed ahead!

"Cliff walks" and "paper chases" also were favorite pastimes. Father always routed us along the most hazardous, slippery paths. In the "paper chases," he insisted on being the hare and, knowing the tides as well as he did, took diabolical delight in dropping a paper trail that would lead us poor hounds onto rocks where we would be trapped by the rising waters. Mother, a long-suffering "hound," once remarked with her wonderful talent for understatement that "quite a number of persons really did not enjoy father's games at all."

When polio struck, father took the blow in a way I still find incredible. His pain was excruciating, and his doctor warned that "mental depression" commonly accompanied the disease. We children were allowed only a few glimpses of him—a hurried exchange of words from a doorway. Yet, even before the paralysis had receded fully from his upper regions, father was unbelievably concerned about how we would take it. He grinned at us and did his best to call out, or gasp out, some cheery response to our tremulous, almost weepy greetings. Terrible as it was for him, he had the mental depth and compassion to realize how overwhelmingly frightening it was for his children; at the peak of his physical and mental agony he tried to lighten our fears.

None of us ever will forget that day—September 13, 1921—when four men from the island carried father out of the house on a homemade stretcher for the trip back to New York. He left there with a favorite fedora on his head, a cigarette in his lips, and his Scotty of that time, Duffy, cradled in his arms. His chin was out like a bulldozer blade and he managed a big, flashy smile and a wisecrack—that was for benefit of us kids. I said, "So long, father," and bit my lip until it hurt, and I remember the irrelevant thought that crossed my mind as he was lowered down the front steps in the canvas sling:

Just the month before he came to Campobello this big, wonderful father of mine had taken me to see the Dempsey-Carpentier world's heavyweight championship fight in Jersey City, and on the way out I got pulled away from him in the crowd and was scared to death until he found me. Will he ever, I wondered, *take me anywhere again?*

When I came home from Groton that first Christmas after father was stricken with polio, I dreaded the thought of seeing him lying in bed, a cripple. I needn't have. Pa saw to that.

I went into his room, striving manfully to assume an air of nonchalance, even gaiety, so as not to let him know how I really felt. Remember, I was a solemn, earnest young gentleman of fourteen—indoctrinated in the Groton code and brought up not to show emotions.

Pa read me like a book and he worked a small miracle for me. He was propped up on pillows, and those trapezes and rings over his bed on which he already was exercising his upper body upset me a bit. Pa instantly made me forget it. His chin still stuck out and he was grinning and he stretched out his arms to me. "Come here, old man!" he said.

I rushed over and received his embrace, and I learned right then and there that whatever had happened to his legs had not affected the power in his arms. Then, even though I was a Roosevelt and a Grotonian, I cried a bit; but with pa squeezing me and slapping me on the back and carrying on enthusiastically on how "grand" I looked, I soon was chattering right along with him, telling him all about the (*Continued on Page 133*)

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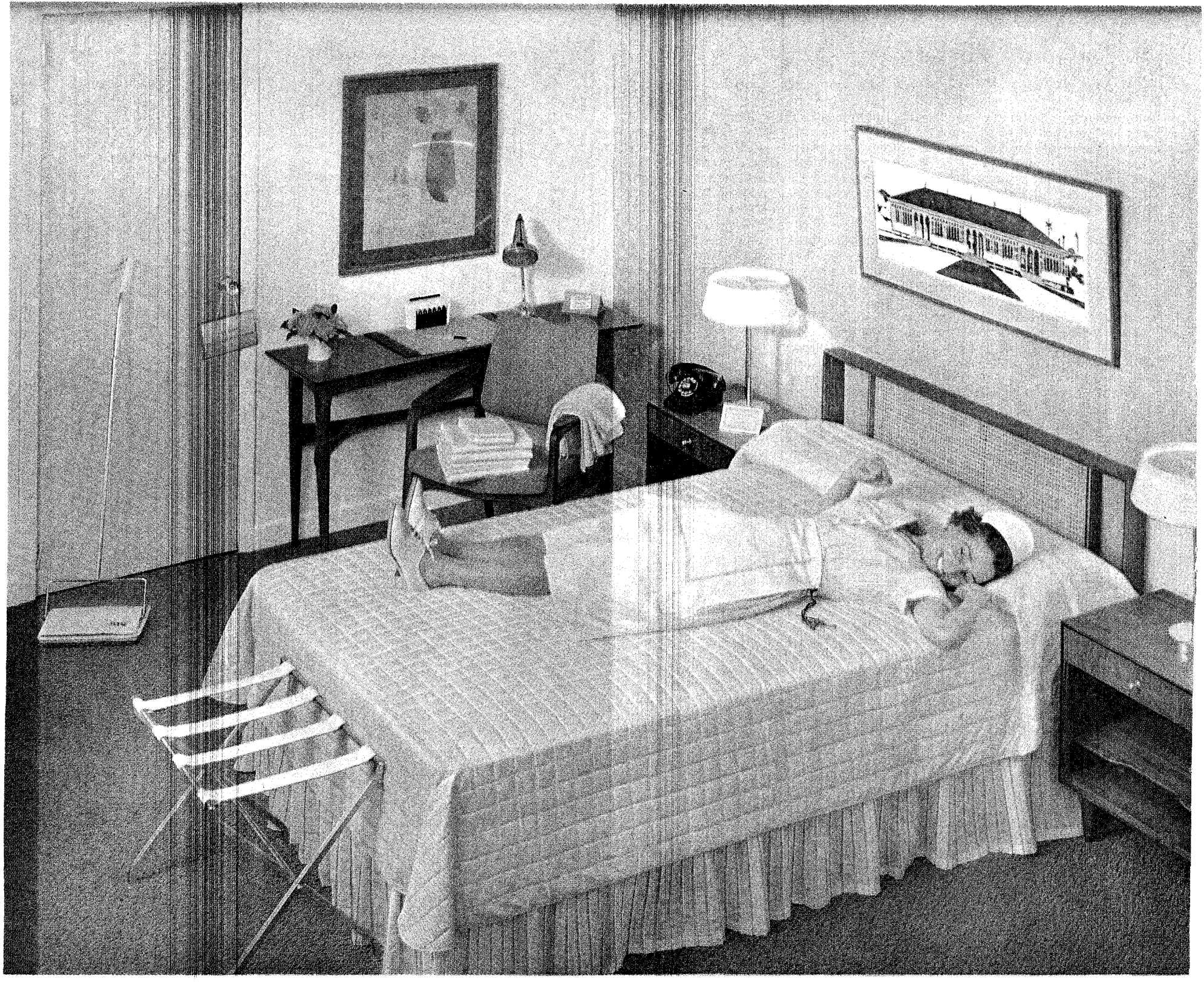

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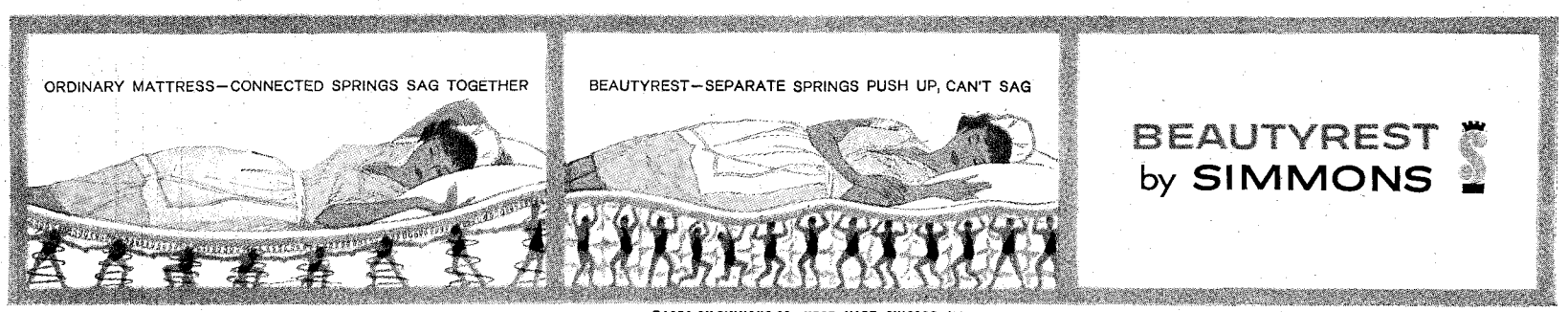

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(*Continued from Page 131*) old school and the football team and prospects for spring baseball.

That very Christmas—only four and a half months after polio—father was getting down on the floor to exercise. He had been Indian wrestling with Elliott, Franklin and Johnny, and now with me home he had some competition nearer his size.

"You think you can take the Old Man?" he challenged me. "Well, just get down here and try it!" His grip was so strong he could make me yell, and he beat me every time. We went from Indian wrestling to more vigorous forms of roughhousing.

Inside himself father was fighting his own battles. It was only as we grew older that we realized the significance of some of the little ways in which he let his feelings show. His bed was placed in such a way that he could see a certain street corner from his window. Elliott was allowed to skate to school, and father would ask him if he would cross at that corner—he wanted to see him skating.

As father progressed, the subject of his disability was mentioned less and less. There is evidence that in the beginning, when I was away from his cheering influence, I was oppressed by what had happened to him. Two of my early letters from Groton contain the following comments: "It sounds horrible about father's legs, especially the wedges. . . ." And: "I hope father is getting along alright on his crutches. . . ."

Father was sensitive enough to know that the children were going to brood about his condition, particularly as it became obvious that the lower limbs had atrophied. He countered this by making a sort of game out of the situation. He boldly pulled back the covers, showed us his legs, and taught us the anatomical term for each muscle that was involved. We were just about the best-posted kids to be found anywhere on anatomical names for muscles. He would give us progress reports as a little life returned to various areas, and we would cheer jubilantly, as if at a football game, when pa would report, say, a slight improvement in the muscles leading from the *gluteus maximus*. How we loved to talk about pa's *gluteus maximus!*

Mother became a real rock of strength, both physical and mental. She sensed that father would wither if treated as an invalid; as soon as feasible, she dispensed with the trained nurse and embarked on a policy of treating father as if everything were normal.

It was several years before father started making public appearances again. Meanwhile, with the encouragement of Louis Howe, father's faithful right-hand man, who moved into our household and began the long-range campaign that was to carry father into the White House on a wheel chair, mother even conquered her timidity and made speeches for father—though she "died" every time she did it.

Father's big fight those first few years—almost as crucial as his struggle to regain some mobility below the waist—was his battle against his mother's ceaseless, insidious, almost irresistible efforts to have him crawl into a hole at Hyde Park. Well-meaning but misguided granny adored her only son and could not bear what had happened to him; she wanted him to become a country squire, write books, conserve his energies and, above all, remove himself from the gaze of the curious world. To have done so would have been the end of father as a man. He had the same Dutch stubbornness as she had and resisted her every inch of the way—except for one brief period when he almost succumbed to the temptation to take the easy way and rusticate at his beloved Hyde Park.

All along mother gave him support. Though she previously had been almost subservient to granny's wishes, mother now began standing up to her autocratic mother-in-law. By 1925 she was writing father at Warm Springs: "I wish you could read mamma's last letter. . . . She is afraid of everything . . . ! Afraid of your going over bad and unfrequented roads, afraid I'll let the children dive in shallow water and break their necks. . . . She must suffer more than we dream is possible!"

In another letter to father, after she discovered granny was secretly planning to give my sister Anna a costly co-operative apartment as a wedding present, mother revealed her feelings further: "Sometimes I think constant irritation is worse for one than real tragedy . . . I've reached a state of such constant self-control that sometimes I'm afraid of what will happen if it ever breaks!"

Money trouble was another family problem with which father, mother and every one of us was painfully familiar. Father's illness was expensive. He spent long periods away from home, seeking to regain his health. Later, when he discovered Warm Springs, Georgia, and became interested in developing it as a place where other "polios" might rebuild their wasted muscles, he tied up practically his entire capital in the place. At one low point he was forced to auction off some of his beloved naval prints—worth much more—to raise $1000. He became involved in some rather wild promotion schemes—some disastrous, some profitable. To earn money he made abortive attempts at writing several books, and in 1924 he submitted an article titled "Is the Federal Government Necessarily Inefficient?" to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Editor George Horace Lorimer rejected it.

Meanwhile every one of us continued to go to expensive private schools. We wrote him constantly about overdue allowances and about summer vacations. In New York there were the town house, the car and the chauffeur to keep up. Mother was left to cope with the precarious budget, and her letters to father became rather desperate. "*Please* send me my checks," she wrote him. "I've advanced so much money I am now penniless and can't provide food or pay William [the chauffeur] next week."

Another letter related:

> James . . . looks well and sports his [Hasty] Pudding tie with ostentation, he wanted me to beg you to come across . . . for he has $250 . . . and owes the university $210. . . . He said he had to spend $50 the week he "ran" buying people's breakfasts! I wonder what boys do who can't! It all seems idiotic to me. . . .

During this period neither I nor the other children had the guidance that I think father would have given us had he not been involved in his own difficult struggle to recover partial use of his limbs and to re-establish a useful life. Yet, under the circumstances, he did a magnificent job of not losing contact with us. He wrote us warm, personal letters and went into our problems when we asked for advice—though it was not his custom to offer advice unless asked. He also invited us to join him on trips as often as feasible; he made us feel he wanted us to be with him.

About this time he began encouraging us not to be vegetables of the "Yes, father" type, and he kept it up even after he became President. He always wanted us to argue with him and to express our opinions on public issues just as vehemently as we pleased. From Presidential campaigns and other trips on which I traveled with father, I still remember the dismayed faces of local political stuffed shirts when they heard the "Roosevelt brats" telling off the "Old Man" in loud, impolite language. Only if the debate showed signs of getting completely out of hand would father turn it off deftly with a mocking, "Papa knows best!"

The strangest interlude of father's active convalescent period was the time—three winters—he spent on a down-at-the-heels houseboat, cruising in Florida waters. He bought her in partnership with a Boston friend, John S. Lawrence; hence she was known as the *Larooco*—for Lawrence, Roosevelt and Company. It was father who sailed her, enduring mechanical and navigational disasters, to seek out deserted beaches where he could strip to the skin, soak up sunshine, and exercise in warm salt water.

I visited father on the *Larooco* during holidays and, young as I was, I was struck by how competely he "lost" himself aboard her. In his outlook and pastimes—and my impressions are verified by some of the frivolous entries he made in his "log"—he reverted almost to the mood of his undergraduate days. The log abounded in juvenile witticisms and atrocious puns. One day father noted: "Painted ¾ of a chair—booful blue." Washington's Birthday was entered as "Birthington's Washday" and a marthon parcheesi tourna-

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The man who rests on his laurels is wearing them in the wrong place.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

ment was referred to as "Ma & Pa Cheesy."

For sailing companions father sought out lighthearted, attractive persons who would not burden him with intellectual talk. One of the strangest—considering the divergent paths their respective lives took—was Sir Oswald Mosley, later to become the notorious, Hitler-loving *Führer* of the British Black Shirts, and his wife of that time, the beautiful Cynthia Curzon, daughter of Lord Curzon, ex-viceroy of India. "The Mosleys are a delightful couple and we shall miss them much. . . ." father wrote regretfully as they departed.

The three-year record of the *Larooco's* cruises is crammed with references to fishing, exercising, bird watching—also bridge, poker and the evening's ritual of "grog." A visit to Palm Beach provoked father to comment: "I found the growth of mushroom millionaires' houses luxuriant. The women we saw went well with the place—and we desired to meet them no more than we wished to remain in the harbor even an hour more than necessary."

On one of mother's few visits to the houseboat, a pixyish guest noted in the log that "the Heavenly Mrs. Roosevelt" had "seized" the deck for her sleeping quarters. "Mosquitoes, flies etc. mean nothing to her so long as the Citronella holds out," he wrote, adding, "We listened with much interest to charming stories about the Roosevelt children. . . . The afternoon was spent by FDR . . . in catching a Fish—with Mrs. FDR . . . knitting and reading."

The high point of my visit was a fishing expedition with father. My delicate stomach again betrayed me when a squall blew up, giving father material for a much embroidered bulletin to the family. I wrote a protesting letter: "No fair telling people where I got sick, especially when John and F.D.R. Jr. bring it up before a large luncheon party!!" My kid brother, Elliott, visited him later and broke all *Larooco* fishing records by hooking a 500-pound jewfish. Father noted in the log—rather unkindly, I thought—that "Elliott beat Jimmy's record by retaining his insides."

The *Larooco* interlude did little for father physically, but proved a valuable catharsis in that it taught him he could not take a dilettante's life for long. By the end of the third season he was ready to give up the houseboat. Before he could sell her, a violent hurricane lifted her from her summer moorings and deposited her three miles inland in a pine forest. She was sold for scrap, and father, always sentimental about any kind of sailing vessel, noted in the final log entry: "So ended a good old craft with a personality. . . ."

I visited Warm Springs with father during the Easter holiday in 1925, and, before returning to Groton, wrote him: "Warm Springs certainly is a peachy place and the water simply wonderful. . . . I can't tell you how much fun I had with you, and now I can go back to School really rested and well and not a a danced-out creature like most of my other friends. . . ."

Father often told me why he fell in love at first sight with Warm Springs—a seedy, almost bankrupt country spa when he first started going there—and why he put so much of his time and money into developing the place. It was because he found he could stand erect and exercise in the warm, spring-fed pool.

He always insisted—though doctors disputed him—that the water had unusual buoyancy. Once, when father was President, he heard Duncan Cannon, now business administrator of the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, explaining to Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King that the water really had no special qualities. Father came out of his dressing room, exploding: "Dunc, dammit, you're wrong! You sound just like all these doctors. . . . I can do things here that I can't do in any other water!" Whereupon he proceeded to give the prime minister a demonstration of how he could stand and walk unassisted in the Warm Springs pool.

Warm Springs always was father's special domain—not mother's. Not only did he conceive and plan almost every detail of the medical foundation, with the assistance of his law partner, Basil O'Connor, but he managed his own household, even down to building his cottage and ordering his own groceries from the country store. He indulged his special whims—for instance, even after his cottage became the "Little White House" he never permitted installation of an electric refrigerator, insisting that "a long, tall, cool drink tastes better with real ice." It was at Warm Springs, too, that he had the local blacksmith fix up a Model-T touring car—the first he ever drove after polio—with ropes and pulleys, so that he could chauffeur himself and visit around the countryside.

Though mother became enthusiastic about the humanitarian work of the foundation, the pattern of life in the small southern village was alien to her. Early in 1928 she candidly wrote him: "As you know, I'm not keen to get into W.S. life at all. . . ." I always felt that one of the incidents that discouraged my tender-hearted mother was the way father would drive her into town to buy live "chickens on the hoof." The hens were kept in father's back yard until needed for the pot; then Daisy Bonner, the cook, would catch one and (*Continued on Page 136*)

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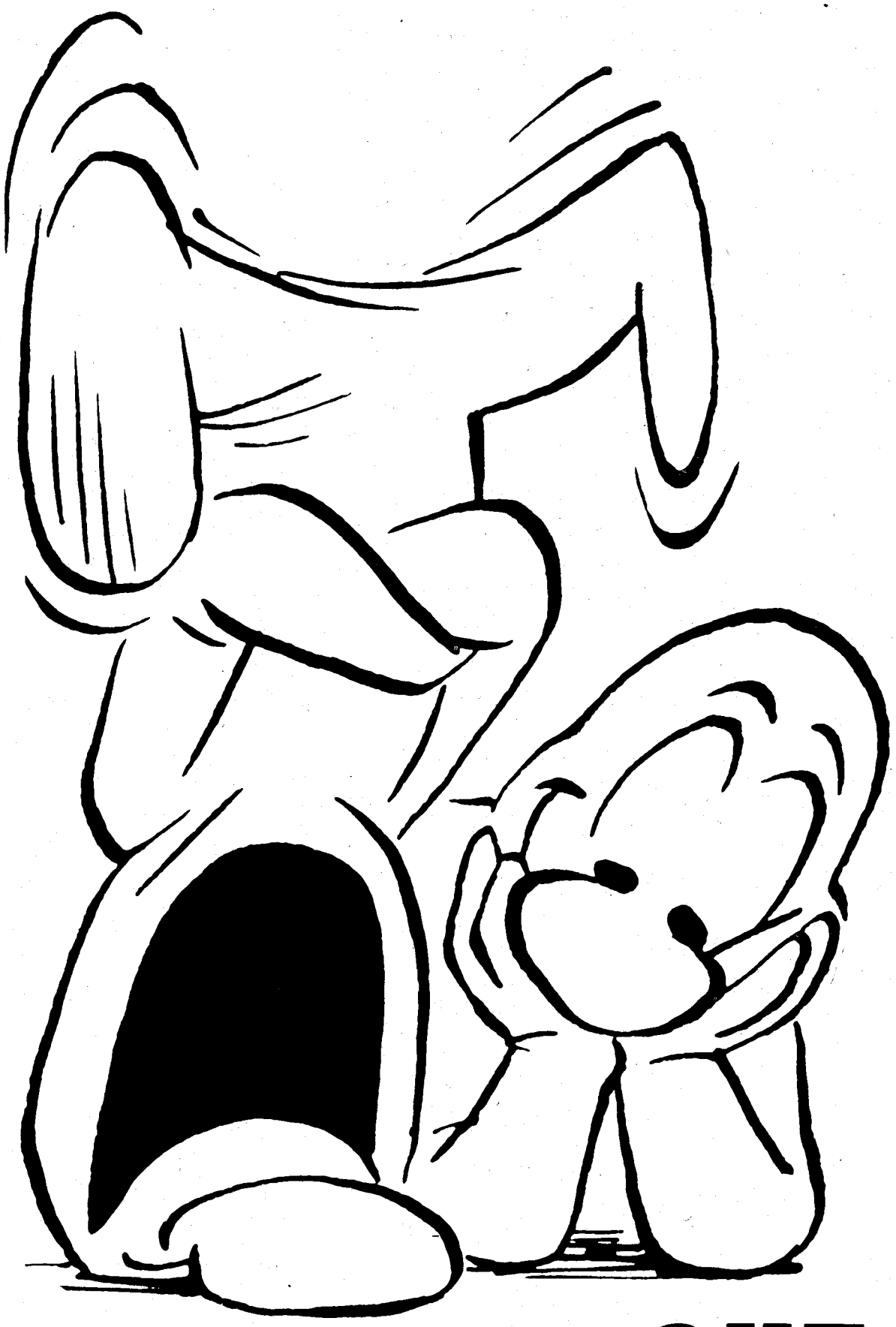

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- They're younger men and women; median age, 34 years. And being young, they get around more, influencing people on every social and spending level.
- But most important, *they talk about and recommend the things they've turned up in or bought through The Saturday Evening Post.*

It's because POST readers are what they are—head and shoulders above the rest in word-of-mouth influence—that they are called POST INFLUENTIALS.

They're standouts in any crowd.

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If your advertisement appears in this issue of the POST, it is selling your product *faster* . . . getting it talked about *everywhere !*

THE CROWD

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening POST

the HI-FREQUENCY medium

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(*Continued from Page 133*) wring its neck while mother put her hands over her ears to shut out the brief but anguished squawks.

There was a bit of anger mixed with compassion in father's determination to build up Warm Springs for his fellow "polios." I remember getting distinctly damp-eyed when he first told me how in the beginning the polio victims—father included—were treated somewhat as lepers by the other guests, who were afraid to swim in the same pool or eat at the same table with them. Later I really got choked up when he told me how a hopelessly crippled youngster gaily called out to some "able bodies" who were staring at him, "Stick around! They're going to feed us after a while." Father simply bought the place and made the "polios" first-class citizens.

On every visit I made to Warm Springs I saw how deeply father was affected by the child patients. He knew them by name, spent long hours with them, taught them how to exercise. Many of them called him "Uncle Rosy." At Thanksgiving when father, as President, came down to slice the turkey for them, the dining room was bedlam as the youngsters shouted encouragement to him and coached him on how to stand erect, unassisted, for the newsreel cameras.

Despite the poignancy of it, Warm Springs was a happy place for father. He loved to play practical jokes on his therapists, and later, after he became President, on his Secret Service men. One of his classic pranks in the latter period almost gave the S.S. men heart failure. The swimming facilities had been enlarged so that there were three pools, side by side, with connecting channels. One day Gus Gennerich and another agent took their eyes off father for a few seconds. He instantly ducked under the water—he was a tremendously powerful swimmer—and swam through the channels, coming up for air momentarily only a couple of times. Gus couldn't find him and was just about to jump fully clothed into the water and start grappling for him when pa came up in the pool at the far end a good 180 feet away.

It also became standard operating procedure—both at Warm Springs and at Hyde Park—for father to get into his hand-operated automobile, which he "rode" as if it were a horse, and whisk off onto wooded trails where the Secret Service detail in its huge, armored limousine could not follow. Pa knew all sorts of little nooks where he could pull off the road and watch the agents come tearing past, frantically looking for him. In good time he would drive home—and when the head of the detail came simmering over to his car, father would inquire blandly, "Anything wrong?" Finally the Secret Service added a little car to its fleet, so that it could keep up with pa on the back roads.

In November, 1928, father was elected governor of New York. I, meanwhile, had become a "political expert" by virtue of putting on a brown derby, buying an old touring car and, with other Harvard boys, stumping Massachusetts in behalf of the Democratic presidential candidate, Al Smith. In a letter to granny, which she preserved in an envelope marked "from dear young James," I passed lofty judgment on the implications of father's victory. I wrote:

> I'm tickled that father won as long as he ran and we must all hope and pray that he has the most successful administration possible. Public office is a dangerous place, for discredit may come to a man through no fault of his, and in a way, I hate to see father risk his well deserved reputation of the one example of the successful scholar, gentleman and statesman-politician. However, "nothing tried, nothing gained," and there is every reason for hope, not fear!

I was with father as his page boy and "prop" at the 1924 Democratic Convention in New York City when he made his tentative re-emergence into politics by delivering his famous "Happy Warrior" nominating speech for Governor Smith. I was sixteen, tall and strong, and was elated beyond words when father asked me if I would like to come along and "lend me an arm." He had learned to walk—painfully and awkwardly—by using a crutch under his right arm and holding with his left hand to someone's arm. His legs, of course, were locked rigidly in steel braces, and his movement actually was a matter of pivoting with his arms and torso and propelling his body by brute strength. I had learned to match my stride with his, and I had trained myself not to look anxious, but to smile as he did when he forced his dead limbs forward.

"Without venison, I presume."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Father attended the convention as a delegate and sat with the others on the crowded floor. I was frightfully worried that he might be physically injured when the excited delegates started demonstrating, but if it bothered father he never showed it. He had made up his mind that he would not be wheeled onto the convention floor, and it was my job to help him get in early before the floor got too jammed. He smilingly rejected suggestions that a special, oversized chair be installed for him—he wanted no accessories that emphasized his disability.

The galleries came to recognize him, and the spectators applauded as he made his slow, painful entrance on my arm.

Father's big effort was the nominating speech. He was determined to walk unaided—except for crutches—to the rostrum. I tried to look as unconcerned and confident as he did, but when he turned loose of my arm at the rear of the platform and took his second crutch, I was sweating and shaking. But he went forward on his own to receive a tremendous ovation.

Between 1924 and 1928, when father nominated Al Smith again at the Houston convention, with brother Elliott serving as his page, he purposely stayed in the background politically. His primary mission was to regain use of his legs, which he felt he was accomplishing at Warm Springs. I am firmly convinced—and there is some medical opinion to support my belief—that father made a deliberate sacrifice of his future chances to walk without braces when he yielded to the pressures that he run for governor in 1928. Father himself never talked much about his condition, but from things he implied in conversations with me I know he felt he would have walked again had he devoted full time to his exercises for a few years more. The time had come however, when even Warm Springs—close as it was to his heart—could not satisfy his drive to return to public service; he could sit on the side lines no longer.

Once pa entered the gubernatorial race, he campaigned at a pace that would have exhausted an able-bodied athlete. Furious over what he called Republican "sob stuff" about how the Democrats had dragooned an "unfortunate invalid" to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, he made fifteen and sixteen speeches a day to refute the "invalid" smear. The only other time I've ever known him to be so angry was when Thomas E. Dewey, whom he genuinely disliked, riled him in the 1944 presidential campaign; he wrote me, "The little man made me pretty mad."

Yet campaigning was not easy for him. I remember being with him one night when he refused to make an easy but conspicuous entrance through the front of an auditorium. Instead, he entered by means of a rear fire escape, half pulling himself upward, half lifted by helpers—a galling experience for a strong, proud man, but one which he had learned to accept with humility. When he linked his arm in mine to walk onto the platform, I could feel that the perspiration, induced by his effort, had soaked clear through his coat.

Father won that campaign—though Governor Smith lost both the nation and the state. Our family's frenetic pattern of living did not change with the move to Albany. Soon after taking office, father described it in a letter to a friend:

> This family is going through the usual tribulations. James is getting over pneumonia; Elliott is about to have an operation; Franklin Jr. has a doubly broken nose and John has just had a cartilage taken out of his knee! Anna and her husband . . . . are taking a short holiday in Europe and their baby is parked with us at the Executive Mansion. Eleanor is teaching school two and half days a week in New York, and I am in one continuous glorious fight with the Republican legislative leaders. So you see it is a somewhat hectic life. . . .

The family's financial problems went right on, and, to complicate things further, I became engaged in my Harvard sophomore year to Betsey Cushing, daughter of the noted brain surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing, and Mrs. Cushing. Mother's letter, breaking the news to father, was a classic of Roosevelt roundaboutness. She began by telling father that the chauffeur's check was overdue again, the garage bill was unpaid, some firm wanted her to endorse a washing machine, and "James wants me to ask you if you will lend him his $50 initiation to the Signet?" Then she got around to relating: "He is engaged to Betsy [*sic*] Cushing. . . . She is a nice child, family excellent, nothing to be said against it, but I regret that he wished to tie himself down so young; however perhaps it will be a good influence and in any case we can do nothing about it. . . ."

My own letter to father was just as circumlocutory. I began by remarking, "I wish there was time to write you about all the many happenings such as victory over Yale at last. . . ." Then I finally got around to telling him: "I'm engaged to Betsey Cushing and terribly in love of course. I hope this isn't too great a shock, and I want you to feel that we're both of us quite sane and sensible. . . ."

We were not married until June, 1930. Father, already much talked about as a presidential possibility, came to the wedding guarded by state troopers and dogged by reporters and cameramen, making me realize how impossible it was to escape the limelight when one had such a famous father. I kidded him later about "stealing the show."

"Oh," father said, "that was nothing! When your mother and I were married, her uncle, President Theodore Roosevelt, gave the bride away. After the ceremony, when T.R. moved into the library for a sip of punch, the crowd followed him as if he was the Pied Piper, leaving your mother and me standing all alone and forlorn."

Next week Mr. Roosevelt describes some of the pranks F.D.R. played on his staff and friends, after he moved into the White House.
—THE EDITORS

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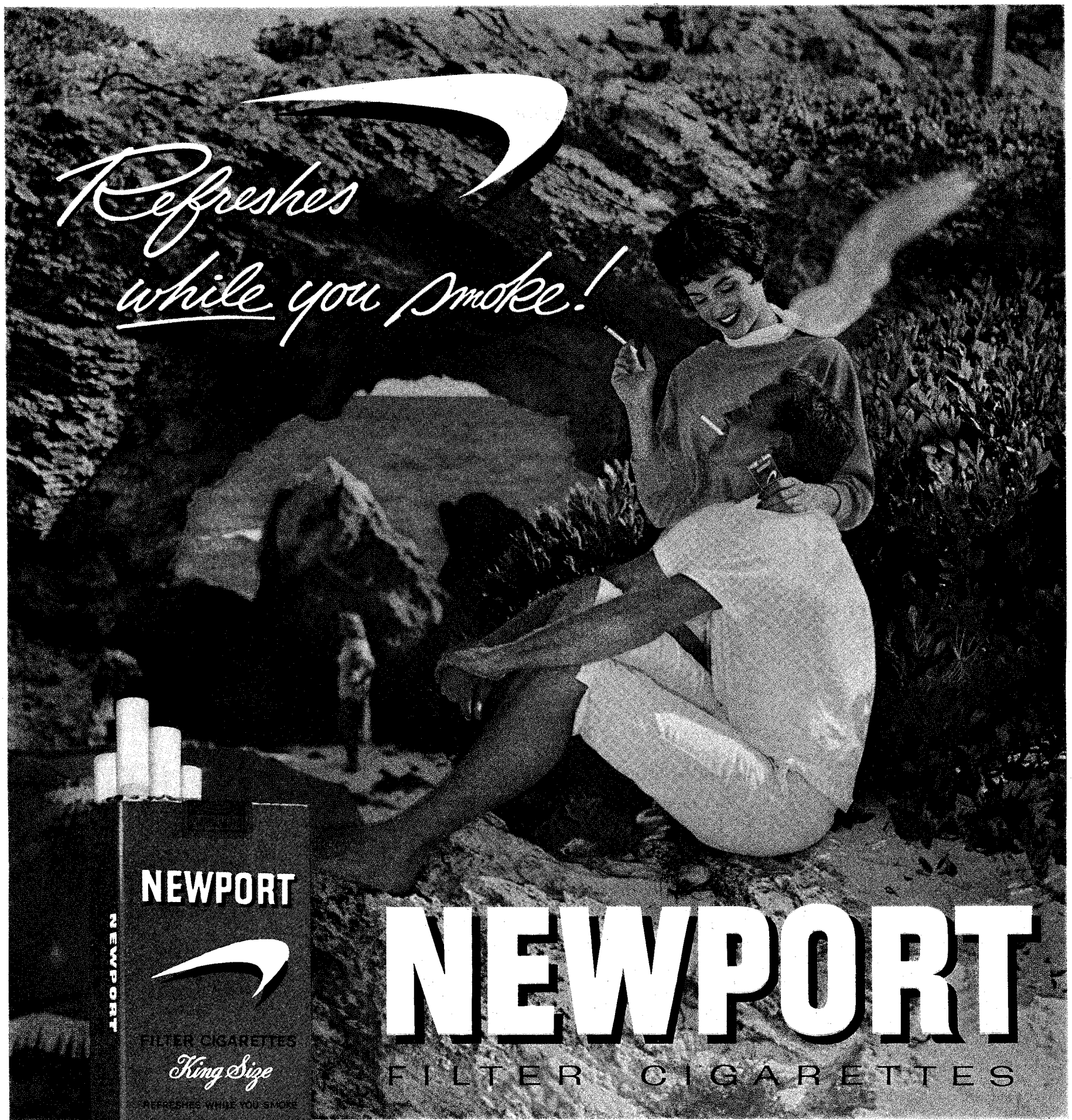

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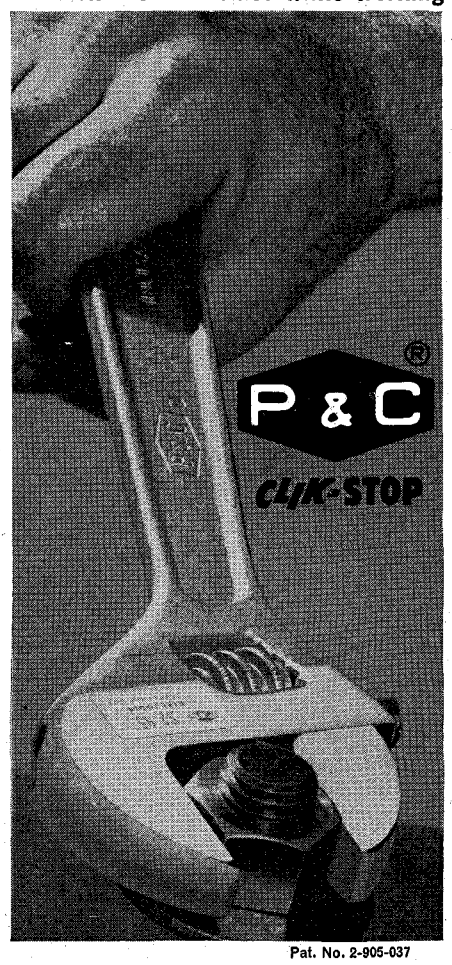

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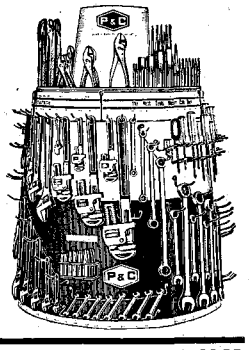

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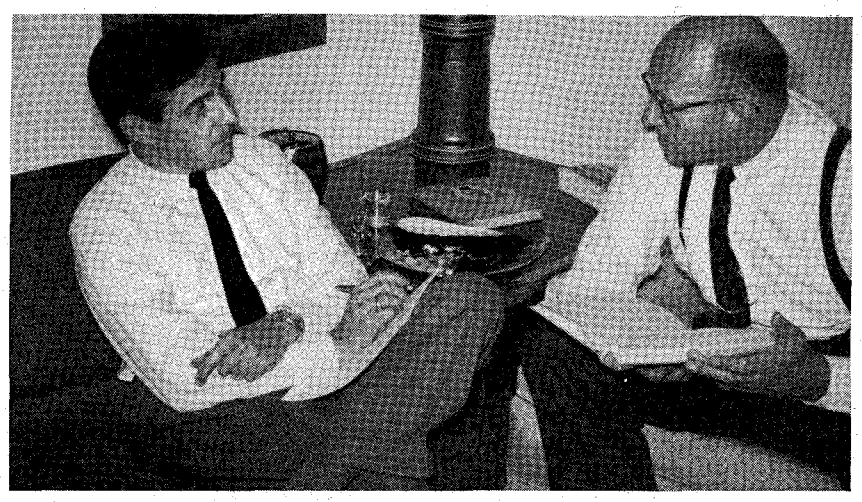
Keeping Posted

On the Roosevelt Trail



Sid Shalett collaborating with Jimmy Roosevelt, and vice versa.

During the 1948 presidential campaign, **Sidney Shalett** sold *The Post* an article on the effervescent family of Earl Warren, to be published soon after Governor Warren was elected vice president. We won't dwell on the outcome of that election. Let's just say that the shock of the late returns conditioned Shalett for the wire he received from *The Post*: "Your article buried with honors."

Ah, but that's merely the prologue to our tale. Shalett was assigned to update his buried article two years later, on the strength of Warren's resounding re-election to the governorship. Warren's hapless opponent in that election—**James Roosevelt.** It will surprise Congressman Roosevelt to learn that he helped resurrect a Shalett article in 1950. For when Roosevelt began looking for someone to collaborate on his version of *Life With Father* (page 32) he knew Shalett only by reputation—as the man who had helped Senator Kefauver and former Vice President Barkley write books which had initial publication in *The Post*. Roosevelt and Shalett went to work twenty-one months ago and they soon convinced our skeptical staff that they had a profusion of fresh material which hadn't been published in any of the 400-odd books already written about F.D.R.

"The hardest thing about working with the Roosevelts is keeping up with them," Shalett reports. "Jimmy is always either on the floor of Congress, in committee meetings or off somewhere making a speech." After tape-recording the story in Jimmy's words, Shalett had to verify many incidents with other members of the family. Elliott was corralled in an optometrist's office in Denver; Franklin Jr. talked to Shalett in Washington, D.C., just before he departed for Italy; Anna was found at her upstate New York home, packing for a trip to Iran; John was interviewed at Hyde Park and on Wall Street. ("The market was nervous that day and so was John.")

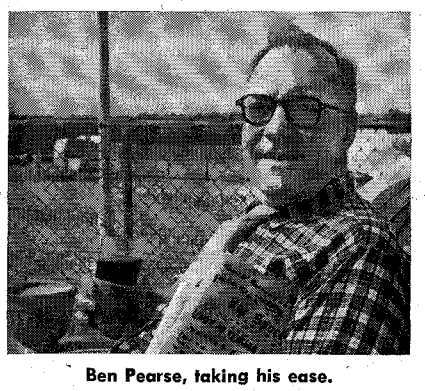
Shalett cornered peregrinating Eleanor Roosevelt at her Hyde Park cottage. "She was knitting almost constantly," he recalls. "The object apparently was a baby-carriage cover, and I asked if it was for anyone in particular. She said no, she rarely knits for anyone in particular, but the products always come in handy 'because someone is always having a baby.'"

Obligingly Jimmy and his wife, Irene, adopted a brand-new baby-carriage occupant a few months later and named him Hall Delano (Del) Roosevelt. Shalett plans to wait a few years before approaching young Del about collaborating on *Life With Jimmy*.

Tales of the Authors

Paul Randell Morrison, who began life on a cattle ranch, worked a while on a railroad and now operates a secretarial school in Portland, Oregon, features a herd of cattle, a railroad and a secretary in his page 37 story. This is his first *Post* appearance, but prewar fanciers of pulp magazines may know him as "Ryder Sage" or "Dawn West."

The American Heart Association's Howard W. Blakeslee Award for distinguished reporting on the subject of heart and circulatory disease was presented on October third to free-lance writer **Ben Pearse** for a pair of 1958 *Post* articles—SPARE PARTS FOR DEFECTIVE HEARTS (August 30) and THE PILL WITH THE BUILT-IN SURPRISE (October 4). *The Post* is the only magazine to have been cited twice by the association. In 1957, science editor Steven M. Spencer was a Blakeslee winner.



Ben Pearse, taking his ease.

Dutch Treat

Princess B.

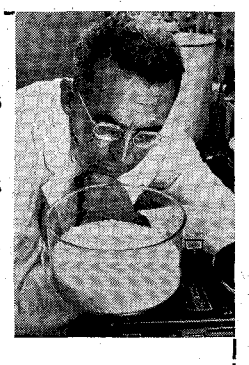
Cover Girl.

Mrs. F.

Cover artist **John Falter** reports that several persons have called to his attention the resemblance between the lady on his September fifth cover and the Netherlands' Princess Beatrix, who recently visited the United States. "Aren't you the lucky one, to have a princess posing for you!" gushed a Long Island reader. Actually Mary Elizabeth Falter, spouse of the aforementioned artist, posed for that cover. That makes her a model wife. Who could ask for more?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"New Clues in the Search for Cancer Cures"



A *Post* editor's up-to-the-minute report on our unrelenting war against this dreaded killer.

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